This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 948,665

Library of the University of Michigan
Bought with the income
of the
Ford - Messer
Bequest

808.8
G235
v. 7

THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

WITH BIBLIOGRAPHIC ESSAYS

BY

RICHARD GARNETT
(EDITOR-IN-CHIEF)

LEON VALLÉE
(FRENCH LITERATURE)

ALOIS BRANDL
(GERMAN LITERATURE)

AND

PAUL BOURGET
(French Critical Essays)

EMILE ZOLA
(French Naturalistic Literature)

EDWARD DOWDEN
(Elizabethan Literature)

DEAN FARRAR
(Literature of Religious Criticism)

E. MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ
(Russian Literature)

DONALD G. MITCHELL
(Collected Literature)

F. BRUNETIERE
(Modern French Poetry)

HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS
(Scientific Literature)

AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD
(American Literature)

ANDREW LANG
(Nineteenth Century Literature)

HENRY JAMES
(The Novel)

MAURICE MAETERLINCK
(The Modern Drama)

PASQUALE VILLARI
(The Italian Renaissance)

BRET HARTE
(Short Stories)

ARMANDO PALACIO VALDES
(Decadent Literature)

EDMUND GOSSE
(Poetry)

J. P. MAHAFFY
(Historical Literature)

WALTER BESANT
(Historical Novels)

This Westminster Edition, in English, of The Universal Anthology is limited to one thousand complete sets, of which this copy is number 552

This Westminster Edition, in English, of The Universal Anthology is limited to one thousand complete sets, of which this copy is number 552

COMMENTARIES ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS illuminated by Guilio Clovio, in the Soane Museum. (Sixteenth Century.)

The volume from which they are taken forms the chief ornament of the library of the Soane Museum. It was purchased with two smaller manuscripts of the late Duke of Buckingham, for the sum of one thousand guineas.

Commentaries on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. (*Fourteenth Century.*)

Illuminated by Guilio Clovio in the Sloane Museum. It was purchased with two smaller manuscripts of the late Duke of Buckingham for the sum of one thousand guineas. At this period, and even previously, it became customary only to ornament the first two pages of the works, and sometimes only a single first page, for the more artistic quality of the ornaments rendered the former profusion impossible, except in very rare cases.

WESTMINSTER EDITION

THE

UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

A COLLECTION OF THE BEST LITERATURE, ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT

KEEPER OF PRINTED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, 1851 TO 1899

LEON VALLÉE

LIBRARIAN AT THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS, SINCE 1871

ALOIS BRANDL

PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE IN THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN

Volume Seven

PUBLISHED BY

THE CLARKE COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON

MERRILL & BAKER, NEW YORK EMILE TERQUEM, PARIS

BIBLIOTHEK VERLAG, BERLIN

Entered at Stationers' Hall
London, 1899

Droits de reproduction et de traduction réservé
Paris, 1899

Alle rechte, insbesondere das der Übersetzung, vorbehalten
Berlin, 1899.

Proprietà Letteraria, Riservato tutti i divitti
Rome, 1899

Copyright 1899
by
Richard Garnett

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME VII.

		PAGE
The Literature of Science: Introduction by Henry Smith Williams		13
The Apocolocyntosis	*Seneca*	25
Why Astrology cannot be True	*Aulus Gellius*	39
An Ancient Gulliver	*Lucian*	45
Imaginary Correspondence	*Alciphron*	63
The Neglected Wife		63
Country Maiden and Prince Charming		63
The Dog in the Manger		64
The Senile Gallant		65
The Unsentimental Mistress		66
Hen and Duck-Child		66
The Envious Fellow-Workers		66
The Curious Country Boy		66
The Losing Winner		67
The Barber's Practical Joke		67
The Fate of a Meddler		68
At the End of His Rope		68
A Literary Banquet	*Athenæus*	69
Thoughts	*Marcus Aurelius*	85
Marcus Aurelius at Home	*Walter Pater*	96
The Roman Empire on the Edge of Decline	*Charles Merivale*	106
The World at Auction	*Michael Field*	112
Arminius destroys Varus's Army	*Dion Cassius*	119
Eclogue on the Accession of a Young Emperor	*Calpurnius Siculus*	123
King Goll	*W. B. Yeats*	127
True Fasting, and Purity of Body	"*Hermas*"	129
The Conservatism of Heathendom	*Clement of Alexandria*	134
On Free Will	*Origen*	140
To the Martyrs	*Tertullian*	147
The Fall of Palmyra	*William Ware*	153
A Roman Triumph		170
The Art of Composition	*Longinus*	177
The Vigil of Venus	*Unknown*	185
Epistle to a Friend	*Ausonius*	190

		PAGE
Julian, Constantius, and the Persian War	*Ammianus Marcellinus*	194
Capture of Amida and Escape of Ammianus		194
How Julian was Forced into Revolt		201
Death and Character of Constantius		206
The Cæsars	*Emperor Julian*	211
How Daphnis and Chloe Fell in Love	*Longus*	231
Arsace's Love and Chariclea's Escape	*Heliodorus*	244
Clitopho and Leucippe	*Achilles Tatius*	261
The Art of Government	*Mencius*	275
The Clay Cart	(?) *King Sudraka*	283
The Lost Ring	*Kalidasa*	301
Vikram and the Vampire	*Tr. Sir R. F. Burton*	315
Stories and Observations from the Talmud		325
Blessings in Disguise		325
Insulting Natural Defects		326
Put Yourselves in Others' Places		327
A Parable against Democracy: The Serpent's Tail and its Head		328
Do Not Profit by Others' Ignorance: Rabbi Simon and the Jewels; Rabbi Saphra and the Buyer		329
Folly of Idolatry		330
No Point of Pride where Good can be Wrought		331
The Lawful Heir		333
A Parable of Life		334
The Inhospitable Jester		335
Miscellaneous Observations		336
Confessions of St. Augustine		341
An Account of His Youth		341
His Living Idle at Home Contributed to His Sins		341
He Confesses a Theft of His Youth		344
That Men Sin not without Some Appearance or Pretence of Good		345
Blossom-Gatherings from St. Augustine	*Alfred the Great*	346
Stilicho and Alaric	*Thomas Hodgkin*	353
The Ruins of Rome	*Lord Byron*	377
The Passing of Humanity	*P. B. Shelley*	381
Poems of Prudentius	*Prudentius*	383
The Martyrdom of St. Eulalia		383
On a Baptismal Font		385
The Greek Slave	*E. B. Browning*	385
Poems of Claudian	*Claudian*	386
The Old Man of Verona		386
Fescennine Verses on the Nuptials of Honorius		387
Roman and Provincial Life in the Fifth Century	*Sidonius Apollinaris*	391
Hero and Leander	*Musæus*	401

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME VII.

COMMENTARIES ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.
(ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT) . . . . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS 13

NOONDAY IN THE FIELDS 67

GATHERING FUEL 129

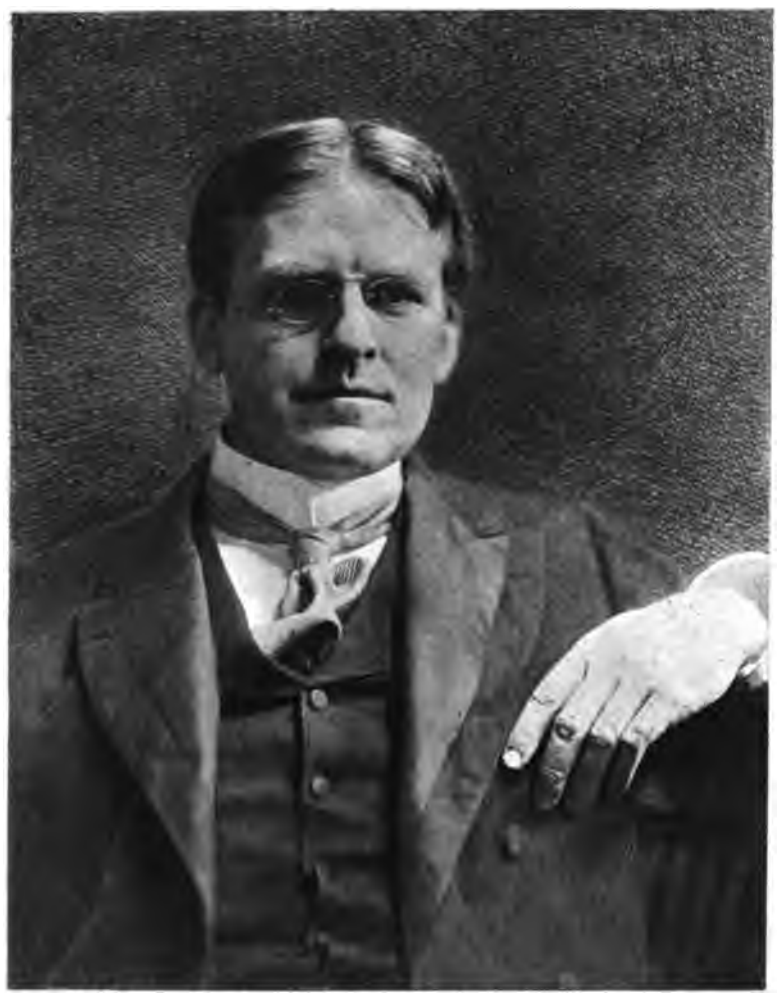
DAPHNIS AND CHLOE 241

ST. AUGUSTINE AND HIS MOTHER 341

UPON THE RUINS 377

A GREEK SLAVE 385

INTERIOR OF A ROMAN'S HOUSE 397



Henry Smith Williams

THE LITERATURE OF SCIENCE

By Henry Smith Williams

If we accept Buffon's famous dictum, that the style is the man, it might be expected that the writings of men of science would be as ruggedly fact-bound, as unimaginative, as inartistic as science is usually supposed to be. Yet Buffon himself, famed as a writer a century ago, and remembered to-day chiefly for his mastery of literary style, was by profession a naturalist. His greater contemporary, Voltaire, the master litterateur of France, did not hesitate to pose as a master in science as well. Again, Dante, the one world-classic of the Italian language, was learned in every phase of the known science of his time. Keats, one of the few writers of English whom critics have ventured to name in the same breath with Shakespeare, was trained to the profession of medicine. Goldsmith, famed for the lucidity of his verse and prose alike, was a practising physician. So was Schiller, the second poet of Germany; while his one master in that tongue, the incomparable Goethe, whose genius "raised the German language to a new plane as a medium of literary expression," would be remembered as a discoverer in science had he never penned a page that could be called literature. Turning to America we find that Franklin, the one man who attained distinction as a writer in Colonial days, was equally distinguished as a scientist; and everyone will recall that in a later day the most genial of poets, Holmes, made literature only a staff, to quote his own happy phrase, his "crutch" being medicine, and his specialty anatomy, the veritable dry bones of medicine at that.

Without looking further, these familiar illustrations suffice to

indicate that there is no necessary incompatibility between the so-called scientific cast of mind and the capacity for artistic expression in words. Yet the argument must not be carried too far. The great mass of the literature of science, using the term in the broader sense, is matter which cannot by any elasticity of definition be brought within the narrower ken of literature at all. In the main, men of science write as one would expect them to write. The style is the man, and the man of science is as a rule a dry-as-dust fact-hunter. Here and there, men of literary capacity have been devotees of science; but this cannot hide the fact that most scientists have hardly a spark of artistic sensibility, and that the great mass of scientific writing is painfully devoid of literary merit. More than that, most of the great classics of scientific literature owe their position, in the nature of the case, to their matter rather than their manner, and hence are not, properly speaking, works of art. They constitute what De Quincey appropriately termed the "literature of knowledge."

There is a long list of this character which, without regard to their varying degrees of artistic merit, must be counted among the world's great books, because of the enormous influence they have had on the progress of thought, and of civilisation itself. Thus the varied scientific writings of Aristotle furnished what seemed the last word on almost every department of knowledge, undisputed and indisputable, for something like a hundred generations of his followers. The *Almagest* and the *Geographia* of Ptolemy, and the *Natural History* of the elder Pliny, in so far as they did not conflict with Aristotle, were accepted as final authorities in their respective fields for a thousand years. The *Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium*, of Copernicus, was instrumental in working a veritable revolution in the accepted conception of the scheme of the universe, and of the earth's relative importance in that scheme. Newton's *Principia* explained the mechanics of the heavenly bodies to the wonderment of mankind.

The *Méchanique Céleste* and the *Systeme du Mond* of Laplace, expounding the nebular hypothesis, first cleared up the mystery of the creation of the world itself.

The origin of the strata of the earth's crust was never even vaguely understood till James Hutton wrote his *Revolutions of the Globe;* the theories he put forward, involving the complete overthrow of the accepted notions as to the age of our planet, extended and developed by Lyell, found full expression in the latter writer's *Principles of Geology.*

A vision of the successive populations of beings that have peopled our globe, and have left no trace of their existence except in the form of random fossils, was first given in the *Ossementa Fossiles* of Cuvier. The origin of these successive populations of creatures, tentatively explained by Lamarck in 1809, was satisfactorily accounted for just half a century later in the *Origin of Species* of Darwin.

This is but listing off-hand the names of a few of the more important classics of the literature of fact, in what may be considered a single line of thought. Each of these works was epochal, and is assured permanency of fame because of its influence on the advance of knowledge. Yet the very nature of the questions treated, necessarily removes some of them from the ken of the vast majority even of educated people. The *Principia* and the *Méchanique Céleste,* for example, are in effect treatises on mathematics, and as such are necessarily repugnant, and indeed unintelligible, to all but a small coterie of readers. On the other hand, such topics as the origin of the earth's crust and the development of organic forms lend themselves much more readily to artistic treatment, and the history of some of the classics that treat of these topics points a very clear moral concerning the value of literary skill as an aid even to the most technical of scientists. Thus the book of Hutton, despite the startling, not to say sensational, character of its subject, found very few readers, chiefly because of its heavy, intricate style. Its data remained little known till Playfair practically re-wrote the book some years after its author's death. When Lyell took the subject in hand, the world had moved on a generation, to be sure, yet it was not so much this progress as the masterly exposition and lucid style of the *Principles* which forced the new geology upon the popular

Henry Smith Williams

THE LITERATURE OF SCIENCE

By Henry Smith Williams

If we accept Buffon's famous dictum, that the style is the man, it might be expected that the writings of men of science would be as ruggedly fact-bound, as unimaginative, as inartistic as science is usually supposed to be. Yet Buffon himself, famed as a writer a century ago, and remembered to-day chiefly for his mastery of literary style, was by profession a naturalist. His greater contemporary, Voltaire, the master litterateur of France, did not hesitate to pose as a master in science as well. Again, Dante, the one world-classic of the Italian language, was learned in every phase of the known science of his time. Keats, one of the few writers of English whom critics have ventured to name in the same breath with Shakespeare, was trained to the profession of medicine. Goldsmith, famed for the lucidity of his verse and prose alike, was a practising physician. So was Schiller, the second poet of Germany; while his one master in that tongue, the incomparable Goethe, whose genius "raised the German language to a new plane as a medium of literary expression," would be remembered as a discoverer in science had he never penned a page that could be called literature. Turning to America we find that Franklin, the one man who attained distinction as a writer in Colonial days, was equally distinguished as a scientist; and everyone will recall that in a later day the most genial of poets, Holmes, made literature only a staff, to quote his own happy phrase, his "crutch" being medicine, and his specialty anatomy, the veritable dry bones of medicine at that.

Without looking further, these familiar illustrations suffice to

indicate that there is no necessary incompatibility between the so-called scientific cast of mind and the capacity for artistic expression in words. Yet the argument must not be carried too far. The great mass of the literature of science, using the term in the broader sense, is matter which cannot by any elasticity of definition be brought within the narrower ken of literature at all. In the main, men of science write as one would expect them to write. The style is the man, and the man of science is as a rule a dry-as-dust fact-hunter. Here and there, men of literary capacity have been devotees of science; but this cannot hide the fact that most scientists have hardly a spark of artistic sensibility, and that the great mass of scientific writing is painfully devoid of literary merit. More than that, most of the great classics of scientific literature owe their position, in the nature of the case, to their matter rather than their manner, and hence are not, properly speaking, works of art. They constitute what De Quincey appropriately termed the "literature of knowledge."

There is a long list of this character which, without regard to their varying degrees of artistic merit, must be counted among the world's great books, because of the enormous influence they have had on the progress of thought, and of civilisation itself. Thus the varied scientific writings of Aristotle furnished what seemed the last word on almost every department of knowledge, undisputed and indisputable, for something like a hundred generations of his followers. The *Almagest* and the *Geographia* of Ptolemy, and the *Natural History* of the elder Pliny, in so far as they did not conflict with Aristotle, were accepted as final authorities in their respective fields for a thousand years. The *Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium*, of Copernicus, was instrumental in working a veritable revolution in the accepted conception of the scheme of the universe, and of the earth's relative importance in that scheme. Newton's *Principia* explained the mechanics of the heavenly bodies to the wonderment of mankind.

The *Méchanique Céleste* and the *Systeme du Mond* of Laplace, expounding the nebular hypothesis, first cleared up the mystery of the creation of the world itself.

The origin of the strata of the earth's crust was never even vaguely understood till James Hutton wrote his *Revolutions of the Globe;* the theories he put forward, involving the complete overthrow of the accepted notions as to the age of our planet, extended and developed by Lyell, found full expression in the latter writer's *Principles of Geology.*

A vision of the successive populations of beings that have peopled our globe, and have left no trace of their existence except in the form of random fossils, was first given in the *Ossementa Fossiles* of Cuvier. The origin of these successive populations of creatures, tentatively explained by Lamarck in 1809, was satisfactorily accounted for just half a century later in the *Origin of Species* of Darwin.

This is but listing off-hand the names of a few of the more important classics of the literature of fact, in what may be considered a single line of thought. Each of these works was epochal, and is assured permanency of fame because of its influence on the advance of knowledge. Yet the very nature of the questions treated, necessarily removes some of them from the ken of the vast majority even of educated people. The *Principia* and the *Méchanique Céleste,* for example, are in effect treatises on mathematics, and as such are necessarily repugnant, and indeed unintelligible, to all but a small coterie of readers. On the other hand, such topics as the origin of the earth's crust and the development of organic forms lend themselves much more readily to artistic treatment, and the history of some of the classics that treat of these topics points a very clear moral concerning the value of literary skill as an aid even to the most technical of scientists. Thus the book of Hutton, despite the startling, not to say sensational, character of its subject, found very few readers, chiefly because of its heavy, intricate style. Its data remained little known till Playfair practically re-wrote the book some years after its author's death. When Lyell took the subject in hand, the world had moved on a generation, to be sure, yet it was not so much this progress as the masterly exposition and lucid style of the *Principles* which forced the new geology upon the popular

attention. Lyell avowedly recognised both the difficulties and the desirability of attaining a popular style, and thanks to the success of his efforts at clear writing, the revolutionary doctrines of which he was the herald received in his own generation an acceptance which might otherwise have been long withheld from them.

The *Origin of Species* also owed much to the form of its presentation. Purporting to be only an abstract of the voluminous records which the author had spent twenty years in collecting, it necessarily bristled with technical facts, and hence could not be expected to make "easy reading." Professor Huxley used to say that he never took it up afresh without finding something new that he had overlooked in previous readings; and if Darwin's greatest disciple could make such a statement, it is hardly to be hoped that anyone else has ever fully mastered all the mere facts of the *Origin*. Yet these facts are arranged and presented in such fashion as to carry the reader forward, if not easily, at least clearly and unequivocally, to the conclusions at which the author aimed.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that a greater artist might have marshalled the data of the *Origin of Species* in a still more convincing array, for it chances that a greater artist did so marshal its essentials with telling effect very soon after the book appeared. Much as Galileo, in his *Dialogues*, had given artistic expression to the revolutionary doctrines of Copernicus, Huxley, in his *Man's Place in Nature*, and in a score of other essays, brought all the resources of a marvellously flexible literary style to the aid of the equally revolutionary doctrines that Darwin had inaugurated. Nor was Huxley alone in this work. There came to his aid, from another field of science, a man of perhaps even greater literary skill; a man who has probably had no peer as a master of English among the scientific writers of our generation. I mean, of course, Professor Tyndall. His writings and those of Huxley, not merely on this topic, but all along the lines of their varied scientific interests, are perhaps the best illustrations that have been given in our time of the extent to which literary art may triumph over difficulties of subject. Many of their essays stand as models of luminous exposition, lifting the reader over

every difficulty, and visualising the subject before him in enticing forms. Not all that they wrote is of equal value. Much of their most incisive work was of a controversial character, the interest of which cannot be other than ephemeral. Most of those well-aimed blows that were levelled in the cause of Darwinism spent their full force on the generation that called them forth. The cause triumphant, the means that led to victory, will be in the main forgotten. But fortunately there remains a fair residuum of writings of these masters that can claim a more lasting regard; in particular, such masterpieces as Tyndall's "beautiful book"—as Lord Kelvin calls it—*Heat as a Mode of Motion*, and the various popular lectures of Huxley

It would be futile, however, to hope that even these can claim perennial popularity, or can have anything more than historical interest after the lapse of two or three generations. They are classics of scientific literature in their day, and classics they will remain, but their interest must wane as their facts lose novelty. The history of similar works in the past leaves no doubt as to this. Who to-day reads, for example, the discourses of the poet-scientist, Davy, which so captivated the English-speaking world at the beginning of the century; or the equally lucid expositions of Arago, which set the French capital in a flutter a generation ago. Once so popular, these works have already become fossils on library shelves.

So it must be with all writings, however artistic their drapery, that depend fundamentally upon a skeleton of scientific facts for their interest. The creative literature of poem, of drama, of story, revolving ever about a few central human passions which time has little modified, may appeal to generation after generation, but the literature of fact is doomed to obsolescence by its own success.

There are certain other departments of the literature of science, however, which may claim a certain degree of immunity from this preordained fate. Histories of science, *e.g.*, stand on no different plane, intrinsically, from other histories. Thus Whewell's *History of the Inductive Sciences*, Cuvier's *History of the Advance of Science in his Generation*, Draper's *History of the Conflict between Religion*

and Science, White's recent work of similar title, and the numerous historical essays by other writers, including Arago, Huxley, and Tyndall among the number, must be judged on their literary merits according to the same standards by which one judges Gibbon or Mommsen. Again, there is a quite different field of scientific literature, of a lighter kind, yet perhaps most permanent of all, because of its introduction of the personal element, added to the universality of the interests to which it appeals. I refer now to the descriptive writers on natural history and allied topics, who have studied nature at first hand, and whose accounts of their discoveries have the interest of personal narratives quite aside from the exact character of the facts which they record. There is a long list of such writings, of varying degrees of scientific accuracy, as of literary merit. Perhaps the most famous of them is the *Compleate Angler* of Isaac Walton, a work inconsequential enough in a scientific way, to be sure, yet falling clearly within our present category, and having a security of literary position that can be claimed by few other works to be found there. Next in point of time come the charming letters of Gilbert White, gossipping about the birds and beasts and reptiles and insects of his parish, and gathered into a soon-to-be-famous volume, under title of the *Natural History of Selborne*. Then in our own century there are the books of the hermit of Walden, Thoreau, the friend of Emerson, lover of Nature in her every phase, and diviner of many of her secrets; and the essays of John Muir, the poet of the Sierra Nevadas, whom Emerson pronounced more wonderful even than Thoreau; and a small library of strictly contemporary writings in the same vein, with the works of John Borroughs at their head.

The authors of these works are delightful essayists, prose-poets if you will, whose inspiration is drawn directly from nature, and who breathe into their pages something of the freshness and novelty of Nature herself. They take the reader with them to the woods, and make him feel that their discoveries are his discoveries. What they have seen has the charm of personal experience; the interest of the specific over the generic fact. One may know well

enough that the cuckoo and the cow-bird lay their eggs in the nest of other birds; but when, with the eyes of White or Burroughs, one spys upon the individual cuckoo or cow-bird, and watches its stealthy imposture upon yellow-hammer or warbler, one has the feeling of the discoverer, and the old story is ever new. There is something of this same element of personal interest, too, in the writings of several of the naturalists of more serious purpose. The *Natural History* of Buffon, and the *Ornithologies* of Wilson and Audubon, for example, will for this reason retain a certain interest long after the mere facts they recorded, considered as scientific data, are worn thread-bare with repetition.

Such writings as these, then, have a certain permanent value as literature. Owing their value to form rather than to matter, they are true works of art. But, on the other hand, no one would claim for them more than a minor place in art. However perfect of their kind, they are not of the most important kind. They are works for the leisure hour, far removed from the heights or the depths of the profound emotions. The really important share of science in building up the great literature of the world has not been attained through such means as this, nor indeed through any direct means. Its true power has been shown rather through the indirect channels of its influence upon literature that in itself is not scientific.

Ever since literature had a beginning there have been masters of the craft who have grasped eagerly after all the scientific knowledge of their time, and have made such use of the fragments then available as great artists alone could make. Take Shakespeare himself in illustration. Every one knows how his lines bristle with scientific allusions; for has not the fact been brought against him in the absurd Baconian controversy? Not to multiply illustrations, one might almost say that the greater the writer, the more surely do we find him in touch with the science of his time. This, to be sure, is no proof that scientific knowledge is pre-requisite to the practice of the literary art—since the greatest artists imbibe most eagerly every species of mental pabulum. Still the fact is suggestive, and at least it is hardly open to doubt that their knowledge

THE LITERATURE OF SCIENCE

By Henry Smith Williams

If we accept Buffon's famous dictum, that the style is the man, it might be expected that the writings of men of science would be as ruggedly fact-bound, as unimaginative, as inartistic as science is usually supposed to be. Yet Buffon himself, famed as a writer a century ago, and remembered to-day chiefly for his mastery of literary style, was by profession a naturalist. His greater contemporary, Voltaire, the master litterateur of France, did not hesitate to pose as a master in science as well. Again, Dante, the one world-classic of the Italian language, was learned in every phase of the known science of his time. Keats, one of the few writers of English whom critics have ventured to name in the same breath with Shakespeare, was trained to the profession of medicine. Goldsmith, famed for the lucidity of his verse and prose alike, was a practising physician. So was Schiller, the second poet of Germany; while his one master in that tongue, the incomparable Goethe, whose genius "raised the German language to a new plane as a medium of literary expression," would be remembered as a discoverer in science had he never penned a page that could be called literature. Turning to America we find that Franklin, the one man who attained distinction as a writer in Colonial days, was equally distinguished as a scientist; and everyone will recall that in a later day the most genial of poets, Holmes, made literature only a staff, to quote his own happy phrase, his "crutch" being medicine, and his specialty anatomy, the veritable dry bones of medicine at that.

Without looking further, these familiar illustrations suffice to

indicate that there is no necessary incompatibility between the so-called scientific cast of mind and the capacity for artistic expression in words. Yet the argument must not be carried too far. The great mass of the literature of science, using the term in the broader sense, is matter which cannot by any elasticity of definition be brought within the narrower ken of literature at all. In the main, men of science write as one would expect them to write. The style is the man, and the man of science is as a rule a dry-as-dust fact-hunter. Here and there, men of literary capacity have been devotees of science; but this cannot hide the fact that most scientists have hardly a spark of artistic sensibility, and that the great mass of scientific writing is painfully devoid of literary merit. More than that, most of the great classics of scientific literature owe their position, in the nature of the case, to their matter rather than their manner, and hence are not, properly speaking, works of art. They constitute what De Quincey appropriately termed the "literature of knowledge."

There is a long list of this character which, without regard to their varying degrees of artistic merit, must be counted among the world's great books, because of the enormous influence they have had on the progress of thought, and of civilisation itself. Thus the varied scientific writings of Aristotle furnished what seemed the last word on almost every department of knowledge, undisputed and indisputable, for something like a hundred generations of his followers. The *Almagest* and the *Geographia* of Ptolemy, and the *Natural History* of the elder Pliny, in so far as they did not conflict with Aristotle, were accepted as final authorities in their respective fields for a thousand years. The *Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium*, of Copernicus, was instrumental in working a veritable revolution in the accepted conception of the scheme of the universe, and of the earth's relative importance in that scheme. Newton's *Principia* explained the mechanics of the heavenly bodies to the wonderment of mankind.

The *Méchanique Céleste* and the *Systeme du Mond* of Laplace, expounding the nebular hypothesis, first cleared up the mystery of the creation of the world itself.

The origin of the strata of the earth's crust was never even vaguely understood till James Hutton wrote his *Revolutions of the Globe;* the theories he put forward, involving the complete overthrow of the accepted notions as to the age of our planet, extended and developed by Lyell, found full expression in the latter writer's *Principles of Geology.*

A vision of the successive populations of beings that have peopled our globe, and have left no trace of their existence except in the form of random fossils, was first given in the *Ossementa Fossiles* of Cuvier. The origin of these successive populations of creatures, tentatively explained by Lamarck in 1809, was satisfactorily accounted for just half a century later in the *Origin of Species* of Darwin.

This is but listing off-hand the names of a few of the more important classics of the literature of fact, in what may be considered a single line of thought. Each of these works was epochal, and is assured permanency of fame because of its influence on the advance of knowledge. Yet the very nature of the questions treated, necessarily removes some of them from the ken of the vast majority even of educated people. The *Principia* and the *Méchanique Céleste,* for example, are in effect treatises on mathematics, and as such are necessarily repugnant, and indeed unintelligible, to all but a small coterie of readers. On the other hand, such topics as the origin of the earth's crust and the development of organic forms lend themselves much more readily to artistic treatment, and the history of some of the classics that treat of these topics points a very clear moral concerning the value of literary skill as an aid even to the most technical of scientists. Thus the book of Hutton, despite the startling, not to say sensational, character of its subject, found very few readers, chiefly because of its heavy, intricate style. Its data remained little known till Playfair practically re-wrote the book some years after its author's death. When Lyell took the subject in hand, the world had moved on a generation, to be sure, yet it was not so much this progress as the masterly exposition and lucid style of the *Principles* which forced the new geology upon the popular

attention. Lyell avowedly recognised both the difficulties and the desirability of attaining a popular style, and thanks to the success of his efforts at clear writing, the revolutionary doctrines of which he was the herald received in his own generation an acceptance which might otherwise have been long withheld from them.

The *Origin of Species* also owed much to the form of its presentation. Purporting to be only an abstract of the voluminous records which the author had spent twenty years in collecting, it necessarily bristled with technical facts, and hence could not be expected to make "easy reading." Professor Huxley used to say that he never took it up afresh without finding something new that he had overlooked in previous readings; and if Darwin's greatest disciple could make such a statement, it is hardly to be hoped that anyone else has ever fully mastered all the mere facts of the *Origin*. Yet these facts are arranged and presented in such fashion as to carry the reader forward, if not easily, at least clearly and unequivocally, to the conclusions at which the author aimed.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that a greater artist might have marshalled the data of the *Origin of Species* in a still more convincing array, for it chances that a greater artist did so marshal its essentials with telling effect very soon after the book appeared. Much as Galileo, in his *Dialogues*, had given artistic expression to the revolutionary doctrines of Copernicus, Huxley, in his *Man's Place in Nature*, and in a score of other essays, brought all the resources of a marvellously flexible literary style to the aid of the equally revolutionary doctrines that Darwin had inaugurated. Nor was Huxley alone in this work. There came to his aid, from another field of science, a man of perhaps even greater literary skill; a man who has probably had no peer as a master of English among the scientific writers of our generation. I mean, of course, Professor Tyndall. His writings and those of Huxley, not merely on this topic, but all along the lines of their varied scientific interests, are perhaps the best illustrations that have been given in our time of the extent to which literary art may triumph over difficulties of subject. Many of their essays stand as models of luminous exposition, lifting the reader over

every difficulty, and visualising the subject before him in enticing forms. Not all that they wrote is of equal value. Much of their most incisive work was of a controversial character, the interest of which cannot be other than ephemeral. Most of those well-aimed blows that were levelled in the cause of Darwinism spent their full force on the generation that called them forth. The cause triumphant, the means that led to victory, will be in the main forgotten. But fortunately there remains a fair residuum of writings of these masters that can claim a more lasting regard; in particular, such masterpieces as Tyndall's "beautiful book"—as Lord Kelvin calls it—*Heat as a Mode of Motion*, and the various popular lectures of Huxley

It would be futile, however, to hope that even these can claim perennial popularity, or can have anything more than historical interest after the lapse of two or three generations. They are classics of scientific literature in their day, and classics they will remain, but their interest must wane as their facts lose novelty. The history of similar works in the past leaves no doubt as to this. Who to-day reads, for example, the discourses of the poet-scientist, Davy, which so captivated the English-speaking world at the beginning of the century; or the equally lucid expositions of Arago, which set the French capital in a flutter a generation ago. Once so popular, these works have already become fossils on library shelves.

So it must be with all writings, however artistic their drapery, that depend fundamentally upon a skeleton of scientific facts for their interest. The creative literature of poem, of drama, of story, revolving ever about a few central human passions which time has little modified, may appeal to generation after generation, but the literature of fact is doomed to obsolescence by its own success.

There are certain other departments of the literature of science, however, which may claim a certain degree of immunity from this preordained fate. Histories of science, *e.g.*, stand on no different plane, intrinsically, from other histories. Thus Whewell's *History of the Inductive Sciences*, Cuvier's *History of the Advance of Science in his Generation*, Draper's *History of the Conflict between Religion*

and Science, White's recent work of similar title, and the numerous historical essays by other writers, including Arago, Huxley, and Tyndall among the number, must be judged on their literary merits according to the same standards by which one judges Gibbon or Mommsen. Again, there is a quite different field of scientific literature, of a lighter kind, yet perhaps most permanent of all, because of its introduction of the personal element, added to the universality of the interests to which it appeals. I refer now to the descriptive writers on natural history and allied topics, who have studied nature at first hand, and whose accounts of their discoveries have the interest of personal narratives quite aside from the exact character of the facts which they record. There is a long list of such writings, of varying degrees of scientific accuracy, as of literary merit. Perhaps the most famous of them is the *Compleate Angler* of Isaac Walton, a work inconsequential enough in a scientific way, to be sure, yet falling clearly within our present category, and having a security of literary position that can be claimed by few other works to be found there. Next in point of time come the charming letters of Gilbert White, gossipping about the birds and beasts and reptiles and insects of his parish, and gathered into a soon-to-be-famous volume, under title of the *Natural History of Selborne*. Then in our own century there are the books of the hermit of Walden, Thoreau, the friend of Emerson, lover of Nature in her every phase, and diviner of many of her secrets; and the essays of John Muir, the poet of the Sierra Nevadas, whom Emerson pronounced more wonderful even than Thoreau; and a small library of strictly contemporary writings in the same vein, with the works of John Borroughs at their head.

The authors of these works are delightful essayists, prose-poets if you will, whose inspiration is drawn directly from nature, and who breathe into their pages something of the freshness and novelty of Nature herself. They take the reader with them to the woods, and make him feel that their discoveries are his discoveries. What they have seen has the charm of personal experience; the interest of the specific over the generic fact. One may know well

enough that the cuckoo and the cow-bird lay their eggs in the nest of other birds; but when, with the eyes of White or Burroughs, one spys upon the individual cuckoo or cow-bird, and watches its stealthy imposture upon yellow-hammer or warbler, one has the feeling of the discoverer, and the old story is ever new. There is something of this same element of personal interest, too, in the writings of several of the naturalists of more serious purpose. The *Natural History* of Buffon, and the *Ornithologies* of Wilson and Audubon, for example, will for this reason retain a certain interest long after the mere facts they recorded, considered as scientific data, are worn thread-bare with repetition.

Such writings as these, then, have a certain permanent value as literature. Owing their value to form rather than to matter, they are true works of art. But, on the other hand, no one would claim for them more than a minor place in art. However perfect of their kind, they are not of the most important kind. They are works for the leisure hour, far removed from the heights or the depths of the profound emotions. The really important share of science in building up the great literature of the world has not been attained through such means as this, nor indeed through any direct means. Its true power has been shown rather through the indirect channels of its influence upon literature that in itself is not scientific.

Ever since literature had a beginning there have been masters of the craft who have grasped eagerly after all the scientific knowledge of their time, and have made such use of the fragments then available as great artists alone could make. Take Shakespeare himself in illustration. Every one knows how his lines bristle with scientific allusions; for has not the fact been brought against him in the absurd Baconian controversy? Not to multiply illustrations, one might almost say that the greater the writer, the more surely do we find him in touch with the science of his time. This, to be sure, is no proof that scientific knowledge is pre-requisite to the practice of the literary art—since the greatest artists imbibe most eagerly every species of mental pabulum. Still the fact is suggestive, and at least it is hardly open to doubt that their knowledge

of science has been a marked aid to the writers who have possessed such knowledge. Sometimes, indeed, a great writer has consciously recognised this obligation, and even avowed it, as when Coleridge declared that he attended Davy's lectures on chemistry to increase his stock of metaphors. Emerson, too, must have recognised this aid, so much of the science of his generation is reflected in his writings. And Taine openly declared that he interrupted his literary career to devote several years to the study of medicine, because he had reached the conviction that every writer should have a comprehensive knowledge of at least one department of science.

It must be admitted that these particular men, and most other litterateurs of scientific proclivities, have made only subordinate use of their scientific lore in their writings. Yet examples are not wanting in which the influence of science on literary art must be felt to have been more than merely incidental. This is true, not merely of minor poems, but of some of the great classics of the world-literature. Thus that rudimentary fourteenth-century science which Dante knew to its depths, based largely upon the Ptolemaic astronomy, still dominant, though so soon to be overthrown, forms the veritable framework of the mechanical structure, so to speak, of the Divine Comedy. So, too, the sixteenth-century science which Milton knew so well, enters into the structure of the *Paradise Lost* in the most definitive fashion. How great its influence was will be most patent if we reflect what momentous differences there would have been in certain cantos of *Paradise Lost*, had Milton written after the work of Hutton, Lamarck, Cuvier, Lyell, and Darwin had thrown the light of scientific interpretation upon the story of creation. Milton knew the science of the sixteenth century to its depths, but meagre enough were the data it could offer on cosmogony. *Paradise Lost* reflects the science of its time; but the science which transcends the bounds of unaided human senses, which reaches out into the infinities of space and down into the infinitesimal regions of the microcosm, revealing a universe of suns and a universe of atoms; the science which explains the origin of worlds, of sentient beings, of man

himself; the science which brings man's intellect under the sway of scale and measure, and which makes his tendencies, emotions, customs, beliefs, superstitions, religions even, the object of calm, unimpassioned investigation: this science is new, is of our own century, even of our own generation. Some day, perhaps, another Milton, learned in this science of a later era, will give us a new epic depicting the evolution of organic forms in true sequence, and the slow tortuous struggles of man toward a paradise which he has not yet gained. But the data for such an epic were never given into the hands of the artist until science revealed them, in part at least, in our generation.

If it be thought unlikely that such a union of science and art as is here suggested can ever be realised, let me hasten to cite a suggestive example, which will serve at once as the best instance in modern times of the direct influence of technical science upon great literature, and as an earnest of what the future may perhaps give us along the lines at which I have just hinted. I refer to certain familiar stanzas of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," which, written before the middle of the century, show the most marvellous grasp of the newest cosmologic science of that time. Thus the lines

> Our little systems have their day;
> They have their day and cease to be:

would have been utterly unintelligible before the advent of that new astronomy which began with the discoveries of Herschel late in the eighteenth century, and which slowly made its conquests in the years of Tennyson's early manhood. Even more recently revealed had been the truths of that geological philosophy which are so marvellously summarised in the following stanzas:—

> But I shall turn mine ears and hear
>
> The moanings of the homeless sea,
> The sound of streams that swift or slow
> Draw down Æonian hills, and sow
> The dust of continents to be.

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

The work of Lyell, which first gave an inkling of that slow melting away and rebuilding of the continents here pictured, was scarcely finished when these lines were written. Equally new was that knowledge of the extinct animal populations of the globe depicted by these other stanzas:—

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

"So careful of the type?" but no.
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, "A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go."

These words could by no possibility have been written before our century, for the facts they connote were utterly unknown to science of earlier times. They furnish an amazing proof of the closeness with which the greatest poet of his generation followed the intricacies of such technical sciences as astronomy, geology, and paleontology, and of the influence which such sciences had on his art. Nor are the lines I have quoted the most suggestive ones to be found, for the closing stanzas of the poem seem to show, uneqivocally even if in slightly masked phraseology, that the insight of the poet had carried Tennyson beyond the plane of his geological masters, and enabled him to grasp the truth of that wider doctrine of cosmogony which was then a heresy of science and which was only to receive acceptance, even in technical circles, through Darwin's exposition a full decade after *In Memoriam* was written.

I can never read these illuminative passages of that wonderful poem without asking myself why it was that the poet who thus had gained an insight into the truths of evolution in pre-Darwinian days, did not return to the subject later on when fresh data were at hand, and herald in verse the wonderful story of cosmogony, first revealed to our favoured generation. Was it that the position of Laureate had cramped the freedom of the master spirit? Or had age drawn the veil of conservatism across the field of a once-piercing vision before the new doctrines found general acceptance? Or yet again, was it that the master artisan found the materials of the new story not yet ripe for the purposes of art? I cannot say; but whatever the explanation of Tennyson's silence, it leaves a rich field open to whatever successor has the genius to cultivate it. The new suggestive data lend themselves to artistic treatment. They lie ready to the hand of the master builder. Must there not come a twentieth-century Milton gifted with the scientific acumen to master these data, with the poet soul to weave them into visions, and with the master craftsmanship to make the visions body forth in words? If so, some day we shall have, through the influence of science, a poem which will voice the spirit of our scientific epoch as the Divine Comedy "voiced the spirit of ten silent centuries," and as *Paradise Lost* voiced the spirit of the Renaissance.

THE APOCOLOCYNTOSIS;

OR,

DIVERSION ON THE DEATH OF THE EMPEROR CLAUDIUS.

BY SENECA.

(Translated for this work by Forrest Morgan.)

[LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA was born at Corduba, Spain, about B.C. 4, and became an eminent lawyer in Rome. In A.D. 41 he was banished to Corsica by Claudius at the instigation of Empress Messalina. Recalled after an exile of eight years, he was appointed by Agrippina joint tutor with Burrhus of the youthful Nero. The two secured good government in the early years of Nero's reign, but gradually lost their influence; and Seneca, charged with conspiracy, committed suicide by the emperor's order, A.D. 65. He was a leading exponent of the Stoic philosophy. His writings comprise: discourses on philosophy and morals, the most important being "On Anger"; "On Mercy," addressed to Nero; "On Giving and Receiving Favors"; over one hundred letters to Lucilius; "Investigations in Natural Science"; and eight tragedies, being the only complete specimens of Roman tragedies extant.]

["Apocolocyntosis," or "Pumpkinification," is a burlesque Greek word formed on the model of "Apotheosis" or "deification," as being more appropriate for Claudius. How it came to be attached to this skit (the second title is the original one) is a mystery, as there is nothing in the matter to suggest it, and the opinion of Seneca is evidently that Claudius was a pumpkin from the first, not that he was turned into one. One editor thinks it means "deifying a pumpkin," but that is contradicted by the etymology. The "happiest of periods," spoken of in the first lines and continually glorified, was Nero's reign, which at the outset was really, as were the early years of almost all these reigns, a golden age of reaction against the horrors of the one before. For notes, see end of article.]

WHAT was done in heaven before the third day of the October Ides, in the consulate of Asinius Marcellus and Acilius Aviola, — new year, beginning of the happiest of periods, — I wish to recount from memory. Nothing is set down for spite

or compliment. If any one asks how I know these things to be true,—first, I shall not answer unless I choose. Who is to compel me? I know I am a free agent, because the man is dead who made the proverb come true, "One should be born either a king or a fool."[1] If I choose to answer, I shall say what comes to my tongue. Who ever exacted sworn witnesses from a historian? Yet if it becomes necessary to produce an authority, ask the one who saw Drusilla [Caligula's sister] going to heaven; the same man may say he saw Claudius going on the journey "with unequal steps."[2] Willy-nilly, he is obliged to see everything that is brought into heaven. He is the curator of the Appian Way thither — by which, you know, holy Augustus and Tiberius Cæsar went to the gods. If you interrogate him, he will tell you about it if you are alone; in the presence of a crowd he will never utter a word — because, from the time he swore in the Senate that he saw Drusilla climbing heaven, and for all it was such a gratifying piece of news, no one believed him that he had seen it, he declared in express terms that he would not tell even if he had seen a man killed in the Forum. Whatever I have heard from him, I report as surely and clearly as I am certain he is safe and happy.

> Now Phœbus to a briefer path had shrunk his fountain deep
> Of radiance; now waxed greater the shadowy horns of Sleep.
> For conquering Cynthia too began to wield an ampler reign,
> And hoar unsightly Winter to pluck the lovely train
> Of Autumn's bounteous honors, see Bacchus aging too,
> And pluck, belated vintager, the grapes' ungathered few.

I shall probably be better understood if I say the month was October; the third day of the Ides of October. I cannot tell you the hour with certainty — even philosophers would agree more readily than clocks. But it was between the sixth and seventh. — Oh, this is too rustic. Poets delight in labor, and not content with describing sunrise and sunset, must even molest the middle of the day: would you pass over so good an hour?

> For Phœbus on his car had halved the circuit of the blue,
> And nearer night the golden reins was shaking as he flew,
> While in his course the swerving light in slanted rays he drew.

Claudius began to give up the ghost, but could not manage to die. Then Mercury, who was always beloved for his disposition, summoned one of the three Fates and said: "Why, you cruelest of women, do you suffer this man to be tortured? One should never be excruciated so long. It is the sixty-fourth year since he began to struggle with life. Why do you hate him? Let the astrologers speak the truth some time or other: they have had him buried every year, every month, since he became prince. To be sure, it is not wonderful if they have been mistaken: no one knew his hour of birth, for no one ever believed he was born at all. Do what is to be done.

"To death consign him: let a nobler[3] reign in his empty place."

But Clotho replied: "Good gracious, I would devote little enough time to him, till he confers the citizenship on the very few that are left outside, — for he has constituted all Greeks, Gauls, Spaniards, and Britons, toga-wearers. But since he chooses to leave some foreigners for seed, and you order it so done, be it so." She opens a little box and produces three spindles: one was for Augurinus, one for Baba, the third for Claudius. "These three," quoth she, "I have ordered to die in one year, divided by short intervals of time. I would not dismiss him unaccompanied; for it is not fitting that he, who has now seen so many thousands of men following him, so many preceding him, so many surrounding him, should be suddenly forsaken, alone. Meanwhile, he must be content with these convives."

Thus spake she; then from off the ugly spindle reeled the thread,
And broke the life of sovereignty a stupid soul had led.
But now Lachesis, all her locks with wreaths and jewels gay,
Crowning her tresses and her brow with twined Pierian bay,
Pulls from the snow-white fleece the fibers, measuring off the strands,
That take new colors, drawn and spun by her auspicious hands:
The sisters gaze admiringly on the stint of shining bands.
The worthless wool transmutes to precious metal in her hold;
In beauteous filaments from heaven comes down the age of gold.
They know not any measure; draw out the happy fleece
And joy to fill their hands therewith; fair is the woven piece.
The work goes forward cheerily, and not in toilsome wise,
As stretching out the downy threads the twirling spindle flies;
Tithonus' years and Nestor's years were far a meaner prize.
Phœbus is nigh, and joys in song, glad of the age to come;
Now strikes the harp rejoicing, now serves out the golden thrum.

He holds the Three in music's thrall, and cheats the passing hour;
And while they praise the cithara and their brother's wondrous power,
Their fingers weave beyond the wont; the noble work exceeds
The lot of human fortunes. "Sister Fates," Apollo pleads,
"Let it not fall; let him surpass the mortal breathing space —
He with a countenance like mine, and like to me in grace,
Nor less in music nor in voice; the happy ages loom
Above the exhausted; he shall burst the law's long-silent tomb.
As the flying throng of stars disperse when the dawn-star mounts on high,
As Hesperus rises while the host retreat far down the sky,
As, when the shadows fade away, Aurora's primal birth
Brings rosy day on, and the sun looks down upon the earth,
Glowing with light, and first sets free the wheels of day from prison, —
Such Cæsar stands before us, such the Roman world arisen
Looks upon Nero; radiant shines, with splendor mild and rare,
His face and neck of beauty with its wealth of flowing hair."

Apollo thus; but Lachesis, who would favor the beautiful youth herself, has finished, spins with a full hand, and gives Nero many years of his own. They all order Claudius, likewise, *χαίροντας, εὐφημοῦντας ἐκπέμπειν δόμων* [to bring from home rejoicings and acclaimings of good omen].[4] And he actually bubbled out his soul, and thereby ceased to seem to live. He expired even while he was listening to comic actors, whom you know I have good cause to fear. His last speech heard among men — after he had emitted a mighty sound from that part whence it was easiest to speak — was, "Alas! I must have befouled myself. Why I did it I don't know. I have certainly befouled everything in existence."

What was done on earth afterward it is worse than useless to relate. For you know quite well; and there is no danger of its escaping from memories, the public joy has so impressed them. No one forgets his happiness. Listen to what was done in heaven: faith must be reposed in the writer. It was announced to Jove, "Some one has arrived, of good stature, very gray-haired. I don't know what he is threatening, for he incessantly shakes his head and drags his right foot. I have asked him his nationality, and he answered — I can't tell what, with a confused sound and a mumbling voice. I don't understand his language; it is not Greek, nor Roman, nor any known tongue."

Then Jupiter orders Hercules, because he had wandered over the whole globe and seemed to have known all nations, to go and investigate what people he is of. Hercules at first sight of him is certainly disturbed, though he would not have feared even Junonian monsters. As he observed a face of a new type, an unwonted gait, the voice of no terrestrial animal, but (such as is usual with marine beasts) one hoarse and confused, he thought he had come to his thirteenth labor. Carefully studied, it is seen to be a man. He advanced, therefore, and said in Greek, as easiest to him, Τίς πόθεν εἰς ἀνδρῶν, πόθι τοὶ πτόλις; [What kind of a man are you, where is your city?] Claudius, hearing this, rejoices that there are linguistic scholars here: he hopes there will be some place for his histories. So, signifying himself in a Homeric line to be Cæsar, he says: —

Ἰλιόθεν με φέρων ἄνεμος Κικόνεσσι πέλασσεν.[5]

[The winds, bearing me from Ilion, drove me upon the Ciconians.]

There was also following a truer line, equally Homeric: —

Ἔνθα δ' ἐγὼν πόλιν ἔπραθον, ὤλεσα δ' αὐτούς.

[At Ismarus, there I destroyed the city and slew the people.]

And he would have imposed the tale on Hercules with very little risk had not Fever been there, who, leaving his fane behind, had come with him alone; all the other gods he had left at Rome. "That man," said he, "is telling pure lies. I, who have lived with him so many years, say this to you: He was born at Lyons. You see one of Munatius' citizens; as I am telling you, he was born at the sixteenth stone from Vienne, a native Gaul. So, as befitted a Gaul to do, he seized Rome. I turn over to you this native of Lyons, where Licinius reigned so many years. You indeed, who have trodden more places than any regular mule-driver, ought to know the Lyonnese, and that many thousands exist between the Xanthus[6] and the Rhone."

Claudius grows very hot at this point, and rumbles with all possible rage. What he was trying to say, no one could understand. But he ordered Fever to be led off to execution by a gesture of his trembling hands, which however were firm enough for this one act, he was so used to decapitating men. He had ordered that one's neck lopped off. You would think they were all his freedmen, so little did anybody mind him.

Then Hercules: "Hear me, you," quoth he, "and stop playing fool: you have come here, where mice gnaw iron.[7]

Tell me the truth quickly, lest I strip you of your frills." And that he might be more terrifying, he grew tragic, and saith he: —

> "Haste and express what stock thy name reveals,
> Lest stricken with this club thou fall'st to earth:
> This staff hath oft demolished savage kings.
> What sounds with hesitant utterance makest thou?
> What land, what tribe produced that unfixed head,
> Expound. Sooth, while I sought the far-off realms
> Of the triple king, whence from the Western Sea
> To Inachus' town I bore the noble herd,
> I saw a mountain bordering rivers twain,
> Which Phœbus aye sees to the sunrise turned;
> Where mighty Rhone with rapid current flows,
> And Arar [Saone], doubting where to urge his course,
> With quiet stream in silence laves his banks:
> Is not that land thy spirit's spring and nurse?"

This spiritedly and boldly enough. Nevertheless, he is not quite easy in his mind, and fears μωροῦ πληγήν [a fool's blow]. Claudius, as he saw the valiant man, forgot his frivolity, and recognized that while there had been no one in Rome like himself, here he was not to have the same grace: every cock [Gaul] is first on his own dunghill. So, as far as he could be understood, he was observed to say this: —

"I have hoped that you, Hercules, bravest of the gods, would be with me in the presence of others: and if any one had asked me for a sponsor, I should have named you, who have known me best. For if you recall to memory, I was the one who was laying down law for you before your temple every day in the months of July and August. You know what miseries I underwent there, when I heard pleaders both day and night; of whom if you had happened to be one, mightily strong though you may seem, you would have preferred cleansing the sewers of Augeas."

[Gap in Ms. here. Bouillet conjectures the argument to run thus: When Hercules has suffered himself to be persuaded by Claudius, and favor him by voting for his admission into the number of the gods, he at once rashly bursts into their conclave with him, to commend his cause to them. But they, feeling the affair an indignity, inveigh bitterly against Hercules, and wrangle with him and each other in a tumultuous and disorderly fashion. Some unknown god speaks first and then another breaks in.]

"No wonder you have forced an entrance into the curia; for nothing is closed to you. Now tell us what sort of god you wish him to be. Ἐπικούρειος Θεὸς [an Epicurean god] he cannot be, — ὃς οὔτε αὐτὸς πρᾶγμα ἔχει, οὔτε ἄλλοις παρέχει[8] [one who has no troubles himself and brings none to others]. Stoic? how can he be round [complete], as Varro saith, without a head and without a tail? There is something of a Stoic god in him, though, for he has neither heart nor head." —— "Good Lord! Even if he had asked this recommendation from Saturn, whose month he celebrated every year while prince, he would not have obtained that godhood from Jupiter, whom so far as in him lay he condemned of incest.[9] For he slew L. Silanus, his son-in-law.[10] I ask, what for? his sister, the most enjoying girl in Rome, whom everybody called Venus, he preferred to call Juno.[11] Why, quoth he, for I want to know, why foolishly be so zealous over his sister? At Athens a half one is allowed, at Alexandria a full one. Because at Rome, quoth he, mice lick meal, this man straightens our curves.[12] What he may do in his chamber, I know not; he criticises even the quarters of heaven, he wishes to become a god. It is not enough that he has a temple in Britain, where the barbarians worship him and pray to him as a god, μώρου φυλαττειν μηνιν [to ward off a fool's wrath]."

At last it enters Jove's mind to pass judgment on private persons lingering within the curia, and to have no quarrels. "I had permitted you, Conscript Fathers," saith he, "to ask questions, but you have made it a mere country fair. I wish you to preserve the discipline of the curia. Whatever kind of man this is, what will he think of us?"

He being sent out, first Father Janus is asked his judgment: he was designated in the Julian Kalends Afternoon Consul;[13] a man sly enough, who always sees ἅμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω[14] [at once before and after]. He spoke fluently — because he lives in the Forum — much that the stenographer could not follow, and so I do not relate it; nor may I put into other words what was spoken by him. He talked much of the greatness of the gods; this honor ought not to be given to the crowd. "Formerly," quoth he, "it was a great thing to be made a god; now you have made it of very slight repute. That I may not seem to give judgment on the person rather than the matter, my opinion is, that after to-day, no one should be made a god from those who ἀρούρης καρπὸν ἔδουσιν[15]

[shall eat the fruit of the country], or from those whom ζείδωρος ἄρουρα[15] [the fruitful country] maintains. Whoever, contrary to this Senate decree, is made, fabricated, or depicted a god, to be given to the ghosts, his first function to be among the new gladiators, to flog them with whips."

Next is asked for his judgment, Diespiter, son of Vica Pota,[16] and himself designated Money-changer Consul. He lived by this trade, and was wont to sell franchiselets.[17] To him Hercules politely came up and touched his ear; so he gives judgment in these words: —

"Since Holy Claudius is akin to Holy Augustus in blood, nor less to Holy Augusta, his grandmother, whom he himself has ordered to be a goddess, and far surpasses all mortals in wisdom, and there must be some one from the republic who can, like Romulus, "ferventia rapa vorare"[18] [devour smoking turnips], I judge that Holy Claudius from this day be a god, just as whoever before him was made with the best right; and that the subject be added to Ovid's μεταμορφώσεις [Metamorphoses]." There were various judgments, and Claudius seemed to conquer in the decision. For Hercules, who saw his sword in the fire,[19] ran hither and thither and said: "Don't do me an ill service — my all is at stake: in return I will do whatever you wish, one after another; one hand washes the other."

Then Holy Augustus rose to speak in his turn, and discoursed with the greatest eloquence. "Conscript Fathers, I have your witness that from the time I was made a god I have not uttered a word. I always mind my own business. But I cannot dissimulate longer, and hold back grief which shame makes heavier. For this have I begotten peace on land and sea? to this end have I curbed civil war? to this end have I based the city on laws, adorned it with works? And what to say, Conscript Fathers, I cannot find; all words are below my indignation. I must take refuge in the sentence of that most sagacious man, Messala Corvinus: He has destroyed the justice of the Empire! This man, Conscript Fathers, who seems to us not able to stir up a fly, slew men as easily as a dog[20] falls. But what can I say of so many acts of justice?[21] There is no time to deplore public slaughters in contemplating domestic calamities, so I will omit the former and allude to the latter. Even if he does not know these things, I know ἓν τυχόντων [one happening]: he does not

know himself among the gods. He whom you see, hiding under my name for so many years, has repaid me with these thanks: he has slain my two great-granddaughters Julia, one by the sword and one by starvation; one great-great-grandson, L. Silanus.

"You can see, Jupiter, whether I am speaking in a bad cause; certainly in yours. If this man is to be among us — tell me, Holy Claudius, why every one of those you slew, you condemned before you knew about the case, before you heard it? Is it customary to do this? It is not done in heaven. Behold Jupiter, who is reigning so many years; he merely broke the leg of Vulcan, whom

Ῥίψε ποδὸς τεταγὼν ἀπὸ Βηλοῦ θεσπεσίοιο,[22]
[Seizing his foot, he hurled from the threshold divine,]

because he was angry with his wife, and hung him up: whom did he ever kill? You killed Messalina, of whom I was great-uncle equally with being yours. 'I don't know,' you say? May the gods curse you; for that is viler, that you don't know, than that you killed her. He has not left off following the dead Caius Cæsar [Caligula]. The latter slew her father-in-law: the former his son-in-law. Caius Cæsar forbade the son of Crassus to be called the Great: this man restored the name to him, but took away his head. He killed in one house Crassus the Great, Serbonia, Tristionia, Assario, though nobles; — Crassus, it is true, such a fool that he might have been emperor.

"Think, Conscript Fathers, what a portent that he should desire to be received into the number of the gods! Do you wish now to make this thing a god? See his body, born under angry gods. At most he can say three words speedily, ['This is mine,'] and lead me off a slave. Who will worship this god? Who will believe in him? When you come at last to making such gods, no one will believe you are gods yourselves. Most of all, Conscript Fathers, if I have acted becomingly among you, if I have answered no one harshly, avenge my injuries. I adjudge this for my decision." And he thus recited from the tablet: —

"Since Holy Claudius slew his father-in-law, Appius Silanus, two sons-in-law, Pompeius Magnus and L. Silanus, the father-in-law of his daughter, Crassus Frugi, a man as like

himself as egg to egg; Scribonia, his daughter's mother-in-law, Messalina, his wife; and the rest of whom he could not tell the number: it is my pleasure that he be severely censured, and not given a dispensation for judicial business; and should be forthwith carried away, and leave heaven within thirty days, Olympus within three."

This sentence was agreed upon. Without delay, Cyllenius [Mercury] drags him with a neck-twist to the shades,

Illuc unde regant redire quemquam.
[The bourne from whence no traveller returns.]

While they descend through the sacred way, what does that concourse of men desire for itself, now Claudius has had his funeral? And it was the most beautiful of all and full of costly preparations, as you know a god is proclaimed, — flute, horn, and such a throng, such a gathering of every class of senators, that even Claudius could hear it. All joyful, hilarious, the Roman people walked about as if free. Agatho and a few pettifoggers mourned, and clearly from the heart. Jurisconsults came out of the shadows, pale, thin, scarce having life, as if they had revived with the greatest difficulty. One of these, when he had seen the pettifoggers putting their heads together and deploring their fortunes, came up and said, "I told you the Saturnalia would not last forever." Claudius, as he saw his funeral, understood that he was dead. For with great μεγαληγορίᾳ [pomposity] the dirges are sung: —

Pour ye out weeping,
Send ye forth wailing,
Fabricate mourning;
Sadly resoundeth
The Forum with clamor:
Dead in his beauty
The sapient man is,
Than whom no other
On the whole planet
Stouter existed.
He could the fleet ones
Down in the race course
Speedily conquer;
He could demolish
The Parthian rebels,

Follow those faithless ones
Armed with their light darts,
While he sure-handed
Drew up the bowstring;
He could the foemen
Rushing against him
Fix with a slight wound,
Likewise the Medes' backs
Painted and flying.
He too the Britons
Living beyond the known
Shores of the ocean,
With the blue-shielded
Tribe of Brigantes,
Forced to surrender
Necks to the Roman
Fetters, and Ocean's
Very self tremble
Over the new laws
Made for Rome's safety.
Weep for the hero,
Than whom no other
Could with more swiftness
Cases decide on,
Not having listened
Save but to one side,
Often to neither.
Who will as judge now
Listen to cases
All the long year through?
You he shall yield to,
Leaving his high seat,
You who a silent
People give laws to,
Holding a hundred
Towns of the Cretans.
Beat on your bosoms,
O pettifoggers,
Genus of hirelings.
Bards, do you also
Mourn at this sad news;
You too the chiefest,
Who had made ready
For winning great lucre
Shaking the dice-box.

Claudius was delighted with his praises, and wished to gaze longer. The Talthybius of the gods [Mercury] took his hand and dragged him along with head turned, lest some one should recognize him, through the Campus Martius; and between Tiber and the covered way he descended to the shades. The freedman Narcissus had gone before by a shorter road to intercept his patron; and runs up to him on his arrival, shining as if just out of the bath, and says, "What have the gods sent to men?" "Go quickly," said Mercury, "and announce our coming." But he wished to fawn on his patron longer; when Mercury again ordered him to hasten, and shortened his lingering with a rod. No sooner done than Narcissus flies. Everything is favorable; he descends easily.[24] So, gouty as he was, he arrived at the door of Dis, where Cerberus — or, as Horace says, "the hundred-headed beast"[25] — lay, moving about and shaking his rough shag. He was a little disturbed (he was used to having a white dog for his pleasure) on seeing him to be a shaggy black dog, evidently one you would not wish to have come at you in the dark. And in a loud voice, he says, "Claudius Cæsar comes." Behold, at once they came forth, clapping their hands and singing: —

Εὑρήκαμεν, συγχάωμεν!
[We have found him, we rejoice with him!][26]

Here was C. Silius, consul designate, Juncus Prætorius, Sex. Trallus, M. Helvius, Trogus Cotta, Vectius Valens, Fabius, — Roman knights whom Narcissus had ordered to be executed. In the midst of this crowd of singers was Mnester the pantomimist, whom Claudius on account of his beauty had made a head short. Nor was the rumor slow in spreading to Messalina that Claudius had come. First of all, the freedmen flock together, — Polybius, Myron, Harpocras, Amphæus, and Pheronactes, all whom, that he might not be unprovided anywhere, he had sent ahead. Then the two prefects, Justus Catonius and Rufus son of Pompeius. Then his friends, Saturnius Luscius, and Pedo Pompeius, and Lupus, and Celer Asinius, consulars. Last came a brother's daughter, a sister's daughter, son-in-law, father-in-law, mother-in-law, all full kin by blood. And the train being formed, they rush to Claudius. When Claudius saw them, he exclaimed, "Πάντα φίλων πλήρη! [All full of friends!] How did you come here?" Then Pedo Pompeius: "What are you saying, you cruelest of men? Do

you ask, How? Why, who else sent us here but you, the murderer of all your friends? We must be in a court; I will show you the judges' chair."

He leads him to the tribune of Æacus; the latter under the Cornelian law asked what was established concerning assassins, he demands that his name be taken, he announces the record: Senators slain, 30; Roman knights, 315 and more; other citizens, ὅσα ψαμαθός τε κόνις τε [as the sand on the seashore]. Claudius, greatly terrified, cast his eyes around everywhere; he searches for some patron who can defend him. Advocate he finds none. Finally, P. Petronius comes forward — his old convive, a man fluent in the Claudian tongue [stutterer], and demands the advocacy. It is not granted. Pedo Pompeius makes accusation with a great clamor. Petronius begins to intend to answer. Æacus, an exceedingly just man, forbids. With the other side so far unheard he condemns Claudius, and says: —

Εἶκε πάθοι τά κ' ἔρεξε, δίκη κ' ἰθεῖα γένοιτο.

[Let him suffer the evils he dealt, that justice and right may exist.]

There was a great silence. All were stupefied, astounded by the novelty of the thing; they said this had never been done. To Claudius it seemed more iniquitous than novel. What sort of punishment he ought to undergo was long debated. There were those who said that if they must create a burden for one god, Tantalus would perish with thirst unless help was brought to him; Sisyphus could never lift his load; some time or other poor Ixion's wheel ought to be stopped. It was resolved, however, not to give a discharge to any of these veterans, lest Claudius might some time hope for the same. It seemed best that a new penalty should be devised, to institute a fruitless labor for him, and an image of his desires without end or accomplishment. Then Æacus orders him to gamble with a dice-box minus a bottom. And now he has begun to chase the flying dice and to effect nothing.

For however oft he endeavored to throw from the resonant dice-box,
Both dice fled from pursuit and escaped through the bottom removed;
And when he adventured to cast once more with the squares recollected,
Still to be mocked in like manner, and always in quest of illusion,
Cheating his trust; he flies after, and once again, right through his fingers,
Slips the deceitful tessara, filled with perpetual craft.

Thus whenever attained are the peaks of the loftiest mountains,
Fruitless the ponderous burden rolls back upon Sisyphus' neck.

Suddenly Caius Cæsar appeared, and began to claim him as a slave; he produces witnesses who saw Claudius writhing under whips, rods, buffets, from himself. He was adjudged to Cæsar; Æacus gives him over. Caius transferred him to Menander his freedman, to be his private helper.

NOTES.

1 To be able to do as he likes.
2 Virgil, Æneid, ii. 720, but in a wholly different sense; a gibe at Claudius' lameness.
3 The rest of the verse is from Virgil, Georgics, iv. 90.
4 Euripides, from "Cresphontes."
5 Homer, Odyssey, ix. 39.
6 At Troy: a sneer at Claudius' pretense of Trojan ancestry.
7 The sword is powerless.
8 From Epicurus' theory of the gods, whom he supposed to dwell between the worlds in perfect peace, and leaving men undisturbed.
9 By harrying Silanus to death for doing what Jupiter had done.
10 Not quite accurately: Silanus took his own life in fear of the future. But it would hardly have been spared long.
11 I.e. to be a permanent husband to her, as Jupiter to Juno, while the others had temporary amours with her, Venus-wise.
12 Thinks the moral government of the world needs straightening out because Romans are licentious.
13 Moderator for the day of the money exchange around Janus' temple in the Forum. During the July holidays this business was suspended, so that even if the god had taken the post there was nothing to do.
14 Homer, Iliad, iii. 109.
15 Homer, familiarly. A sneer at Claudius' boorish ways and his preferences in food.
16 Jupiter son of Victress and Possessoress, or the Goddess of Victory; a comic god in derision of the many specialized gods of the Pantheon.
17 The franchise for small provincial towns.
18 Martial, xiii. 16.
19 His influence hanging in the balance.
20 The worst throw of dice.
21 Executions: the euphemism is precisely that of the Spanish *auto-da-fé*.
22 Homer, Iliad, i. 591.

23 As no honors were decreed him.

24 Virgil, Æneid, vi. 126: "facilis descensus Averni."

25 Odes, ii. 13, 34.

26 The song of the priests of Apis when a new calf was found to worship.

WHY ASTROLOGY CANNOT BE TRUE.

By AULUS GELLIUS.

(Translated for this work.)

[Aulus Gellius was born probably about A.D. 120, and died about 180. He was a man both of letters and affairs, and held high office at Rome. His one extant work is the "Attic Nights," a collection of scraps from his commonplace book, on a vast number of things heard, seen, or read.]

Against those who call themselves Chaldæans or genethliacs [natal-timers], and profess to be able from the motions and positions of the stars to tell what will happen in the future, we once heard the philosopher Favorinus of Rome make an excellent and luminous speech in Greek; but whether to find himself employment, or display his genius, or because he wished to give a serious and judicial estimate of them, is not for me to say. But the leading instances and arguments he used which I could remember, brought away from my hearing of him there, I hastily noted down. They were approximately to this effect: —

That the doctrine of the Chaldæans is not of as great antiquity as they wish it to appear; nor are those the chiefs and authors of it whom they pretend; but that the crew who have fabricated these illusions and conjurings are professional money-hunting jugglers, seeking victuals and cash by lying tricks; and because they have seen that certain terrestrial things, situate among mankind, move in accordance with the humor and leading of celestial things, — for instance, that the ocean, as if a companion of the moon, grows old and young at the same time with her, — they set this up as an argument that we should believe all human affairs, great and small, similarly bound up with the stars and heavens, led and ruled by them.

But this is in the highest degree inept and absurd; that because the tide follows the course of the moon, the business likewise of anybody who has, say, a case before a judge involving the control of water with comarchers, or of a party wall with a neighbor, — that we must consider that business also as if it were governed by some cable from heaven tied to it. That even if by some divine power and reason it could be done, he considered it by no means possible for the mind of man to comprehend and perceive it in so short and scanty a space of life, however much it can do, though a few of certain things can be guessed — I will use the word itself — παχυμερέστερον [clumsily], conceived on no basis of science, but confused and vague and arbitrary, so far is the penetration of our eyes from piercing the middle spaces of vapor. For the chief difference between gods and men would be removed if men also were to know everything which is to come later.

Then the observation itself of the heavens and stars, which they profess to be the origin of their science, he thinks by no means clearly established; for if the chiefs of the Chaldæans, who dwelt in the open fields, contemplating the motions and paths and discessions and conjunctions of the stars, had observed that something was effected by them, this science, he says, clearly might make way; but only under that aspect of the sky under which the Chaldæans were; for it is not possible, he says, that the calculations from the Chaldæan observations should remain valid, if any one should wish to use it thus under different regions of the sky. For who does not see, he says, how great is the diversity of the parts and circles of the sky from the divergency and convexity of the earth? Therefore, the same stars by which they contend that all divine and human things are borne on and led, do not for instance everywhere excite cold or heat alike; but change and vary, and at the same time in some places actuate placid seasons, in others stormy: why should they not also actuate one set of personal and public happenings in Chaldæa, another in Gætulia, another on the Danube, another on the Nile? On the other hand, he says, it does not follow that if the same body and constitution of such a deep atmosphere should not remain the same under one and another curvature of the sky, yet in the affairs of men those stars must be thought always to show the same, from whatever land you contemplated them.

Moreover, it was wonderful that anybody should hold it proved that those stars which they declare were observed by

the Chaldæans and Babylonians and Egyptians (which many call *erratic*, Nigidius *wandering*) [comets] should not be more numerous than is currently said; for he considered it possible that there were also other planets with equal power, without which correct and steady observation could not be carried on, yet men could not discern them on account of their superiority either in brightness or altitude. For some other stars, he said, are seen from other countries, and are known by the people of those countries; but these very ones do not appear from all the rest of the earth, and are everywhere unknown by others; and as only just so many of these stars, he says, and from one part of the earth, must needs be observed, what finally was the limit of that observation, and what time can we know to be enough for perceiving what the conjunction of the stars, or their motion around or across each other's paths, may presage? For if an observation has been commenced, in such manner that it shall be noted in what guise, in what form, and in what position of the stars any one is born, and then successively from the beginning of life his fortune and habits and talents, and the circumstances of his private affairs and his business, and finally the very close of his life, shall be anticipated, and all these things, as they have come about in experience, shall be committed to writing; and a long time afterward, when those very things shall be in that same place and in that same guise, it shall be assumed that the same things also will happen to the rest who may be born at that time, — if in that way, he says, observation has begun, and from that observation a certain science has been constructed that cannot by any means make way; for let them tell us in how many years, or rather in how many ages of the earth, these observations could be perfected? [by the same order of the heavenly bodies returning]. He said it was agreed among astrologers that the stars which they call *wandering*, which seem indicative of every one's fate, return only after an almost infinite and countless number of years to the same place whence in the same guise they all set out at once; that no course of observation, nor any memory or form of record, could endure for such a period.

And he thought this also must be taken into account in some way, that there would be one train of stars when a man was first conceived in his mother's womb, and another later when after ten months he was brought to the light. And he asked how a diverse indication could come to the same thing, if, as those people say, another and another situation and connection

of stars give other and other fortunes. But also at the time of nuptials, by which children are sought, and also at the coition itself of male and female, he said it must be evident that from a certain fixed and necessary order of the stars such and such persons and with such fortunes must be born; and also long before when the father and mother themselves were born, the geniture from them could then be foreseen, — whoever of old were still to be, whom they were to beget, and so farther and farther back to infinity. So that if that science were framed on any basis of truth, back as far as the hundredth century, or still more, to the first beginning of the heavens and the earth, and then successively with continuous indication — as many progenitors of the same race as were born, those stars must foreshow that such and with such fate must be in the future whoever is born to-day.

But how, he says, can any one believe that by the form and position of any star whatever one man's chance and fortune are altogether fixed and destined, and that that form, after an immense number of ages, is restored, unless the signs of the life and fortunes of the same man, in such short intervals, through the ranks of his ancestors one by one, and through an infinite order of successions, themselves are denoted by the same appearance of the stars? That if such can be, and if that diversity and variety is admitted through every step of antiquity, to point out the beginnings of those men who shall afterward be born, this inequality disturbs observation, and every reasoning of the science is confounded.

Now he thought it was really not in the least assertable that not only extrinsic happenings and events which take place, but even the counsels and decisions of men themselves, and the various wills and longings and aversions, and the casual and unforeseen impulses and recoils of the mind in the lightest things, they should hold to be actuated and excited from the heavens above; as, if you should happen to desire to go to the baths, and then did not desire to, and again desired to, it should happen not from some irregular and haphazard stir of the spirit, but by some necessary reciprocation of the wandering stars; that men in that case would plainly seem not to be what are called λογικά ζῶα (rational beings), but ridiculous and to be jeered at, a sort of νευρόσπαστα (puppets), if they do nothing of their own will, nothing by their own judgment, but with the stars leading and making carriage horses of them.

And if, he says, it could be positively predicted for King Pyrrhus whether M. Curius was to be vanquished in battle, why pray do they not dare also to say with dice, or pebbles, or the tray, who of the players shall win? Do they know great things and not know small things, and are the lesser things less knowable than the greater? But if they vindicate themselves by the greatness of things, and say the great are clearer and can be more easily comprehended, I wish, he says, they would answer me as to what, in this contemplation of the whole world, in the works of mighty nature, they think great in such brief and petty affairs as those of mankind? And I wish also, he says, that they would answer me this: if so small and fleeting is the moment of time in which a person at conception receives his fate, whether in that same point under that same circle of the heaven many must not needs be born at once in the same conjunction; if therefore twins are not in the same fortune of life because not brought forth at the same point of time? I urge, he says, that they answer: that course of time flying past, which can hardly be comprehended by the cogitation of the mind — by what sort of method or expedient can they apprehend it, or ascertain or discover it to themselves, when in such a headlong dizzying whirl of days and nights they say the least changes make huge mutations?

Finally he asked what there was to be said in answer to this: that while people of both sexes and all ages are brought to life under diverse motions of the stars, the regions far apart under which they are born, yet all those who perish either in yawnings of the earth, or tumblings of houses, or stormings of towns, or drownings in the waves in the same ship, die by the same sort of death, at the same stroke of time in the universe all at once. Now, he says, this never could happen if the moments of birth allotted to separate individuals had each the same laws. But if, he says, they allege that in the death and life of men, even if brought forth at diverse times, some like and harmonious things can befall by certain like conjunctions of the stars at later times, why does not everything come out alike at last, so that there may exist, through such concourses of the stars, the similitudes both of Socrates and Antisthenes at once, and many Platos, alike in race, form, talent, habits, in all life and death? which in short, he says, cannot by any means be so. This argument, therefore, cannot well be used against the unlike births of men and their like deaths.

But, he said, this would present itself to them, even though he should not inquire into it: if of the life and death of men, and of all human things, there was season and reason and cause in heaven and among the stars, what did they say of flies or worms or hedgehogs, and many other very small things animating the earth and sea? whether those also were born under the same laws as men, and extinguished under the same; whether also the fates of birth for frogs and gnats were attributed to the motions of the heavenly bodies; or if they did not think that, no reason was apparent why the same power of the stars should be operative for men and lacking for the rest.

Favorinus likewise admonished us to beware lest those parasites should creep on toward making converts, because some of them seemed from time to time to babble or intersperse truths. For they do not tell understood things, he says, nor defined nor perceived ones; but glittering with slippery and roundabout guesswork, they walk step by step among falsehoods and truths, as if marching through shadows. Either, while handling many subjects they suddenly and imprudently tumble into the truth; or while great credulity leads on those who consult them, they shrewdly arrive at conclusions which are true: for that reason they seem to copy truth more easily in past matters than future. Yet all the things about which they either rashly or skillfully tell the truth, he says, are not a thousandth part of the ones in which they lie.

The same Favorinus, wishing to deter and repel the youth from those genethliacs and others of the sort, from going to and consulting in any way that tribe who profess to tell the future by magic arts, concluded with these arguments: Either they foretell adverse fortunes, he said, or prosperous. If they foretell prosperous ones and deceive, you will be wretched from mistaken expectation. If they foretell adverse ones and lie, you will be wretched from mistaken fear. But if they answer truly — in case affairs are not prosperous, then you will be wretched through your mind, before being so through fate; if they promise happiness and it so befalls, then obviously there will be two undesirable results: expectation will weary you with hope deferred, and hope will have robbed you of the fruit of joy to come. Therefore, future events should not in any way be given to human forecast.

AN ANCIENT GULLIVER.

By LUCIAN.

[LUCIAN, one of the foremost humorists and men of letters of all time, was born in Asia Minor during Trajan's reign, about A.D. 100. He studied for a sculptor, but finally went to Antioch and devoted himself to literature and oratory. He died in extreme old age. His works, written in Greek, are largely satirical burlesques on pagan philosophy and mythology and on the literature of his day, with some stories.]

CTESIAS wrote an account of India, in which he records matters which he neither saw himself, nor heard from the mouth of any creature in the world. So likewise a certain Jambulus wrote many incredible wonders of the great sea, that are too palpably untrue for any one to suppose they are not of his own invention, though they are very entertaining to read. Many others have in the same spirit written pretended voyages and occasional peregrinations in unknown regions, wherein they give us incredible accounts of prodigiously huge animals, wild men, and strange and uncouth manners and habits of life. Their great leader and master in this fantastical way of imposing upon people was the famous Homeric Ulysses, who tells a long tale to Alcinous and his silly Phæacians about King Æolus and the winds, who are his slaves, and about one-eyed men-eaters and other the like savages; talks of many-headed beasts, of the transformation of his companions into brutes, and a number of other fooleries of a like nature. For my part I was the less displeased at all the falsehoods, great and numerous as they were, of these honest folks, when I saw that even men who pretend that they only philosophize, act not a hair better; but this has always excited my wonder, how they could imagine their readers would fail of perceiving that there was not a word of truth in all their narratives.

Now, as I cannot resist the vanity of transmitting to posterity a little work of my own composing, and though I have nothing true to relate (for nothing memorable has happened to me in all my life), I see not why I have not as good a right to deal in fiction as another: I resolved, however, to adopt an honester mode of lying than the generality of my compeers: for I tell at least one truth, by saying that I lie; and the more confidently hope therefore to escape the general censure, since my own voluntary confession is a sufficient proof that I

desire to impose upon no one. Accordingly I hereby declare, that I sit down to relate what never befell me; what I neither saw myself, nor heard by report from others; aye, what is more, about matters that not only are not, but never will be, because in one word they are absolutely impossible, and to which therefore I warn my readers (if by the bye I should have any) not to give even the smallest degree of credit.

Once on a time, then, I set sail from Cadiz, and steered my course with a fair wind to the Hesperian ocean; taking along fifty companions and a most experienced pilot.

We sailed a day and a night with favorable gales, and while still within sight of land, were not violently carried on; on the following day at sunrise, however, the wind blew fresher, the sea ran high, the sky lowered, and it was impossible even to take in the sails. We were therefore forced to resign ourselves to the wind, and were nine and seventy days driven about by the storm. On the eightieth, however, at daybreak, we descried a high and woody island not far off, against which, the gale having greatly abated, the breakers were not uncommonly furious. We landed therefore, got out, and, happy after sustaining so many troubles to feel the solid earth under us, we stretched ourselves at ease upon the ground. At length, after having rested for some time, we arose, and selected thirty of our company to stay by the ship, while the remaining thirty accompanied me in penetrating farther inland, to examine into the quality of the island.

When we had proceeded about two thousand paces from the shore through the forest, we came up to a pillar of brass, on which in Greek letters, half effaced and consumed by rust, this inscription was legible: Thus far came Bacchus and Hercules. We also discovered, at no great distance from it, two footmarks in the rock, one of which measured a whole acre, but the other was apparently somewhat smaller. I conjectured the lesser one to be that of Bacchus, and the other that of Hercules. We bowed the knee, and went on, but had not proceeded far when we came to a river, that instead of water ran with wine, which both in color and flavor appeared to us like our Chian wine. The river was so broad and deep, that in many places it was even navigable. Such an evident sign that Bacchus had once been here served not a little to confirm our faith in the inscription on the pillar. But being curious to learn whence

this stream derived its origin, we went up to its head; but found no spring, and only a quantity of large vines hung full of clusters, and at the bottom of every stem the wine trickled down in bright transparent drops, from the confluence whereof the stream arose. We saw likewise a vast quantity of fishes therein, the flesh of which had both the color and flavor of the wine in which they lived. We caught some, and so greedily swallowed them down, that as many as ate of them were completely drunk; and on cutting up the fishes we found them to be full of lees. It occurred to us afterwards to mix these wine fishes with water fishes, whereby they lost their strong vinous taste, and yielded an excellent dish.

We then crossed the river at a part where we found it fordable, and came among a wonderful species of vines: which toward the earth had firm stocks, green and knotty; but upwards they were ladies, having down to the waist their several proportions perfect and complete; as Daphne is depicted, when she was turned into a tree in Apollo's embrace. Their fingers terminated in shoots, full of bunches of grapes, and instead of hair their heads were grown over with tendrils, leaves, and clusters. These ladies came up to us, amicably gave us their hands, and greeted us, some in Lydian, others in Indian language, but most of them in Greek; they saluted us also on the lips; but those whom they kissed immediately became drunk, and reeled. Their fruit, however, they would not permit us to pluck, and screamed out with pain when we broke off a bunch. Some of them even showed an inclination to consort with us; but a couple of my companions, in consenting to it, paid dear for their complaisance. For they got so entangled in their embraces, that they could never after be loosed; but every limb coalesced and grew together with theirs, in such sort as to become one stock with roots in common. Their fingers changed into vine twigs, and began to bud, giving promise of fruit.

Leaving them to their fate, we made what haste we could to our ship, where we related all that we had seen to our comrades, whom we had left behind, particularly the adventure of the two whose embraces with the vine women had turned out so badly. Hereupon we filled our empty casks partly with common water, partly from the wine stream; and after having passed the night not far from the latter, weighed anchor in the morning with a moderate breeze. But about noon, when we

had lost sight of the island, we were suddenly caught by a whirlwind, which turned our vessel several times round in a circle with tremendous velocity, and lifted it above three thousand stadia aloft in the air, not setting it down again on the sea, but kept it suspended above the water at that height, and carried us on, with swelled sails, above the clouds.

Having thus continued our course through the sky for the space of seven days and as many nights, on the eighth day we descried a sort of earth in the air, resembling a large, shining, circular island, spreading a remarkably brilliant light around it. We made up to it, anchored our ship, and went on shore, and on examination found it inhabited and cultivated. Indeed, by day we could distinguish nothing: but as soon as the night came on, we discerned other islands in the vicinity, some bigger, some less, and all of a fiery color. There was also, very deep below these, another earth, having on it cities and rivers and lakes and forests and mountains; whence we concluded that it might probably be ours.

Having resolved on prosecuting our journey, we came up with a number of horse vultures or hippogypes, as they are called in this country, who immediately seized our persons. These hippogypes are men who ride upon huge vultures, and are as well skilled in managing them as we are in the use of horses. But the vultures are of a prodigious bulk, and for the most part have three heads; and how large they must be, may be judged of by this, that each of the feathers in their wings is longer and thicker than the mast of a great corn ship. The hippogypes are commissioned to fly round the whole island, and whenever they meet a stranger, to carry him before the king; with which order we were therefore obliged to comply. The king no sooner spied us, than he understood, I suppose from our dress, what countrymen we were; for the first word he said to us was, "The gentlemen then are Greeks." On our not scrupling to own it, he continued, "How got you hither, through such a vast tract of air as that lying between your earth and this?" We then told him all that had happened to us. Upon this he was pleased to communicate to us some particulars of his history. He told us: he was likewise a man, and the same Endymion who was long since, while he lay asleep, rapt up from our earth and conveyed hither, where he was appointed king, and is the same that appears to us below as the moon. Moreover, he bade us be of good cheer and appre-

hend no danger; assuring us at the same that we should be provided with all necessaries: "and," added he, "when I shall have successfully put a period to the war in which I am at present engaged with the inhabitants of the sun, you shall pass with me the happiest lives you can possibly conceive." On our asking him what enemies he had, and how the misunderstanding began, he replied: —

"It is now a long time, that Phaeton, the king of the solar inhabitants (for the sun is no less peopled than the moon), has been at war with us, for no other reason than this. I had taken the resolution to send out the poorest people of my dominions as a colony into the morning star, which at that time was waste and void of inhabitants. To this now, Phaeton, out of envy, would not consent, and opposed my colonists with a troop of horse pismires in midway. Being unprepared for the encounter, and therefore not provided with arms, we were for that time forced to retreat. I have now, however, resolved to have another contest with them, and to settle my colony there, cost what it will. If you therefore have a mind to take part in this enterprise, I will furnish you with vultures out of my own mews, and provide you with the necessary arms and accouterments; and to-morrow we will begin our march."

"With all my heart," I replied, "whenever you please."

The king that evening made us sit down to an entertainment; and on the following morning early we made the necessary preparations, and drew up in battle array, our scouts having apprised us that the enemy was approaching. Our army consisted, besides the light infantry, the foreign auxiliaries, the engineers and sutlers, of a hundred thousand men: that is to say, eighty thousand horse vultures, and twenty thousand who were mounted on cabbage fowl. These are an exceedingly numerous species of birds, that instead of feathers are thickly grown over with cabbages, and have a broad kind of lettuce leaves for wings. Our flanks were composed of bean shooters and garlic throwers. In addition to these, thirty thousand flea guards and fifty thousand wind coursers were sent to our aid from the bean star. The former are archers mounted on a kind of fleas which are twelve times as big as an elephant; but the wind coursers, though they fight on foot, yet run without wings in the air. This is performed in the following manner: they wear wide, long gowns, reaching down to the ankles; these they tuck up so as to hold the wind, like a sail,

and thus they are wafted through the air after the manner of ships. In battle they are generally used like our peltasts. It was currently reported that seventy thousand sparrow acorns and five thousand horse cranes were to be sent us from the stars over Cappadocia; but I must own that I did not see them, and for this plain reason, that they never came. I therefore shall not take upon me to describe them; for all sorts of amazing and incredible things were propagated about them.

Such were the forces of Endymion. Their arms and accouterments were all alike. Their helmets were of bean shells, the beans with them being excessively large and thick-shelled. Their scaly coats of mail were made of the husks of their lupines sewed together, for in that country the shell of the lupine is as hard and impenetrable as horn. Their shields and swords differ not from those of the Greeks.

Everything now being ready, the troops disposed themselves in the following order of battle: the horse vultures composed the right wing, and were led on by the king in person, surrounded by a number of picked men, amongst whom we also were ranged; the left wing consisted of the cabbage fowl, and in the center were placed the auxiliaries, severally classed. The foot soldiery amounted to about sixty millions. There is a species of spiders in the moon, the smallest of which is bigger than one of the islands of the Cyclades. These received orders to fill up the whole tract of air between the moon and morning star with a web. This was done in a few instants, and served as a floor for the foot soldiers to form themselves in order of battle upon; these were commanded by Nightbird, Fairweather's son, and two other generals.

On the left wing of the enemy stood the horse pismires, headed by Phaeton. These animals are a species of winged ants, differing from ours only in bulk, the largest of them covering no less than two acres. They have besides one peculiarity, that they assist their riders in fighting principally with their horns. Their number was given in at about fifty thousand. On the right wing in the first engagement somewhere about fifty thousand gnat riders were posted, all archers, mounted on monstrous huge gnats. Behind these stood the radish darters, a sort of light infantry, but who greatly annoyed the enemy: being armed with slings from which they threw horrid large radishes to a very great distance; whoever was struck by them died on the spot, and the wound instantly gave out an intoler-

able stench, for it is said that they dipped the radishes in mallow poison. Behind them stood the stalky mushrooms, heavy-armed infantry, ten thousand in number, having their name from their bearing a kind of fungus for their shield, and using stalks of large asparagus for spears. Not far from these were placed the dog acorns, who were sent to succor Phaeton from the inhabitants of Sirius, in number five thousand. They were men with dogs' heads, who fought on winged acorns, which served them as chariots. Besides, there went a report that several other reinforcements were to have come, on which Phaeton had reckoned, particularly the slingers that were expected from the Milky Way, together with the cloud centaurs. The latter, however, did not arrive till after the affair was decided, and it had been as well for us if they had stayed away; the slingers, however, came not at all, at which Phaeton was so enraged that he afterwards laid waste their country by fire. These then were all the forces that Phaeton brought into the field.

The signal for the onset was now given on both sides by asses, which in this country are employed instead of trumpeters: and the engagement had no sooner begun, than the left wing of the Heliotans, without waiting for the attack of the horse vultures, turned their backs immediately; and we pursued them with great slaughter. On the other hand, their right wing at first gained the advantage over our left, and the gnat riders overthrew our cabbage fowl with such force, and pursued them with so much fury, that they advanced even to our footmen; who, however, stood their ground so bravely that the enemy were in their turn thrown into disorder and obliged to fly, especially when they saw that their left wing was routed. Their defeat was now decisive; we made a great many prisoners, and the slain were so numerous that the clouds were tinged with the blood that was spilt, as they sometimes appear to us at the going down of the sun; aye, it even trickled down from them upon the earth. So that I was led to suppose that a similar event in former times, in the upper regions, might perhaps have caused those showers of blood which Homer makes his Jupiter rain for Sarpedon's death.

Returning from the pursuit of the enemy, we erected two trophies; one for the infantry on the cobweb, the other on the clouds for those who had fought in the air. While we were thus employed, intelligence was brought us from our fore posts

that the cloud centaurs were now coming up, which ought to have joined Phaeton before the battle. I must own, that the march towards us of an army of cavalry that were half men and half winged horses, and of whom the human half was as big as the upper moiety of the colossus at Rhodes, and the equine half resembling a great ship of burden, formed a spectacle altogether extraordinary. Their number I rather decline to state, for it was so prodigious that I am fearful I should not be believed. They were led on by Sagittarius from the Zodiac. As soon as they learnt that their friends had been defeated, they sent immediately a dispatch to Phaeton, to call him back to the fight; whilst they marched up in good array to the terrified Selenites, who had fallen into great disorder in pursuing the enemy and dividing the spoil, put them all to flight, pursued the king himself to the very walls of his capital, killed the greater part of his birds, threw down the trophies, overran the whole field of cobweb, and together with the rest made me and my two companions prisoners of war. Phaeton at length came up; and after they had erected other trophies, that same day we were carried prisoners into the sun, our hands tied behind our backs with a cord of the cobweb.

The enemy did not think fit to besiege Endymion's capital, but contented himself with carrying up a double rampart of clouds between the moon and the sun, whereby all communication between the two was effectually cut off, and the moon deprived of all sunlight. The poor moon, therefore, from that instant suffered a total eclipse, and was shrouded in complete uninterrupted darkness. In this distress, Endymion had no other resource than to send a deputation to the sun, humbly to entreat him to demolish the wall, and that he would not be so unmerciful as to doom him to utter darkness; binding himself to pay a tribute to the sun, to assist him with auxiliaries whenever he should be at war, never more to act with hostility against him, and to give hostages as surety for the due performance of the contract. Phaeton held two councils to deliberate on these proposals: in the first, their minds were as yet too soured to admit of a favorable reception; but in the second, their anger had somewhat subsided, and the peace was concluded by a treaty which ran thus: —

The Heliotans with their allies on the one part, and the Selenites with their confederates on the other part, have entered into a

league, in which it is stipulated as follows: The Heliotans engage to demolish the wall, never more to make hostile attacks upon the moon, and that the prisoners taken on both sides shall be set at liberty on the payment of an equitable ransom. The Selenites on their part promise not to infringe the rights and privileges of the other stars, nor ever again to make war upon the Heliotans; but on the contrary, the two powers shall mutually aid and assist one another with their forces, in case of any invasion. The king of the Selenites also binds himself to pay to the king of the Heliotans a yearly tribute of ten thousand casks of dew, and give ten thousand hostages by way of security. With reference to the colony in the morning star, both the contracting parties shall jointly assist in establishing it, and liberty is given to any that will to share in the peopling of it. This treaty shall be engraved on a pillar of amber, to be set up between the confines of the two kingdoms. To the due performance of this treaty are solemnly sworn, on the part of the

Heliotes.	Selenites.
Fireman.	Nightlove.
Summerheat.	Moonius.
Flamington.	Changelight.

This treaty of peace being signed, the wall was pulled down, and the prisoners were exchanged. On our return to the moon, our comrades and Endymion himself came forth to meet us, and embraced us with weeping eyes. The prince would fain have retained us with him; making us the proposal at the same time to form part of the new colony, as we liked best. He even offered me his own son for a mate (for they have no women there). This I could by no means be persuaded to, but earnestly begged that he would set us down upon the sea. Finding that I could not be prevailed on to stay, he consented to dismiss us, after he had feasted us most nobly during a whole week.

* * * * * * *

When a Selenite is grown old, he does not die as we do, but vanishes like smoke in the air.

The whole nation eats the same sort of food. They roast frogs (which with them fly about the air in vast numbers) on coals; then when they are done enough, seating themselves round the hearth, as we do at a table, snuff up the effluvia that rises from them, and in this consists their whole meal. When thirsty, they squeeze the air into a goblet, which is filled in this manner with a dewlike moisture. . . .

Whoever would pass for a beauty among them must be bald and without hair; curly and bushy heads are an abomination to them. But in the comets it is just the reverse: for there only curly hair is esteemed beautiful, as some travelers, who were well received in those stars, informed us. Nevertheless they have somewhat of a beard a little above the knee. On their feet they have neither nails nor toes; for the whole foot is entirely one piece. Every one of them at the point of the rump has a large cabbage growing, in lieu of a tail, always green and flourishing, and which never breaks off though a man falls on his back.

They sneeze a very sour kind of honey; and when they are at work or gymnastic exercises, or use any exertion, milk oozes from all the pores of the body in such quantities that they make cheese of it, only mixing with it a little of the said honey.

They have an art of extracting an oil from onions, which is very white, and of so fragrant an odor that they use it for perfuming. Moreover, their soil produces a great abundance of vines, which instead of wine yield water grapes, and the grapestones are the size of our hail. I know not how better to explain the hail with us, than by saying that it hails on the earth whenever the vines in the moon are violently agitated by a high wind, so as to burst the water grapes.

The Selenites wear no pockets, but put all they would carry with them in their bellies, which they can open and shut at pleasure. For by nature they are quite empty, having no intestines; only they are rough and hairy within, so that even their new-born children, when they are cold, creep into them.

As to their clothing, the rich wear garments of glass, but those of the poorer sort are wove of brass; for these regions are very prolific in ores, and they work it as we do wool, by pouring water upon it.

But what sort of eyes they have, I doubt my veracity would be suspected were I to say; it is so incredible. Yet, having already related so much of the marvelous, this may as well go along with the rest. They have eyes, then, that they can take out whenever they choose: whoever therefore would save his eyes, takes them out, and lays them by; if anything that he would fain see presents itself, he puts his eyes in again and looks at it. Some who have carelessly lost their own borrow of others; for rich people are always provided with a good stock.

Their ears are made of plane-tree leaves, and only the Dendrites have wooden ones.

I saw also another strange object in the king's palace; which was a looking-glass of enormous dimensions, lying over a well not very deep. Whoever goes down into this well hears everything that is said upon our earth; and whoever looks in the mirror sees in it all the cities and nations of the world, exactly as if they were standing before him. I saw on this occasion my family and my whole country: whether, however, they likewise saw me, I cannot positively say. He who does not believe what I have mentioned touching the virtues of this looking-glass, if he ever goes thither, may convince himself by his own eyes that I have said nothing but what is true.

We now took our leaves of the king and his court, repaired on board our ship, and departed. Endymion at parting made me a present of two glass and five brazen robes, together with a complete suit of armor made of bean shells; all of which I was afterwards forced to leave behind in the whale's belly. He likewise sent with us a thousand hippogypes, to escort us five hundred stadia on our way.

After having in our course coasted along several countries, we landed on the morning star, which had lately been cultivated, to take in fresh water. Thence we steered into the Zodiac, sailing close by the sun on the left hand; but here we did not go ashore, though my companions were very desirous to do so, because the wind was against us. We got near enough, however, to see that the landscape was covered with the most beautiful verdure, well watered, and richly endowed with all sorts of natural productions. The nephelocentaurs, who are mercenaries in the service of Phaeton, on seeing us fled on board our pinnace; but on being informed that we were included in the treaty of peace, soon departed.

The hippogypes now likewise took leave of us, and all the next night and day, continuing our course, always bearing downwards, towards evening we arrived at a place called Lampton. This city is situated between the Pleiades and Hyades, and a little below the Zodiac. Here we landed, but saw no men; instead of them, however, we beheld a vast concourse of lamps, running to and fro along the streets, and busily employed in the market and the harbor. They were in general little, and had a poor appearance. Some few, we could perceive by their fine show and brightness, were the great and

powerful among them. Every one had its own lantern to live in, with their proper names as men have. We likewise heard them articulate a sort of speech. They offered us no injury, but rather seemed to receive us hospitably after their manner; notwithstanding which, we could not get the better of our fears, and none of us would venture to eat or to sleep with them. In the middle of the city they have a kind of court-house, where their chief magistrate sits all the night long, and calls every one by name to him; and whoever does not answer is treated as a deserter, and punished by death, — that is, he is extinguished. We likewise heard, while standing by to see what passed, some of them make their several excuses, and the reasons they alleged for coming so late. On this occasion I recognized our own house lamp; upon which I inquired of it how affairs went on at home, and it told me all that it knew.

Having resolved to stay there but one night, we weighed anchor the next morning, and sailed off from Lychnopolis, passing near the clouds, where we, among others, saw to our great astonishment the famous city of Nephelococcygia, but by reason of adverse winds could not enter the port. We learnt, however, that Coronos, Cottyphion's son, was reigning there; and I for my own part was confirmed in the opinion that I have ever entertained of the wisdom and veracity of the poet Aristophanes, whose account of that city has been unjustly discredited. Three days afterwards we came again in sight of the great ocean; but the earth showed itself nowhere, that floating in the air excepted, which appeared exceedingly fiery and sparkling. On the fourth day about noon, the wind, gently subsiding, settled us fair and leisurely upon the sea.

It is impossible to describe the ravishment that seized us on feeling ourselves once more on the water. We gave the whole ship's crew a feast on the remainder of our provisions, and afterwards leaped into the water, and bathed to our heart's content; for it was now a perfect calm, and the sea as smooth as a looking-glass.

Soon, however, we experienced that a sudden change for the better is not seldom the beginning of greater misfortunes. For scarcely had we proceeded two days on the sea, when about sunrise a great many whales and other monsters of the deep appeared. Among the former, one was of a most enormous size, being not less than three hundred miles long. This came towards us, open-mouthed, raising the waves on all sides, and

beating the sea before him into a foam, and showing teeth much larger than our colossal phalli, sharp-pointed as needles and white as ivory. We therefore took our last leave of one another, and while we were thus in mutual embraces expecting him every moment, he came on and swallowed us up, ship and all, at one gulp; for he found it unnecessary to crush us first with his teeth, but the vessel at one squeeze slipped between the interstices, and went down into his maw.

When we were in, it was at first so dark that we could discern nothing; but when after some time he opened his chops, we saw ourselves in a cavity of such prodigious height and width that it seemed to have room enough for a city of ten thousand inhabitants. All about lay a vast quantity of small fishes, macerated animals, sails, anchors, men's bones, and whole cargoes. Farther in, probably from the quantity of mud this whale had swallowed, was an earth with mountains and valleys upon it; the former being covered with all sorts of forest trees, and the valleys planted with different herbs and vegetables, so that one would have thought it had been cultivated. This island, if I may so term it, might perhaps be about forty-five miles in circumference. We saw likewise sundry species of sea fowl, gulls, halcyons, and others, that had made their nests upon the trees.

We now had leisure to contemplate our deplorable situation, and wept plentifully. At last when I had somewhat comforted the dejected spirits of my companions, our first business was to make the ship fast; we then struck fire, and of the fishes, which lay in great quantities and variety about us, we prepared a good meal; water we had on board, the remainder of what we took in at the morning star.

On getting up the next morning, we perceived that as often as the whale fetched breath, we one while saw mountains, at another nothing but the sky, sometimes likewise islands; whence we then concluded that he moved about with great velocity, and seemed to visit every part of the ocean.

When we were grown a little familiar with our new place of abode, taking with me seven of my companions, we went into the forest to make farther discoveries. We had not proceeded above a furlong before we came to a temple, which, as the inscription ran, was dedicated to Neptune; not far off we found a great number of tombs with pillars, and a little farther on, a spring of clear water. We also heard the barking of a dog,

and seeing smoke rise at some distance, we concluded that probably we might not be far from some dwelling. We now doubled our speed, and had not advanced many paces, when we met an old man and a youth very busy in cultivating a kitchen garden, and just then employed in conducting water into it by a furrow from the spring. At this sight, surprised at once both by joy and fear, we stood mute, and it may easily be imagined that they were possessed by the same apprehensions. They paused from their work, and for some time surveyed us attentively, without uttering a sound. At last the old man, taking courage, spoke to us: "Who are you," said he, "demons of the ocean, or miserable men like us? For as to us, we are men, and from offspring of the earth, as we were, are become inmates of the sea, and are carried up and down with this monster in which we are inclosed, without rightly knowing what to think of ourselves; for we have every reason to suppose we are dead, though we believe that we are alive." "We also, old father," I replied, "are men, who first found ourselves here a short time ago; for this is but the third day since we were swallowed up, together with our ship: and it is purely the desire of exploring this forest, which appeared so vast and thick, that has brought us hither. But without doubt it was by the guidance of some good genius that we found you, and now know that we are not alone inclosed in this whale. Tell us, then, if I may be so bold, who you are, and how you came hither." Whereupon the good old man assured us that he would not satisfy our curiosity, till he had first entertained us as well as he was able; and saying this, he led us into his house, which he had fitted up conveniently. It was commodious enough for his situation, and provided with pallets and other necessaries. Here, after setting before us legumes, fruits, fish, and wine, and when we had satisfied our appetites, he began to inquire into the accidents that had occurred to us, and I recounted to him everything in order, — the storm, and what befell us on the island, and our voyage in the air, and the war, and all the rest of it, to the moment of our submersion into the whale.

After having emphatically expressed to me his astonishment at such wonderful occurrences, he then told us his own story. "My friends," said he, "I am a merchant of Cyprus. Business called me from home; and with my son, whom you see here, and a great number of servants, I set out on a voyage

to Italy, on board a ship freighted with various kinds of merchandise, the scattered fragments of which you may probably have observed in the whale's gullet. We came as far as Sicily with a prosperous gale; but there a contrary wind got up, which the third day drove us into the ocean, where we had the misfortune to fall in with this whale, and to be swallowed up, crew and ship and all. All my people lost their lives, and we two alone remained. Having deposited them in the earth, we built a temple to Neptune, and here we have lived ever since, cultivating our little garden, and raising herbs, which with fish and fruits are our constant nourishment. The forest, which is of great extent, as you see, produces likewise abundance of vines, which yield a delicious wine; and you may perhaps have seen that we have a spring of fresh and excellent water. We make our bed of leaves, have plenty of fuel, and catch birds in nets, and even live fish, when we get out upon the gills of the monster, where we bathe likewise whenever we have an inclination that way. Besides, not far from hence is a lake of salt water, twenty stadia in circumference, and abounding in fish of various kinds. In this lake we sometimes amuse ourselves with swimming, or in rowing about in a little boat of my own making. In this manner we have now spent seven and twenty years, since we were swallowed up by the whale. We should be contented and easy enough here if our neighbors, who are very unsociable and rude people, were not so troublesome to us."

"What, then," I exclaimed, "are there any other people beside us in this whale?"

"A great many," returned the old man; "but as I said, untractable creatures, and of very grotesque shapes. The western part of the forest, towards the tail of the whale, is inhabited by the Tarichanes, who have the eyes of an eel and the face of a crab, — a warlike, bold, and rude, carnivorous people. On the other side, to the right, the Tritonomensetes dwell, down to the waist resembling men, and below formed like weasels; yet their disposition is not so mischievous and ferocious as that of the others. On the left hand reside the Carcinocheires and Thynnocephali, the former of whom instead of hands have crabs' claws, the latter have the head of a tunny fish; these two tribes have entered into alliance, and make common cause in the war. The middle region is occupied by the Pagurades and Psettapodes, a couple of warlike races, who are particularly swift-footed. The eastern parts, next the

whale's jaws, being generally overwashed by the sea, are almost uninhabited; I am therefore fain to take up my quarters here, on condition of paying the Psettapodes an annual tribute of five hundred oysters. Such is the internal division of this country; and you may easily conceive that it is a matter of no small concern to us, how to defend ourselves against so many nations, and at least how to live among them."

"How many may you be in all?" I asked. — "Above a thousand." — "What arms do you wear?" — "None but fish bones." — "We had best then attack them," said I, "seeing we are armed and they are not. If we once for all subdue them, we may afterwards live without disturbance."

This proposal pleased our host. We therefore repaired to our ship, and made the necessary preparations. An occasion of war we could not be at a loss for. Our host had no more to do but refuse paying the tribute, the day appointed being near at hand; and this was accordingly agreed on. They sent to demand the tribute. He sent them packing without their errand. At this the Psettapodes and Pagurades were so incensed that with great clamor they fell furiously upon the plantation of Skintharus, — for that was the name of our new friend. As this was no more than we had expected, they found us in a condition to receive them. I had sent out a detachment consisting of half my crew, five and twenty in number, with orders to lie in ambuscade, and when the enemy had passed, to attack him in the rear; which they did with complete success. I then with the rest of my men, also five and twenty strong (for Skintharus and his son fought with us), marched forward to oppose them; and when we had come to close quarters, we fought with such bravery and strength that after an obstinate struggle, not without danger on our part, they were at last beat out of the field, and pursued to their dens. Of the enemy were slain a hundred threescore and ten; on our side we lost only one, — my pilot, who was run through the shoulder by the rib of a mullet.

That day, and the night after it, we lodged in our trenches, and erected the dry backbone of a dolphin as a trophy. But the rumor of this engagement having in the mean time gone abroad, we found the next morning a fresh enemy before us: the Tarichanes under the command of a certain Pelamus in the left wing, the Thynnocephali taking the right, and the Carkinocheires occupying the center. For the Tritonomendetes, not

liking to have anything to do with either party, chose to remain neuter. We came up to the enemy close by the temple of Neptune, where, under so great a war cry that the whole whale rebellowed with it through its immense caverns, the armies rushed to combat. Our enemies, however, being not much better than naked and unarmed, were soon put to flight and chased into the heart of the forest, whereby we became masters of the country.

They sent heralds a little while after, to fetch away their dead and propose terms of accommodation; which, so far from thinking proper to agree to, we marched in a body against them the very next day, and put them all to the sword, except the Tritonomendetes, who, seeing how it had fared with their fellows, ran away as fast as they could to the whale's gills, and cast themselves headlong into the sea.

We now scoured the country, and finding it cleared of all enemies, we have ever since lived agreeably together, passing our time in bodily exercises and hunting, tending our vines, gathering the fruits of the trees, and living, in one word, like people who make themselves very comfortable in a spacious prison which they cannot get out of. In this manner we spent a year and eight months.

On the fifteenth day of the ninth month, however, at the second opening of the whale's chops (for this he did once every hour, by which periodical gaping we computed the hours of the day), we heard a great cry, and a noise like that of sailors, and the dashing of oars. Not a little alarmed, we crept forward to the jaws of the monster, where, standing between the teeth, where everything might be seen, we beheld one of the most astonishing spectacles, far surpassing all that I had ever seen in my whole life; men who were five hundred feet in stature, and came sailing on islands, as if they had been on ship-board. I am aware that what I am saying will be thought incredible, yet I cannot help proceeding: it must out. These islands were indeed of considerable length, one with another about eighteen miles in circumference; but proportionally not very high. Upon each of them were some eight and twenty rowers, who, sitting in two rows on both sides, rowed with huge cypresses, having their branches and leaves on. In the after part of the ship (if I may so term it) stood the pilot on a high hill, managing a brazen rudder that might be perhaps six hundred feet long. On the forecastle about forty of them were

standing, armed for war, and looking in all respects like men, excepting that instead of hair they had flames of fire on their heads, and therefore had no occasion for a helmet. The place of sails on each of these islands was supplied by a thick forest, on which the wind rushing, drove and turned the island, how and whither the pilot would. By the rowers stood one that had the command over them; and these islands moved by the help of the oar, like so many galleys, with the greatest velocity.

At first we saw only two or three; by degrees, however, perhaps six hundred came in sight; and after forming themselves in two lines, they began to engage in a regular sea fight. Many ran foul of each other by the stern with such force that not a few were overset by the violence of the shock, and went to the bottom. Others got entangled together, and obstinately maintained the fight with equal bravery and ardor, and could not easily be parted. The combatants on the foredeck showed the most consummate valor, leaped into the enemy's ships, and cut down all before them, for no quarter was given. Instead of grappling irons, they hurled enormous polypi fast tied to thick ropes, which clung to the forest, with their numerous arms, and thus kept the island from moving. The shot they made use of, and with which they sadly wounded one another, were oysters 'one of which would have completely filled a wagon, and sponges each big enough to cover an acre of ground.

By what we could gather from their mutual shouts, the commander of one fleet was called Æolocentaurus, and that of the other Thalassopotes; and the occasion of the war, as it appeared, was given by Thalassopotes, who accused Æolocentaurus of having stolen several shoals of dolphins from him. Certain it is, that the Æolocentaurian party came off victorious, having sunk nearly a hundred and fifty of their enemy's islands, and captured three others, with all the men upon them; the rest sheered off, and made their escape. The conquerors, after pursuing them for some time, returned towards evening to the wrecks, made prizes of most of them, and got up their own islands; for in the engagement no fewer than eighty had gone down. This done, they nailed one of the islands to the head of the whale as a monument of the victory, and passed the night in the wake of the monster. On the following day they got out upon the back of the whale, sacrificed to their deities, buried their dead in it, and then set sail with great jubilation.

IMAGINARY CORRESPONDENCE.

By ALCIPHRON.

(Translated for this work by Forrest Morgan.)

[ALCIPHRON (the name perhaps a pseudonym) was probably a rhetorician of Athens in the second century after Christ. He lives through a collection of imaginary letters of the Athenian lower classes in the third century B.C., each a tableau of some aspect of that life, mostly drawn from the comic writers, but developed by his own wit.]

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

Panope to Euthybolus.

YOU married me, Euthybolus, not a cast-off woman nor one of the herd, but born of a father and mother both of good family. Sosthenes of Stiria was my father and Damophila my mother; and they united me, your betrothed as being their sole heiress, to you in marriage to have lawful children.

But you, so free with your eyes and given up to promiscuous amours, disgrace me and our mutual children, Galene and Thalassione, by falling in love with that emigrant creature from Hermione, whom the Piræus took in for a mischief to beholders. The young sailors go roystering to her, each with a different gift; and she takes it and swallows it up like Charybdis.

But you look down on fisher-gifts; you don't and won't give her sardines or mullets, say; and though you are getting old, long since married, and father of children by no means babies, you must send her, to supplant rivals, a Milesian reticule and a Sicilian cloak, and more than all, money.

Now lower your crest, and stop being so amorous and mad after women, or rest assured I shall go back to my father, who will not neglect me, and will indict you before the judges for ill treatment of me.

COUNTRY MAIDEN AND PRINCE CHARMING.

Glaucippe to Charopa.

I am no longer my own, mother, and I cannot bear to wed the one my father has lately promised me in marriage to, — the

young fellow from Methymna, the pilot's son, — because I have seen that city youth, the vine-bearer, since you sent me off to the city when the vine-bearing festival was celebrated.

For he is beautiful, mother, beautiful, and ever so sweet, and has curls crisper than sea-moss, and smiles more charmingly than the sea at rest, and the glances of his dark-blue eyes sparkle like the sea when first lighted up by the rays of the sun. His whole face — oh, you would say the Graces had left Orchomenus and washed clean in the Argaphian fountain to dance on his cheeks. His lips are painted with roses taken from the bosom of Venus and placed on their tips.

Either I must marry him, or in imitation of the Lesbian Sappho I will throw myself — not from the Leucadian rocks but from the cliffs of Piræus — into the waves.

Charopa to Glaucippe.

Daughter, you are senseless and not in sound mind. You need hellebore — not indeed the common sort, but that of Anticyra of Phocis [reputed to cure insanity]; but when you ought to be ashamed of it, you strip your face of maiden modesty. Be calm, and come to yourself, and recover from this frenzy, and banish that wretch from your mind. For if your father should learn anything about this story, he would throw you into the sea as food for the fishes, without hesitation or delay.

The Dog in the Manger.

Encymon to Halictypus.

When I saw a broken old net on the shore of Sunium, I asked whose it was, and how it happened that it was not put out to be filled, but right in the fishing season lay there rotting with age.

They said it was yours four years before; when it caught on hidden rocks under water, the knots in the middle were cut; that since then you had never cared to mend it or take it away, so it had stayed in the place, none of the neighbors daring to touch another's property.

So it has become nobody's, not merely to the people there, but to you, the owner. Therefore I ask you for what, being long since broken up, is not yours. I am sure you will give

me cheerfully what you have abandoned as utterly destroyed, and so is no loss to you.

Halictypus to Encymon.

A neighbor's eye is hostile and envious, as the proverb has it. What are my affairs to you? What makes you think, forsooth, that what I choose to neglect is yours? Restrain your hands, or rather your insatiable greed, so that your appetite for others' goods won't set you asking for unreasonable presents.

Encymon to Halictypus.

I didn't ask you for what you have got, but for what you haven't got. As you don't want another man to have what you haven't got, by all means keep what you haven't got.

THE SENILE GALLANT.

Anicetus to Phœbiana.

You shun me, Phœbiana, you shun me, and that after just carrying off the whole farm. For what haven't you taken of mine? figs, cheese in baskets, a young kid, a pair of pullets, every other delicacy — haven't you accepted them all from me? So that all of me, as the proverb says, you have conquered and forced into your service.

Oh, you don't care a bit for me, and I burning through and through for you. But farewell — go. I can hardly bear your scorn, but bear it I will.

Phœbiana to Anicetus.

A neighbor's wife in childbirth lately had me called in; so I betook myself to her with the helps needed in my profession. You were standing by, and must try to kiss me at once with your neck bent back.

Why don't you quit, you decrepit and worthless old man, pawing us girls in the flower of our age, like somebody just sprouting a beard? You forsake your laborers and let your farm run down, don't you? Haven't you been driven away from the kitchen and the fireside, you lazy hulk?

Then how dare you look soft and play goat? Stop it, you miserable Methuselah, and come to your senses, or when I catch you I will give you a bad time.

The Unsentimental Mistress.

Philumena to Crito.

Why distress yourself writing so much? I need fifty gold pieces and I don't need letters. Then if you love me, give; if you love your money better, don't bother me. Good-by.

Hen and Duck-Child.

Phyllis to Thrasonides.

If you were willing to be a farmer, and have sense, Thrasonides, and obey your father, you would be carrying the gods ivy and laurel and myrtle and the flowers of the season, and us, your parents, sheaves of wheat, and wine pressed from grapes, and a pailful of milk whenever you milked your goats.

But now you scorn the country and farming, and are always singing the praises of the triple-crested helmet and the shield you love, as if you were some Acarnanian or Malian mercenary.

Don't, my son, but come back here, and stick to a peaceful life (for farming is sure and safe, and has no battalions, or ambushes, or regiments), and be our support in our old age, preferring assured safety to an uncertain life.

The Envious Fellow-Workers.

Lenæus to Corydon.

One day lately when I had cleaned up the threshing-floor, and put away the winnowing fan, the master came up, and seeing my industry, praised me. Just then that infamous Corycæan devil, Strombichus, appeared to me from somewhere; and when he saw me follow the master, he picked up my heavy cloak, which I had laid down while I was at work, and went off with it on the sly: so that I have at the same time to bear the loss and stand the jeers of my fellow-servants.

The Curious Country Boy.

Philocomus to Thestylus.

Never having been to the town, and not knowing what the thing called a city is, I want to see this new sight, a lot of men, all living in one inclosure, and the other things in which a city differs from the country.

Noonday in the Fields

From the painting by Jules Breton

Breton Flax

Yon sc

[illegible] inside the purse?

[illegible]

[illegible]

What am I [illegible] perhaps you will ask me, and where I got [illegible] and how I came to [illegible] — [illegible] for what business had I with so [illegible] [illegible]?

It was this way. When I had [illegible] and they had [illegible] they all made a dead set at me: some pummelled me with their fists, some threw stones, some tore my clothes. But I kept tight hold of the money, resolved to die rather than give up any of what I [illegible] been far enough off; and indeed I held out bravely for some time, one moment standing an onslaught of hammering, the next having my fingers bent back — I was like some Spartan scourged at the altar of Orthia [where boys were whipped to test their fortitude, and the point of honor was to not cry out].

It was not Lacedaemon where I was going through all this, though, but Athens, and among the worst gamblers in Athens at that; so at last, beginning to faint, I let them take their ill-gotten booty. Then they went through my pockets and left, carrying off all they found in them. The fact is, I thought it was better to live without money than die with it.

The Barber's Practical Joke

Gymnochaeros to Philoslephanos [uncertain reading]

Did you see how that cursed barber scraped me on the road? I mean that gabbing, loose-tongued fellow who has Brundisian mirrors on exhibition, who teaches ravens to talk, and beats tunes by striking carving-knives together.

When I came in and gave him my beard to shave, he received me cheerily, and put me in a high chair with a new

The Unsentimental Mistress.

Philumena to Crito.

Why distress yourself writing so much? I need fifty gold pieces and I don't need letters. Then if you love me, give; if you love your money better, don't bother me. Good-by.

Hen and Duck-Child.

Phyllis to Thrasonides.

If you were willing to be a farmer, and have sense, Thrasonides, and obey your father, you would be carrying the gods ivy and laurel and myrtle and the flowers of the season, and us, your parents, sheaves of wheat, and wine pressed from grapes, and a pailful of milk whenever you milked your goats.

But now you scorn the country and farming, and are always singing the praises of the triple-crested helmet and the shield you love, as if you were some Acarnanian or Malian mercenary.

Don't, my son, but come back here, and stick to a peaceful life (for farming is sure and safe, and has no battalions, or ambushes, or regiments), and be our support in our old age, preferring assured safety to an uncertain life.

The Envious Fellow-Workers.

Lenæus to Corydon.

One day lately when I had cleaned up the threshing-floor, and put away the winnowing fan, the master came up, and seeing my industry, praised me. Just then that infamous Corycæan devil, Strombichus, appeared to me from somewhere; and when he saw me follow the master, he picked up my heavy cloak, which I had laid down while I was at work, and went off with it on the sly: so that I have at the same time to bear the loss and stand the jeers of my fellow-servants.

The Curious Country Boy.

Philocomus to Thestylus.

Never having been to the town, and not knowing what the thing called a city is, I want to see this new sight, a lot of men, all living in one inclosure, and the other things in which a city differs from the country.

Noonday in the Fields

From the painting by Jules Breton

J. Breton pinx. Yon sc.

So if you should have any occasion of going to the town, come and take me along. For I think I ought to know something of a good many things, now that the hair on my face is beginning to grow. For who is more fit to be my guide to the mysteries there than you, who have set so many things rolling inside the gates?

The Losing Winner.

Chytrolictes to Patellocharon.

What am I so doleful about, perhaps you will ask me, and where I got my broken head, and how I came to have my new suit torn to rags? I won playing dice — would that I hadn't! for what business had I, with so little strength, getting into a row with a set of strapping youths?

It was this way: When I had gathered in every pot, and they had absolutely nothing left, they all made a dead set on me; some pounded me with their fists, some threw stones, some tore my clothes. But I kept tight hold of the money, resolved to die rather than give up any of what I wish had been far enough off; and indeed I held out bravely for some time, one moment standing an onslaught of hammering, the next having my fingers bent back — I was like some Spartan scourged at the altar of Orthia, [where boys were whipped to test their fortitude, and the point of honor was to not cry out].

It was not Lacedæmon where I was going through all this, though, but Athens, and among the worst gamblers in Athens at that; so at last, beginning to faint, I let them take their ill-gotten booty. Then they went through my pockets and left, carrying off all they found in them. The fact is, I thought it was better to live without money than die with it.

The Barber's Practical Joke.

Gymnochæron to Phattodardapto.

Did you see how that cursed barber scraped me on the road? I mean that gabbing, loose-tongued fellow who has Brundisian mirrors on exhibition, who teaches ravens to talk, and beats tunes by striking carving-knives together.

When I came in and gave him my beard to shave, he received me cheerily, and put me in a high chair with a new

apron around me; then very gently applied the razor to my lips, and cleared off the fringe of bristling hair. But he did it like a scamp and a cheat, for he cut it off only in spots, not over the whole mouth, leaving me hairy in some places and smooth in others.

Not suspecting his trickery, I went as usual uninvited to Pasion's house. As soon as the carousers saw me, they nearly died with laughter, I not knowing what they were laughing at; finally one of them came up to me in the middle of the room and tweaked the hairs that were left.

Angrily snatching up a kitchen knife, I cut them off. I am eager to get hold of a big cudgel and whack that scoundrel over the head; for he, though he furnishes none of my bread and butter, has dared to play me a trick which those who do furnish it would not dare.

The Fate of a Meddler.

Triclinosax to Cnossotrapezo.

I told Menesilochus the Pæanian of his wife's licentiousness; but whereas he ought to have investigated by an inquiry in various methods, he like a great booby left it all to her declaration. So she took him to the well of Callichorus in Eleusis, denied it on oath, and rid herself of the guilt.

Well, somehow he was convinced and cast aside all suspicion. And I am ready to hold out my blabbing tongue to be cut out with a Tenedian oyster shell, by any one who wishes.

At the End of His Rope.

Artepithymus to Cnisozomus.

I may as well hang myself, and you will see me before long with a rope around my neck. For I am not the sort to endure blows and the other drunken brutalities of the worst kind of ruined clubmen, nor to govern this vile and gluttonous stomach — which craves not merely fullness but luxury. My face will not stand incessant pounding, and I am in danger as to my eyes, besides that of wasting away under the annoyance of the beatings. Oh, woe is me! what are we not forced to undergo by an omnivorous and voracious stomach! So I have made up my mind to enjoy one sumptuous feast and spurn existence, choosing a sweet death rather than a wretched life.

A LITERARY BANQUET.

By ATHENÆUS.

[ATHENÆUS, a Greek man of letters, was born at the Greek colony of Naucratis in Egypt; flourished at the end of the second and beginning of the third century B.C. His one surviving work, the "Deipnosophistæ" (Feast of the Learned), is of enormous value as a repertory of the social life of the Greeks, and a collection of fragments (unluckily often literarily worthless fragments) of lost comedies and poems.]

AND I will prove to you, that the ancients were acquainted with the water which is called dicoctas, in order that you may not be indignant again when I speak of boiled and spiced water. For, according to the "Pseudheracles" of Pherecrates: —

> Suppose a man who thinks himself a genius
> Should something say, and I should contradict him,
> Still trouble not yourself; but if you please,
> Listen and give your best attention.

But do not grudge, I entreat you, said Ulpian, to explain to me what is the nature of that Bull's water which you spoke of; for I have a great thirst for such words. And Cynulcus said, But I pledge you, according to your fancy; you thirst for words, taking a desire from Alexis, out of his female Pythagorean: —

> A cup of water boil'd; for when fresh-drawn
> 'Tis heavy, and indigestible to drink.

But it was Sophocles, my friend, who spoke of Bull's water, in his "Ægeus," from the river Taurus near Trœzen, in the neighborhood of which there is a fountain called Hyoëssa.

But the ancients did also at times use very cold water in their draughts before dinner. But I will not tell you, unless you first teach me, whether the ancients were in the habit of drinking warm water at their banquets. For if their cups got their name from what took place in reference to them, and if they were set before the guests full of mixed liquors, then they certainly did not contain warm drink, and were not put on the fire like kettles. For that they were in the habit of drinking warm water Eupolis proves, in his "Demi": —

> Warm for us now the brazen ewer quick,
> And bid the slaves prepare the victims new,
> That we may feast upon the entrails.

And Antiphanes says, in his "Omphale": —

May I ne'er see a man
Boiling me water in a bubbling pail;
For I have no disease, and wish for none.
But if I feel a pain within my stomach,
Or round about my navel, why I have
A ring I lately gave a drachma for
To a most skillful doctor.

And, in his "Anointing Woman" (but this play is attributed to Alexis also), he says: —

But if you make our shop notorious,
I swear by Ceres, best of goddesses,
That I will empt the biggest ladle o'er you,
Filling it with hot water from the kettle;
And if I fail, may I ne'er drink free water more.

And Plato, in the fourth book of his "Polity," says: "Desire in the mind must be much the same as thirst is in the body. Now, a man feels thirst for hot water or for cold; or for much water or for a little; or perhaps, in a word, for some particular drink. And if there be any heat combined with the thirst, then that will give a desire for cold water; but if a sensation of cold be united with it, that will engender a wish for warm water. And if by reason of the violence of the cause the thirst be great, that will give a desire for an abundant draught; but if the thirst be small, then the man will wish for but a small draught. But the thirst itself is not a desire of anything except of the thing itself, namely, drinking. And hunger, again, is not a desire of anything else except food."

And Semus the Delian, in the second book of his "Nesias," or treatise on Islands, says that in the island of Cimolus, cold places are prepared by being dug out against the summer, where people may put down vessels full of warm water, and then draw them up again in no respect different from snow. But warm water is called by the Athenians metaceras, a word used by Sophilus, in his Androcles. And Alexis says, in his "Sacrians": —

But the maid-servants poured forth water,
One pouring boiling water, and the other warm.

And Philemon, in his "Corinthian Women," uses the same word. And Amphis says, in his "Bath": —

One called out to the slaves to bring hot water,
Another shouted for metaceras.

And as the Cynic was proceeding to heap other proofs on these, Pontianus said, "The ancients, my friends, were in the habit also of drinking very cold water." At all events Alexis says, in his "Parasite": —

I wish to make you taste this icy water,
For I am proud of my well, whose limpid spring
Is colder than the Ararus.

And Hermippus, in his "Cercopes," calls water drawn from wells *φρεατιαῖον ὕδωρ*. Moreover, that men used to drink melted snow, too, is shown by Alexis, in his "Woman eating Mandragora": —

Sure is not a man a most superfluous plant,
Constantly using wondrous contradictions.
Strangers we love, and our own kin neglect;
Though having nothing, still we give to strangers.
We bear our share in picnics, though we grudge it,
And show our grudging by our sordidness.
And as to what concerns our daily food,
We wish our barley-cakes should white appear,
And yet we make for them a dark black sauce,
And stain pure color with a deeper dye.
Then we prepare to drink down melted snow;
Yet if our fish be cold, we storm and rave.
Sour or acid wine we scorn and loathe,
Yet are delighted with sharp caper sauce.
And so, as many wiser men have said,
Not to be born at all is best for man;
The next best thing, to die as soon as possible.

And Dexicrates, in the play entitled "The Men deceived by Themselves," says: —

But when I'm drunk I take a draught of snow,
And Egypt gives me ointment for my head.

And Euthycles, in his "Prodigal Men," or "The Letter," says: —

He first perceived that snow was worth a prize;
He ought to be the first to eat the honeycombs.

And that excellent writer, Xenophon, in his "Memorabilia," shows that he was acquainted with the fashion of drinking

snow. But Chares of Mitylene, in his "History of Alexander," has told us how we are to proceed in order to keep snow, when he is relating the siege of the Indian city Petra. For he says that Alexander dug thirty large trenches close to one another, and filled them with snow, and then he heaped on the snow branches of oak; for that in that way snow would last a long time.

And that they used to cool wine, for the sake of drinking it in a colder state, is asserted by Strattis, in his "Psychastæ," or "Cold Hunters": —

> For no one ever would endure warm wine,
> But on the contrary, we use our wells
> To cool it in, and then we mix with snow.

And Lysippus says, in his "Bacchæ": —

> *A.* Hermon, what is the matter? Where are we?
> *B.* Nothing's the matter, only that your father
> Has just dropt down into the well to cool himself,
> As men cool wine in summer.

And Diphilus says, in his "Little Monument": —

> Cool the wine quick, O Doris.

And Protagoras, in the second book of his "Comic Histories," relating the voyage of King Antiochus down the river, says something about the contrivances for procuring cold water, in these terms: "For during the day they expose it to the sun, and then at night they skim off the thickest part which rises to the surface, and expose the rest to the air, in large earthen ewers, on the highest parts of the house, and two slaves are kept sprinkling the vessels with water the whole night. And at daybreak they bring them down, and again they skim off the sediment, making the water very thin, and exceedingly wholesome, and then they immerse the ewers in straw, and after that they use the water, which has become so cold as not to require snow to cool it." And Anaxilas speaks of water from cisterns, in his "Flute Player," using the following expressions: —

> *A.* I want some water from a cistern now.
> *B.* I have some here and you are welcome to it.

And, in a subsequent passage, he says: —

> Perhaps the cistern water is all lost.

But Apollodorus of Gela mentions the cistern itself, λακκος, as we call it, in his "Female Deserter," saying: —

> In haste I loosed the bucket of the cistern,
> And then that of the well; and took good care
> To have the ropes all ready to let down.

Myrtilus, hearing this conversation, said, And I too, being very fond of salt fish, my friends, wish to drink snow, according to the practice of Simonides. And Ulpian said, The word φιλοτάριχος, fond of salt fish, is used by Antiphanes in his "Omphale," where he says: —

> I am not anxious for salt fish, my girl.

But Alexis, in his "Gynæcocracy," speaks of one man as ζωμοτάριχος, or fond of sauce made from salt fish, saying: —

> But the Cilician here, this Hippocles,
> This epicure of salt-fish sauce, this actor.

But what you mean by "according to the practice of Simonides," I do not know. No; for you do not care, said Myrtilus, to know anything about history, you glutton: for you are a mere lickplatter; and as the Sarnian poet Asius, that ancient bard, would call you, a flatterer of fat. But Callistratus, in the seventh book of his "Miscellanies," says that Simonides, the poet, when feasting with a party at a season of violently hot weather, while the cup-bearers were pouring out, for the rest of the guests, snow into their liquor, and did not do so for him, extemporized this epigram: —

> The cloak with which fierce Boreas clothed the brow
> Of high Olympus, pierced ill-clothed man
> While in its native Thrace; 'tis gentler now,
> Caught by the breeze of the Pierian plain.
> Let it be mine; for no one will commend
> The man who gives hot water to a friend.

So when he had drunk, Ulpian asked him again where the word κνισολοίχος is used, and also, what are the lines of Asius in which he uses the word κνισοκόλαξ. These, said Myrtilus, are the verses of Asius, to which I alluded: —

> Lame, branded, old, a vagrant beggar, next
> Came the enisocolax, when Meles held
> His marriage feast, seeking for gifts of soup,
> Not waiting for a friendly invitation;

There in the midst the hungry hero stood,
Shaking the mud from off his ragged cloak.

And the word κνισολοῖχος is used by Sophilus, in his "Philarchus," in this passage: —

You are a glutton, and a fat-licker.

And in the play which is entitled "The Men running Together," he has used the word κνισολοιχία in the following lines: —

That pander with his fat-licking propensities,
Has bid me get for him this black blood-pudding.

Antiphanes, too, uses the word κνισολοῖχος in his "Bombylium."

Now that men drank also sweet wine while eating is proved by what Alexis says in his "Dropidas": —

The courtesan came in with sweet wine laden,
In a large silver cup, named petachnon,
Most beauteous to behold. Not a flat dish,
Nor long-necked bottle, but between the two.

After this a cheesecake was served up, made of milk and sesame and honey, which the Romans call libum. And Cynulcus said, Fill yourself now, O Ulpian, with your native Chthordolapsus; a word which is not, I swear by Ceres, used by any one of the ancient writers, unless, indeed, it should chance to be found in those who have compiled histories of the affairs of Phœnicia, such as Sanchoniatho and Mochus, your own fellow-countrymen. And Ulpian said, But it seems to me, you dog-fly, that we have had quite enough of honey-cakes: but I should like to eat some groats, with a sufficient admixture of the husks and kernels of pine cones. And when that dish was brought — Give me, said he, some crust of bread hollowed out like a spoon; for I will not say, give me a spoon (μύστρον); since that word is not used by any of the writers previous to our own time. You have a very bad memory, my friend, quoth Æmilianus; have you not always admired Nicander the Colophonian, the epic poet, as a man very fond of ancient authors, and a man, too, of very extensive learning himself? And indeed, you have already quoted him of having used the word πεπέριον, for pepper. And this same poet, in the first book of his "Georgics," speaking of this use of groats, has used also the word μύστρον, saying: —

But when you seek to dress a dainty dish
Of new-slain kid, or tender house-fed lamb,
Or poultry, take some unripe grains and pound them,
And strew them all in hollow plates, and stir them,
Mingled with fragrant oil. Then pour thereon
Warm broth, which take from out the dish before you,
That it be not too hot, and so boil over.
Then put thereon a lid, for when they're roasted,
The grains swell mightily; then slowly eat them,
Putting them to your mouth with hollow spoon.

In these words, my fine fellow, Nicander describes to us the way in which they ate groats and peeled barley; bidding the eater pour on it soup made of kid or lamb, or of some poultry or other. Then, says he, pound the grains in a mortar, and, having mingled oil with them, stir them up till they boil; and mix in the broth made after this recipe as it gets warm, making it thicker with the spoon; and do not pour in anything else; but take the broth out of the dish before you, so as to guard against any of the more fatty parts boiling over. And it is for this reason, too, that he charges us to keep it close while it is boiling, by putting the lid on the dish; for that barley grains, when roasted or heated, swell very much. And at last, when it is moderately warm, we are to eat it, taking it up in hollow spoons.

And Hippolochus the Macedonian, in his letter to Lynceus, in which he gives an account of some Macedonian banquet which surpassed all the feasts which had ever been heard of in extravagance, speaks of golden spoons (which he also calls *μύστρα*), having been given to each of the guests. But since you, my friend, wish to set up for a great admirer of the ancients, and say that you never use any expressions which are not the purest Attic, what is it that Nicophon says, — the poet, I mean, of the old comedy, in his "Cherogastores," or the "Men who feed themselves by Manual Labor"? For I find him, too, speaking of spoons, and using the *μύστρον*, when he says: —

Dealers in anchovies, dealers in wine;
Dealers in figs, and dealers in hides;
Dealers in meal, and dealers in spoons (*μυστριοπώλης*),
Dealers in books, and dealers in sieves;
Dealers in cheesecakes, and dealers in seeds:

For who can the *μυστριοπῶλαι* be, but the men who sell *μύστρα*? So, learning from them, my fine Syrian-Atticist, the use of the spoon, pray eat your groats, that you may not say: —

But I am languid, weak for want of food.

In Macedonia, then, as I have said, Caranus made a marriage feast; and the guests invited were twenty in number. And as soon as they had sat down, a silver bowl was given to each of them as a present. And Caranus had previously crowned every one of them, before they entered the dining room, with a golden chaplet, and each chaplet was valued at five pieces of gold. And when they had emptied the bowls, then there was given to each of the guests a loaf in a brazen platter of Corinthian workmanship, of the same size; and poultry and ducks, and, besides that, pigeons and a goose, and quantities more of the same kind of food heaped up abundantly. And each of the guests taking what was set before him, with the brazen platter itself also, gave it to the slaves who waited behind him. Many other dishes of various sorts were also served up to eat. And after them, a second platter was placed before each guest, made of silver, on which again there was placed a second large loaf, and on that geese, and hares, and kids, and other rolls curiously made, and doves, and turtle-doves, and partridges, and every other kind of bird imaginable, in the greatest abundance. Those also, says Hippolochus, we gave to the slaves; and when we had eaten to satiety, we washed our hands, and chaplets were brought in in great numbers, made of all sorts of flowers from all countries, and on each chaplet a circlet of gold, of about the same weight as the first chaplet. And Hippolochus having stated after this that Proteas, the descendant of that celebrated Proteas, the son of Lanice, who had been the nurse of Alexander the king, was a most extraordinary drinker, as also his grandfather Proteas, who was the friend of Alexander, had been; and that he pledged every one present, proceeds to write as follows:—

"And while we were now all amusing ourselves with agreeable trifling, some flute-playing women and musicians, and some Rhodian players on the sambuca come in, naked as I fancied, but some said they had tunics on. And they having played a prelude, departed; and others came in in succession, each of them bearing two bottles of perfume, bound with a golden thong, and one of the cruets was silver and the other gold, each holding a cotyla, and they presented them to each of the guests. And then, instead of supper, there was brought in a great treasure, a silver platter with a golden edge of no inconsiderable depth, of such a size as to receive the entire

bulk of a roast boar of huge size, which lay in it on his back, showing his belly uppermost, stuffed with many good things. For in the belly there were roasted thrushes, and paunches, a most countless number of figpeckers, and the yolks of eggs spread on the top, and oysters, and periwinkles. And to every one of the guests was presented a boar stuffed in this way, nice and hot, together with the dish on which he was served up. And after this we drank wine, and each of us received a hot kid, on another platter like that on which the boar had been served up, with some golden spoons. Then Caranus seeing that we were cramped for the want of room, ordered canisters and bread-baskets to be given to each of us, made of strips of ivory curiously plaited together; and we were very much delighted at all this, and applauded the bridegroom, by whose means we were thus enabled to preserve what had been given to us. Then chaplets were again brought to us, and another pair of cruets of perfume, one silver and one gold, of the same weight as the former pair. And when quiet was restored, there entered some men, who even in the Potfeast at Athens had borne a part in the solemnities, and with them there came in some ithyphallic dancers and some jugglers and some conjuring women also, tumbling and standing on their heads on swords, and vomiting fire out of their mouths, and they, too, were naked.

"And when we were relieved from their exhibitions then we had a fresh drink offered to us, hot and strong, and Thasian and Mendæan and Lesbian wines were placed upon the board, very large golden goblets being brought to every one of us. And after we had drunk, a glass goblet of two cubits in diameter, placed on a silver stand, was served up full of roast fishes of every imaginable sort that could be collected. And there was also given to every one a silver bread-basket full of Cappadocian loaves; some of which we ate and some we delivered to the slaves behind us. And when we had washed our hands, we put on chaplets; and then again we received golden circlets twice as large as the former ones, and another pair of cruets of perfume. And when quiet was restored, Proteas leaping up from his couch, asked for a cup to hold a gallon; and having filled it with Thasian wine, and having mingled a little water with it, he drank it off, saying: 'He who drinks most will be the happiest,' and Caranus said: 'Since you have been the first to drink, do you be the first also to accept

the cup as a gift; and this also shall be the present for all the rest who drink too.' And when this had been said, at once nine of the guests rose up, snatching at the cups, and each one trying to forestall the other. But one of those who were of the party, like an unlucky man as he was, as he was unable to drink, sat down and cried because he had no goblet; and so Caranus presented him with an empty goblet. After this, a dancing party of a hundred men came in, singing an epithalamium in beautiful tune. And after them there came in dancing girls, some arranged so as to represent the nereids, and others in the guise of the nymphs.

"And as the drinking went on, and the shadows were beginning to fall, they opened the chamber where everything was encircled all round with white cloths. And when these curtains were drawn, the torches appeared, the partitions having been secretly removed by mechanism. And there were seen Cupids and Dianas and Pans and Mercuries and numbers of statues of that kind, holding torches in silver candlesticks. And while we were admiring the ingenuity of the contrivance, some real Erymanthean boars were brought round to each of the guests on square platters with golden edges, pierced through and through with silver darts, and what was the strangest thing of all was, that those of us who were almost helpless and stupefied with wine, the moment that we saw any of these things which were brought in, became all in a moment sober, standing upright, as it is said. And so the slaves crammed them into the baskets of good omen, until the usual signal for the termination of the feast sounded. For you know that this is the Macedonian custom at large parties.

"And Caranus, who had begun drinking in small goblets, ordered the slaves to bring round the wine rapidly. And we drank pleasantly, taking our present liquor as a sort of antidote to our previous hard drinking. And while we were thus engaged, Mandrogenes the buffoon came in, the descendant, as is reported, of that celebrated Strato, the Athenian, and he caused us much laughter. And after this he danced with his wife, a woman who was already more than eighty years of age. And at last the tables, to wind up the whole entertainment, were brought in. And sweetmeats in plain baskets made of ivory were distributed to every one. cheesecakes of every kind known; Cretan cheesecakes, your Samian ones, my friend Lynceus, and Attic ones, with

s,

: the Attic ban-

he sacrifice
t,
ited,

·rs,

For that all along the market
Purple carpets there were spread
To the northern corner;
And a countless host of men
With dirty hands and hair uncomb'd
Supped on butter. There were, too,
Brazen goblets, large as cisterns,
Holding plenty for a dozen
Of the hardest drinkers known.
Cotys, too, himself was there,
Girt around, and bearing kindly
Rich soup in a gold tureen;
Tasting all the brimming cups,
So as to be the first to yield
Of all the guests t' intoxication.
There was Antigenides
Delighting all with his soft flute.
Argas sung, and from Acharnæ
Cephisodotus struck the lyre,
Celebrating Lacedæmon
And the wide land of the Heraclidæ,
And at other times they sung
Of the seven-gated Thebes,
Changing thus their strain and theme.
Large was the dowry which 'tis said
Fell to the lucky bridegroom's share:
First, two herds of chestnut horses,
And a herd of horned goats,
A golden shield, a wide-necked bowl,
A jar of snow, a pot of millet,
A deep pit full of leeks and onions,
And a hecatomb of polypi.
This they say that Cotys did,
King of Thrace, in heartfelt joy
At Iphicrates' wedding.
But a finer feast by far
Shall be in our master's houses;
For there's nothing good or fine
Which our house does stand in need of.
There is scent of Syrian myrrh,
There is incense, there is spice;
There are delicate cakes and loaves,
Cakes of meal and polypi,
Tripe, and fat, and sausages,
Soup, and beet, and figs, and pease,

Garlic, various kinds of tunnies,
Ptisan, pulse, and toast, and muffins,
Beans, and various kinds of vetches,
Honey, cheese, and cheesecakes, too,
Wheat, and nuts, and barley-groats,
Roasted crabs, and mullets boiled,
Roasted cuttle-fish, boiled turbot,
Frogs, and perch, and mussels, too,
Sharks, and roach, and gudgeons, too,
Fish from doves and cuckoos named,
Plaice and flounders, shrimps and rays.
Then, besides these dainty fish,
There is many another dish, —
Honeycombs and juicy grapes,
Figs and cheesecakes, apples, pears,
Cornels, and the red pomegranate,
Poppies, creeping thyme, and parsley,
Peaches, olives, plums, and raisins,
Leeks and onions, cabbages,
Strong-smelling asafetida,
Fennel, eggs, and lentils cool,
And well-roasted grasshoppers,
Cardamums and sesame,
Ceryces, salt, and limpets firm,
The pinna, and the oyster bright,
The periwinkle, and the whelk;
And, besides this, a crowd of birds, —
Doves and ducks, and geese, and sparrows,
Thrushes, larks, and jays, and swans,
The pelican, the crane, and stork,
Wagtails and ousels, tits and finches;
And to wash all these dainties down,
There's wine, both native and imported,
White and red, and sweet and acid,
Still or effervescent.

But Lynceus, in his "Centaur," ridiculing the Attic banquets, says: —

A. You cook, the man who makes the sacrifice
And seeks now to receive me as my host,
Is one of Rhodes. And I, the guest invited,
Am called a citizen of fair Perinthus.
And neither of us likes the Attic suppers,
For melancholy is an Attic humor;
May it be always foreign unto me.

They place upon the table a large platter
Holding five smaller plates within its space:
One full of garlic, while another holds
Two boiled sea-urchins; in the third, a cake;
The fourth displays ten cockles to the guest;
The last has caviar. While I eat this,
He falls on that; or while he dines on this,
I make that other dish to disappear.
But I would rather eat up both myself,
Only I cannot go beyond my powers;
For I have not five mouths nor twice five lips.
True, these detain the eyes with various sights,
But looking at them is not eating them:
I but appease my eyes and not my belly.
What shall I do then? Have you oysters? Give me
A plate of them, I beg; and that a large one.
Have you some urchins?
B. Here's a dish of them
To which you're welcome; this I bought myself,
And paid eight obols for it in the market.
A. Put then this dish on table by itself,
That all may eat the same at once, and not
One half the guests eat one thing, half another.

But Dromeas, the parasite, when some one once asked him, as Hegesander the Delphian relates, whether the banquets in the city or at Chalcis were the best, said that the prelude to the banquets at Chalcis was superior to the whole entertainment in the city, calling the multitudes of oysters served up, and the great variety of fish, the prelude to the banquet.

But Diphilus, in his "Female Deserter," introduces a cook, and represents him as saying: —

A. What is the number of the guests invited
To this fine marriage feast? And are they all
Athenian citizens, or are there some
Foreigners and merchants?
B. What is that to you,
Since you are but the cook to dress the dinner?
A. It is the first part of my art, O father,
To know the taste of those who are to eat.
For instance, if you ask a Rhodian,
Set a fine shad or lebias before him,
Well boiled and hot, the moment that he enters.
That's what he likes; he'll like it better so
Than if you add a cup of myrine wine.

A. Well, that idea of shads is not a bad one.
B. Then, if a Byzantine should be your guest,
Steep all you offer such a man in wormwood.
And let your dishes taste of salt and garlic,
For fish are all so plenty in their country
That the men all are full of rheum and phlegm.

And Menander says, in his "Trophonius": —

A. This feast is for a guest's reception.
B. What guest? whence comes he? For those points, believe me,
Do make a mighty difference to the cook.
For instance, if some guests from the islands come,
Who always feed on fish of every sort
Fresh from the sea, such men like not salt dishes,
But think them makeshifts. Give such men their food
Well-seasoned, forced, and stuffed with choicest spices.
But if you ask a guest from Arcady,
He is a stranger to the sea, and loves
Limpets and shellfish; but the rich Ionian
Will look at naught but Lydian luxuries,
Rich, stimulating, amatory meats.

The ancients used food calculated to provoke the appetite, as, for instance, salt olives, which they call "colymbades"; and accordingly Aristophanes says, in his "Old Age": —

Old man, do you like flabby courtesans,
Or tender maidens, firm as well-cured olives?

And Philemon, in his "Follower, or Sauce," says: —

A. What did you think, I pray, of that boiled fish?
B. He was but small; dost hear me? And the pickle
Was white and much too thick; there was no smell
Of any spice or seasoning at all,
So that the guests cried out, "How pure your brine is!"

They also ate common grasshoppers and the monkey grasshopper as provocatives of the appetite. Aristophanes says, in his "Anagyrus": —

How can you, in God's name, like grasshoppers,
Catching them with a reed, and cercopes?

But the cercope is a little animal like a grasshopper or prickly roach, as Speusippus tells us in the fourth book of his

"Similitudes"; and Epilycus mentions them in his "Coraliscus." And Alexis says, in his "Thrason": —

> I never saw, not even a cercope,
> A greater chatterer than you, O woman,
> Nor jay, or nightingale, or dove, or grasshopper.

And Nicostratus says, in his "Abra": —

> The first, a mighty dish shall lead the way,
> Holding an urchin, and some sauce and capers,
> A cheesecake, fish, and onions in rich stuffing.

All that they used to eat, for the sake of encouraging the appetite. Rape, dressed with vinegar and mustard, is plainly stated by Nicander in the second book of his "Georgics," where he says: —

> The rape is a mixed breed from radishes;
> It's grown in garden beds, both long and stiff.
> One sort they wash and dry in the north wind,
> A friend to winter and to idle servants;
> Then it revives when soaked in water warm.
> Cut thou the roots of rape, and gently scrape
> The not yet juiceless rind in shavings thin;
> Then dry them in the sun a little while,
> Then dip them in hot water and in brine,
> And pack them closely; or at other times
> Pour in new wine and vinegar, half and half,
> Into one vessel, and put salt on the top.
> And often 'twill be well to pound fresh raisins,
> And add them gently, scattering in some seeds
> Of biting mustard and some dregs of vinegar,
> To reach the head and touch the vigorous brain:
> A goodly dish for those who want a dinner.

And Diphilus or Sosippus, in the "Female Deserter," says: —

> Have you now any sharp fresh vinegar?
> I think, too, we've some fig tree juice, my boy.
> In these I'll press the meat as tight as may be;
> And some dried herbs I'll spread around the dish;
> For of all condiments, these do most surely
> The body's sensitive parts and nerves excite;
> They drive away unpleasant heaviness,
> And make the guests sit down with appetite.

THOUGHTS OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

[MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS, Roman emperor 161–180, was born at Rome, A.D. 121. He was the most nearly perfect character in history, his active ability and moral nobility being both of the first order. He was a brave, skillful, and successful general, a laborious and sagacious administrator and reformer, a generous, humane, and self-denying man. His "Meditations," which have comforted and strengthened thousands of the best minds for seventeen hundred years, were notes set down for his own guidance and spiritual comfort at odd times, in camp or court.]

IN the morning when thou risest unwillingly, let this thought be present, — I am rising to the work of a human being. Why then am I dissatisfied if I am going to do the things for which I exist and for which I was brought into the world? Or have I been made for this, to lie in the bedclothes and keep myself warm? — But this is more pleasant. — Dost thou exist then to take thy pleasure, and not at all for action or exertion? Dost thou not see the little plants, the little birds, the ants, the spiders, the bees working together to put in order their several parts of the universe? And art thou unwilling to do the work of a human being, and dost thou not make haste to do that which is according to thy nature? — But it is necessary to take rest also. — It is necessary. However, nature has fixed bounds to this too: she has fixed bounds to eating and drinking, and yet thou goest beyond these bounds, beyond what is sufficient; yet in thy acts it is not so, but thou stoppest short of what thou canst do. So thou lovest not thyself, for if thou didst, thou wouldst love thy nature and her will. But those who love their several arts exhaust themselves in working at them unwashed and without food; but thou valuest thy own nature less than the turner values the turning art, or the dancer the dancing art, or the lover of money values his money, or the vainglorious man his little glory. And such men, when they have a violent affection to a thing, choose neither to eat nor to sleep rather than to perfect the thing which they care for. But are the acts which concern society more vile in thy eyes and less worthy of thy labor?

Thou sayest, Men cannot admire the sharpness of thy wits. — Be it so: but there are many other things of which thou canst not say, I am not formed for them by nature. Show those qualities then which are altogether in thy power, — sincerity, gravity, endurance of labor, aversion to pleasure, contentment

with thy portion and with few things, benevolence, frankness, no love of superfluity, freedom from trifling, magnanimity. Dost thou not see how many qualities thou art immediately able to exhibit, in which there is no excuse of natural incapacity and unfitness, and yet thou still remainest voluntarily below the mark? or art thou compelled through being defectively furnished by nature to murmur, and to be stingy, and to flatter, and to find fault with thy poor body, and to try to please men, and to make great display, and to be so restless in thy mind? No, by the gods; but thou mightest have been delivered from these things long ago. Only if in truth thou canst be charged with being rather slow and dull of comprehension, thou must exert thyself about this also, not neglecting it nor yet taking pleasure in thy dullness.

One man, when he has done a service to another, is ready to set it down to his account as a favor conferred. Another is not ready to do this, but still in his own mind he thinks of the man as his debtor, and he knows what he has done. A third in a manner does not even know what he has done, but he is like a vine which has produced grapes, and seeks for nothing more after it has once produced its proper fruit. As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has tracked the game, a bee when it has made the honey, so a man when he has done a good act does not call out for others to come and see, but he goes on to another act, as a vine goes on to produce again the grapes in season. — Must a man then be one of these, who in a manner act thus without observing it? — Yes. — But this very thing is necessary, the observation of what a man is doing: for, it may be said, it is characteristic of the social animal to perceive that he is working in a social manner, and indeed to wish that his social partner also should perceive it. — It is true what thou sayest, but thou dost not rightly understand what is now said: and for this reason thou wilt become one of those of whom I spoke before, for even they are misled by a certain show of reason. But if thou wilt choose to understand the meaning of what is said, do not fear that for this reason thou wilt omit any social act.

Accept everything which happens, even if it seem disagreeable, because it leads to this, to the health of the universe and to the prosperity and felicity of Zeus [the universe]. For he would not have brought on any man what he has brought, if it were not useful for the whole. Neither does the nature

of anything, whatever it may be, cause anything which is not suitable to that which is directed by it. For two reasons then it is right to be content with that which happens to thee; the one, because it was done for thee and prescribed for thee, and in a manner had reference to thee, originally from the most ancient causes spun with thy destiny; and the other, because even that which comes severally to every man is the power which administers the universe a cause of felicity and perfection, nay even of its very continuance. For the integrity of the whole is mutilated, if thou cuttest off anything whatever from the conjunction and the continuity either of the parts or of the causes. And thou dost cut off, as far as it is in thy power, when thou art dissatisfied, and in a manner triest to put anything out of the way.

Be not disgusted, nor discouraged, nor dissatisfied, if thou dost not succeed in doing everything according to right principles, but when thou hast failed, return back again, and be content if the greater part of what thou doest is consistent with man's nature, and love this to which thou returnest; and do not return to philosophy as if she were a master, but act like those who have sore eyes and apply a bit of sponge and egg, or as another applies a plaster, or drenching with water. For thus thou wilt not fail to obey reason, and thou wilt repose in it. And remember that philosophy requires only the things which thy nature requires; but thou wouldst have something else which is not according to nature. — It may be objected, Why, what is more agreeable than this [which I am doing]? — But is not this the very reason why pleasure deceives us? And consider if magnanimity, freedom, simplicity, equanimity, piety, are not more agreeable. For what is more agreeable than wisdom itself, when thou thinkest of the security and the happy course of all things which depend on the faculty of understanding and knowledge?

Things are in such a kind of envelopment that they have seemed to philosophers, not a few nor those common philosophers, altogether unintelligible; nay even to the Stoics themselves they seem difficult to understand. And all our assent is changeable; for where is the man who never changes? Carry thy thoughts then to the objects themselves, and consider how short-lived they are and worthless, and that they may be in the possession of a filthy wretch or a whore or a robber. Then turn to the morals of those who live with thee, and it is hardly pos-

sible to endure even the most agreeable of them, to say nothing of a man being hardly able to endure himself. In such darkness then and dirt, and in so constant a flux both of substance and of time, and of motion and of things moved, what there is worth being highly prized, or even an object of serious pursuit, I cannot imagine. But on the contrary it is a man's duty to comfort himself, and to wait for the natural dissolution, and not to be vexed at the delay, but to rest in these principles only: the one, that nothing will happen to me which is not conformable to the nature of the universe; and the other, that it is in my power never to act contrary to my god and demon: for there is no man who will compel me to this.

About what am I now employing my own soul? On every occasion I must ask myself this question, and inquire, What have I now in this part of me which they call the ruling principle? — and whose soul have I now, — that of a child, or of a young man, or of a feeble woman, or of a tyrant, or of a domestic animal, or of a wild beast?

What kind of things those are which appear good to the many, we may learn even from this. For if any man should conceive certain things as being really good, such as prudence, temperance, justice, fortitude, he would not after having first conceived these endure to listen to anything which should not be in harmony with what is really good. But if a man has first conceived as good the things which appear to the many to be good, he will listen and readily receive as very applicable that which was said by the comic writer. Thus even the many perceive the difference. For were it not so, this saying would not offend and would not be rejected [in the first case], while we receive it when it is said of wealth, and of the means which further luxury and fame, as said fitly and wittily. Go on then and ask if we should value and think those things to be good, to which after their first conception in the mind the words of the comic writer might be aptly applied, — that he who has them, through pure abundance has not a place to ease himself in.

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. Dye it then with a continuous series of such thoughts as these: for instance, that where a man can live, there he can also live well. But he must live in a palace; well then, he can also live well in a palace. And again, consider that for whatever purpose

each thing has been constituted, for this it has been constituted, and towards this it is carried; and its end is in that towards which it is carried; and where the end is, there also is the advantage and the good of each thing. Now the good for the reasonable animal is society; for that we are made for society has been shown above. Is it not plain that the inferior exist for the sake of the superior? But the things which have life are superior to those which have not life, and of those which have life the superior are those which have reason.

To seek what is impossible is madness: and it is impossible that the bad should not do something of this kind.

Nothing happens to any man which he is not formed by nature to bear. The same things happen to another, and either because he does not see that they have happened, or because he would show a great spirit, he is firm and remains unharmed. It is a shame then that ignorance and conceit should be stronger than wisdom.

Reverence that which is best in the universe; and this is that which makes use of all things and directs all things. And in like manner also reverence that which is best in thyself; and this is of the same kind as that. For in thyself also, that which makes use of everything else is this, and thy life is directed by this.

Often think of the rapidity with which things pass by and disappear, both the things which are and the things which are produced. For substance is like a river in a continual flow, and the activities of things are in constant change, and the causes work in infinite varieties; and there is hardly anything which stands still. And consider this which is near to thee, this boundless abyss of the past and of the future in which all things disappear. How then is he not a fool who is puffed up with such things or plagued about them and makes himself miserable? for they vex him only for a time, and a short time.

Think of the universal substance, of which thou hast a very small portion; and of universal time, of which a short and indivisible interval has been assigned to thee; and of that which is fixed by destiny, and how small a part of it thou art.

Does another do me wrong? Let him look to it. He has his own disposition, his own activity. I now have what the universal nature wills me to have; and I do what my nature now wills me to do.

Art thou angry with him whose armpits stink? art thou

angry with him whose mouth smells foul? What good will this anger do thee? He has such a mouth, he has such armpits: it is necessary that such an emanation must come from such things; but the man has reason, it will be said, and he is able, if he takes pains, to discover wherein he offends; I wish thee well of thy discovery. Well then, and thou hast reason: by thy rational faculty stir up his rational faculty; show him his error, admonish him. For if he listens, thou wilt cure him, and there is no need of anger.

The intelligence of the universe is social. Accordingly it has made the inferior things for the sake of the superior, and it has fitted the superior to one another. Thou seest how it has subordinated, coördinated, and assigned to everything its proper portion, and has brought together into concord with one another the things which are the best.

How hast thou behaved hitherto to the gods, thy parents, brethren, children, teachers, to those who looked after thy infancy, to thy friends, kinsfolk, to thy slaves? Consider if thou hast hitherto behaved to all in such a way that this may be said of thee, —

Never has wronged a man in deed or word.

And call to recollection both how many things thou hast passed through, and how many things thou hast been able to endure and that the history of thy life is now complete and thy service is ended; and how many beautiful things thou hast seen; and how many pleasures and pains thou hast despised; and how many things called honorable thou hast spurned; and to how many ill-minded folks thou hast shown a kind disposition.

Why do unskilled and ignorant souls disturb him who has skill and knowledge? What soul then has skill and knowledge? That which knows beginning and end, and knows the reason which pervades all substance, and through all time by fixed periods [revolutions] administers the universe.

Soon, very soon, thou wilt be ashes, or a skeleton, and either a name or not even a name; but name is sound and echo. And the things which are much valued in life are empty and rotten and trifling, and [like] little dogs biting one another, and little children quarreling, laughing, and then straightway weeping. But fidelity and modesty and justice and truth are fled

Up to Olympus from the widespread earth.

—Hesiod, "Works," etc., v. 197.

What then is there which still detains thee here, if the objects of sense are easily changed and never stand still, and the organs of perception are dull and easily receive false impressions, and the poor soul itself is an exhalation from blood? But to have good repute amid such a world as this is an empty thing. Why then dost thou not wait in tranquillity for thy end, whether it is extinction or removal to another state? And until that time comes, what is sufficient? Why, what else than to venerate the gods and bless them, and to do good to men, and to practice tolerance and self-restraint; but as to everything which is beyond the limits of the poor flesh and breath, to remember that this is neither thine nor in thy power.

Thou canst pass thy life in an equable flow of happiness, if thou canst go by the right way, and think and act in the right way. These two things are common both to the soul of God and to the soul of man, and to the soul of every rational being: not to be hindered by another; and to hold good to consist in the disposition to justice and the practice of it, and in this to let thy desire find its termination.

It would be a man's happiest lot to depart from mankind without having had any taste of lying and hypocrisy and luxury and pride. However, to breathe out one's life when a man has had enough of these things is the next best voyage, as the saying is. Hast thou determined to abide with vice, and has not experience yet induced thee to fly from this pestilence? For the destruction of the understanding is a pestilence, much more indeed than any such corruption and change of this atmosphere which surrounds us. For this corruption is a pestilence of animals so far as they are animals; but the other is a pestilence of men so far as they are men.

Do not despise death, but be well content with it, since this too is one of those things which nature wills. For such as it is to be young and to grow old, and to increase and to reach maturity, and to have teeth and beard and gray hairs, and to beget and to be pregnant and to bring forth, and all the other natural operations which the seasons of thy life bring, such also is dissolution. This, then, is consistent with the character of a reflecting man, — to be neither careless nor impatient nor contemptuous with respect to death, but to wait for it as one of the operations of nature. As thou now waitest for the time when the child shall come out of thy wife's womb, so be ready for the time when thy soul shall fall out of this envelope. But if

thou requirest also a vulgar kind of comfort which shall reach thy heart, thou wilt be made best reconciled to death by observing the objects from which thou art going to be removed, and the morals of those with whom thy soul will no longer be mingled. For it is no way right to be offended with men, but it is thy duty to care for them and to bear with them gently; and yet to remember that thy departure will not be from men who have the same principles as thyself. For this is the only thing, if there be any, which could draw us the contrary way and attach us to life, — to be permitted to live with those who have the same principles as ourselves. But now thou seest how great is the trouble arising from the discordance of those who live together, so that thou mayst say, Come quick, O death, lest perchance I, too, should forget myself.

He who does wrong does wrong against himself. He who acts unjustly acts unjustly to himself, because he makes himself bad.

He often acts unjustly who does not do a certain thing; not only he who does a certain thing.

Among the animals which have not reason one life is distributed; but among reasonable animals one intelligent soul is distributed: just as there is one earth of all things which are of an earthy nature, and we see by one light, and breathe one air, all of us that have the faculty of vision and all that have life.

If thou art able, correct by teaching those who do wrong; but if thou canst not, remember that indulgence is given to thee for this purpose. And the gods, too, are indulgent to such persons; and for some purposes they even help them to get health, wealth, reputation; so kind they are. And it is in thy power also; or say, who hinders thee?

Labor not as one who is wretched, nor yet as one who would be pitied or admired: but direct thy will to one thing only, — to put thyself in motion and to check thyself, as the social reason requires.

Not in passivity but in activity lie the evil and the good of the rational social animal, just as his virtue and his vice lie not in passivity but in activity.

For the stone which has been thrown up it is no evil to come down, nor indeed any good to have been carried up.

Penetrate inward into men's leading principles, and thou wilt see what judges thou art afraid of, and what kind of judges they are of themselves.

Hasten [to examine] thy own ruling faculty and that of the universe and that of thy neighbor: thy own that thou mayst make it just: and that of the universe, that thou mayst remember of what thou art a part; and that of thy neighbor, that thou mayst know whether he has acted ignorantly or with knowledge, and that thou mayst also consider that his ruling faculty is akin to thine.

As thou thyself art a component part of a social system, so let every act of thine be a component part of social life. Whatever act of thine then has no reference either immediately or remotely to a social end, this tears asunder thy life, and does not allow it to be one, and it is of the nature of a mutiny, just as when in a popular assembly a man acting by himself stands apart from the general agreement.

Quarrels of little children and their sports, and poor spirits carrying about dead bodies [such is everything]; and so what is exhibited in the representation of the mansions of the dead strikes our eyes more clearly.

Thou hast endured infinite troubles through not being contented with thy ruling faculty when it does the things which it is constituted by nature to do.

When another blames thee or hates thee, or when men say about thee anything injurious, approach their poor souls, penetrate within, and see what kind of men they are. Thou wilt discover that there is no reason to take any trouble that these men may have this or that opinion about thee. However, thou must be well disposed towards them, for by nature they are friends. And the gods too aid them in all ways, by dreams, by signs, towards the attainment of those things on which they set a value.

Soon will the earth cover us all: then the earth, too, will change, and the things also which result from change will continue to change forever, and these again forever. For if a man reflects on the changes and transformations which follow one another like wave after wave and their rapidity, he will despise everything which is perishable.

Look down from above on the countless herds of men and their countless solemnities, and the infinitely varied voyagings in storms and calms, and the differences among those who are born, who live together, and die. And consider, too, the life lived by others in olden time, and the life of those who will live after thee, and the life now lived among barbarous nations, and

how many know not even thy name, and how many will soon forget it, and how they who perhaps now are praising thee will very soon blame thee, and that neither a posthumous name is of any value, nor reputation, nor anything else.

All that thou seest will quickly perish, and those who have been spectators of its dissolution will very soon perish too. And he who dies at the extremest old age will be brought into the same condition with him who died prematurely.

What are these men's leading principles, and about what kind of things are they busy, and for what kind of reasons do they love and honor? Imagine that thou seest their poor souls laid bare. When they think that they do harm by their blame or good by their praise, what an idea!

Loss is nothing else than change. But the universal nature delights in change, and in obedience to her all things are now done well, and from eternity have been done in like form, and will be such to time without end. What, then, dost thou say, — that all things have been and all things always will be bad, and that no power has ever been found in so many gods to rectify these things, but the world has been condemned to be bound in never-ceasing evil?

If any man has done wrong, the harm is his own. But perhaps he has not done wrong.

Either the gods have no power or they have power. If, then, they have no power, why dost thou pray to them? But if they have power, why dost thou not pray for them to give thee the faculty of not fearing any of the things which thou fearest, or of not desiring any of the things which thou desirest, or not being pained at anything, rather than pray that any of these things should not happen or happen? for certainly if they can coöperate with men, they can coöperate for these purposes. But perhaps thou wilt say the gods have placed them in thy power. Well, then, is it not better to use what is in thy power like a free man than to desire in a slavish and abject way what is not in thy power? And who has told thee that the gods do not aid us even in the things which are in our power? Begin, then, to pray for such things, and thou wilt see. One man prays thus: How shall I be able to lie with that woman? Do thou pray thus: How shall I not desire to lie with her? Another prays thus: How shall I be released from this? Another prays: How shall I not desire to be released? Another thus: How shall I not lose my little son?

Thou thus: How shall I not be afraid to lose him? In fine, turn thy prayers this way, and see what comes.

When thou art offended with any man's shameless conduct, immediately ask thyself, Is it possible, then, that shameless men should not be in the world? It is not possible. Do not, then, require what is impossible. For this man also is one of those shameless men who must of necessity be in the world. Let the same considerations be present to thy mind in the case of the knave, and the faithless man, and of every man who does wrong in any way. For at the same time that thou dost remind thyself that it is impossible that such kind of men should not exist, thou wilt become more kindly disposed towards every one individually. It is useful to perceive this, too, immediately when the occasion arises, what virtue nature has given to man to oppose to every wrongful act. For she has given to man, as an antidote against the stupid man, mildness, and against another kind of man some other power. And in all cases it is possible for thee to correct by teaching the man who is gone astray; for every man who errs misses his object and is gone astray. Besides, wherein hast thou been injured? For thou wilt find that no one among those against whom thou art irritated has done anything by which thy mind could be made worse; but that which is evil to thee and harmful has its foundation only in the mind. And what harm is done or what is there strange, if the man who has not been instructed does the acts of an uninstructed man? Consider whether thou shouldst not rather blame thyself, because thou didst not expect such a man to err in such a way. For thou hadst means given thee by thy reason to suppose that it was likely that he would commit this error, and yet thou hast forgotten and art amazed that he has erred. But most of all when thou blamest a man as faithless or ungrateful, turn to thyself. For the fault is manifestly thy own, whether thou didst trust that a man who had such a disposition would keep his promise, or when conferring thy kindness thou didst not confer it absolutely, nor yet in such way as to have received from thy very act all the profit. For what more dost thou want when thou hast done a man a service? art thou not content that thou hast done something conformable to thy nature, and dost thou seek to be paid for it? just as if the eye demanded a recompense for seeing, or the feet for walking.

MARCUS AURELIUS AT HOME.

By WALTER PATER.

(From "Marius the Epicurean.")

[WALTER HORATIO PATER: An English critic and author; born in London, August 4, 1839. Educated at King's School, Canterbury, and at Queen's College, Oxford, he became a Fellow of Brasenose College (1865), where he spent the greater portion of his life. He died in 1894. Among his works, which are distinguished for critical insight and exquisite style, may be mentioned: "Studies in the History of the Renaissance" (1873), "Marius the Epicurean," "Imaginary Portraits," "Appreciations," "Plato and Platonism."]

MARIUS climbed the long flights of steps to be introduced to the emperor Aurelius. Attired in the newest mode, his legs wound in dainty *fasciæ* of white leather, with the heavy gold ring of the *ingenuus*, and in his toga of ceremony, he still retained all his country freshness of complexion. The eyes of the "golden youth" of Rome were upon him as the chosen friend of Cornelius and the destined servant of the emperor; but not jealously. In spite of, perhaps partly because of, his habitual reserve of manner, he had become "the fashion," even among those who felt instinctively the irony which lay beneath that remarkable self-possession, as of one taking all things with a difference from other people, perceptible in voice, in expression, and even in his dress. It was, in truth, the air of one who, entering vividly into life, and relishing to the full the delicacies of its intercourse, yet feels all the while, from the point of view of an ideal philosophy, that he is but conceding reality to suppositions, choosing of his own will to walk in a daydream, of the illusiveness of which he at least is aware.

In the house of the chief chamberlain Marius waited for the due moment of admission to the emperor's presence. The summons came; and in a few minutes, the etiquette of the imperial household being still a simple matter, he had passed the curtains which divided the central hall of the palace into three parts — three degrees of approach to the sacred person — and was speaking to Aurelius himself; not in Greek, in which the emperor oftenest conversed with the learned, but, more familiarly, in Latin, adorned however, or disfigured, by many a Greek phrase, as now and again French phrases have made the adornment of fashionable English. It was with real kindliness that Marcus Aurelius looked upon

Marius, as a youth of great attainments in Greek letters and philosophy; and he liked also his serious expression, being, as we know, a believer in the doctrine of physiognomy — that, as he puts it, not love only, but every other affection of man's soul, looks out very plainly from the window of the eyes.

The apartment in which Marius found himself was of ancient aspect, and richly decorated with the favorite toys of two or three generations of imperial collectors, now finally revised by the high connoisseurship of the Stoic emperor himself, though destined not much longer to remain together there. It is the repeated boast of Aurelius that he had learned from old Antoninus Pius to maintain authority without the constant use of guards, in a robe woven by the handmaids of his own consort, with no processional lights or images, and "that a prince may shrink himself almost into the figure of a private gentleman." And yet, again as at his first sight of him, Marius was struck by the profound religiousness of the surroundings of the imperial presence. The effect might have been due in part to the very simplicity, the discreet and scrupulous simplicity, of the central figure in this splendid abode; but Marius could not forget that he saw before him not only the head of the Roman religion, but one who might actually have claimed something like divine worship, had he cared to do so. Though the fantastic pretensions of Caligula had brought some contempt on that claim, which had become almost a jest under the ungainly Claudius, yet, from Augustus downwards, a vague divinity had seemed to surround the Cæsars even in this life; and the peculiar character of Aurelius, at once a ceremonious polytheist never forgetful of his pontifical calling, and a philosopher whose mystic speculation encircled him with a sort of saintly halo, had restored to his person, without his intending it, something of that divine prerogative, or prestige. Though he would never allow the immediate dedication of altars to himself, yet the image of his *Genius* — his spirituality or celestial counterpart — was placed among those of the deified princes of the past; and his family, including Faustina and the young Commodus, was spoken of as the "holy" or "divine" house. Many a Roman courtier agreed with the barbarian chief, who, after contemplating a predecessor of Aurelius, withdrew from his presence with the exclamation: "I have seen a god to-day!" The very roof of his house, rising into a pediment or gable, like that of the sanctuary of

a god, the laurels on either side its doorway, the chaplet of oak leaves above, seemed to designate the place for religious veneration. And notwithstanding all this, the household of Aurelius was singularly modest, with none of the wasteful expense of palaces after the fashion of Lewis the Fourteenth; the palatial dignity being felt only in a peculiar sense of order, the absence of all that was casual, of vulgarity and discomfort. A merely official residence of his predecessors, the *Palatine* had become the favorite dwelling place of Aurelius; its many-colored memories suiting, perhaps, his pensive character, and the crude splendors of Nero and Hadrian being now subdued by time. The windowless Roman abode must have had much of what to a modern would be gloom. How did the children, one wonders, endure houses with so little escape for the eye into the world outside? Aurelius, who had altered little else, choosing to *live* there, in a genuine homeliness, had shifted and made the most of the level lights, and broken out a quite mediæval window here and there, and the clear daylight, fully appreciated by his youthful visitor, made pleasant shadows among the objects of the imperial collection. Some of these, indeed, by reason of their Greek simplicity and grace, themselves shone out like spaces of a purer, early light, amid the splendors of the Roman manufacture.

Though he looked, thought Marius, like a man who did not sleep enough, he was abounding and bright to-day, after one of those pitiless headaches which since boyhood had been the "thorn in his side," challenging the pretensions of his philosophy to fortify one in humble endurances. At the first moment, to Marius, remembering the spectacle of the emperor in ceremony, it was almost bewildering to be in private conversation with him. There was much in the philosophy of Aurelius — much consideration of mankind at large, of great bodies, aggregates and generalities, after the Stoic manner — which, on a nature less rich than his, might have acted as an inducement to care for people in inverse proportion to their nearness to him. That has sometimes been the result of the Stoic cosmopolitanism. Aurelius, however, determined to beautify by all means, great or little, a doctrine which had in it some potential sourness, had brought all the quickness of his intelligence, and long years of observation, to bear on the conditions of social intercourse. He had early determined "not to make business an excuse to decline the offices of humanity — not to

pretend to be too much occupied with important affairs to concede what life with others may hourly demand;" and with such success, that, in an age which made much of the finer points of that intercourse, it was felt that the mere honesty of his conversation was more pleasing than other men's flattery. His agreeableness to his young visitor to-day was, in truth, a blossom of the same wisdom which had made of Lucius Verus really a brother — the wisdom of not being exigent with men, any more than with fruit trees (it is his own favorite figure) beyond their nature. And there was another person, still nearer to him, regarding whom this wisdom became a marvel, of equity — of charity.

The center of a group of princely children, in the same apartment with Aurelius, amid all the refined intimacies of a modern home, sat the empress Faustina, warming her hands over a fire. With her long fingers lighted up red by the glowing coals of the brazier, Marius looked close upon the most beautiful woman in the world, who was also the great paradox of the age, among her boys and girls. As has been truly said of the numerous representations of her in art, so in life, she had the air of one curious, restless, to enter into conversation with the first comer. She had certainly the power of stimulating a very ambiguous sort of curiosity about herself. And Marius found this enigmatic point in her expression, that even after seeing her many times he could never precisely recall her features in absence. The lad of six years, looking older, who stood beside her, impatiently plucking a rose to pieces over the hearth, was, in outward appearance, his father — the young *Verissimus* — over again; but with a certain feminine length of feature, and with all his mother's alertness, or license, of gaze.

Yet rumor knocked at every door and window of the imperial house regarding the adulterers who knocked at them, or quietly left their lovers' garlands there. Was not that likeness of the husband, in the boy beside her, really the effect of a shameful magic, in which the blood of the murdered gladiator, his true father, had been an ingredient? Were the tricks for deceiving husbands which the Roman poet describes, really hers, and her household an efficient school of all the arts of furtive love? Or, was the husband too aware, like every one beside? Were certain sudden deaths which happened there, really the work of apoplexy, or the plague?

The man whose ears, whose soul, those rumors were meant to penetrate, was, however, faithful to his sanguine and optimist philosophy, to his determination that the world should be to him simply what the higher reason preferred to conceive it; and the life's journey Aurelius had made so far, though involving much moral and intellectual loneliness, had been ever in affectionate and helpful contact with other wayfarers, very unlike himself. Since his days of earliest childhood in the Lateran gardens, he seemed to himself, blessing the gods for it after deliberate survey, to have been always surrounded by kinsmen, friends, servants, of exceptional virtue. From the great Stoic idea, that we are all fellow-citizens of one city, he had derived a tenderer, a more equitable estimate than was common among Stoics, of the eternal shortcomings of men and women. Considerations that might tend to the sweetening of his temper it was his daily care to store away, with a kind of philosophic pride in the thought that no one took more good-naturedly than he the "oversights" of his neighbors. For had not Plato taught (it was not paradox, but simple truth of experience) that if people sin, it is because they know no better, and are "under the necessity of their own ignorance"? Hard to himself, he seemed at times, doubtless, to decline too softly upon unworthy persons. Actually, he came thereby upon many a useful instrument. The empress Faustina he would seem at least to have kept, by a constraining affection, from becoming altogether what most people have believed her, and won in her (we must take him at his word in the "Thoughts," abundantly confirmed by letters, on both sides, in his correspondence with Cornelius Fronto) a consolation, the more secure, perhaps, because misknown of others. Was the secret of her actual blamelessness, after all, with him who has at least screened her name? At all events, the one thing quite certain about her, besides her extraordinary beauty, is her sweetness to himself.

No! The wise, who had made due observation on the trees of the garden, would not expect to gather grapes of thorns or fig trees: and he was the vine, putting forth his genial fruit, by natural law, again and again, after his kind, whatever use people might make of it. Certainly, his actual presence never lost its power, and Faustina was glad in it to-day, the birthday of one of her children, a boy who stood at her knee holding in his fingers tenderly a tiny silver trumpet, one of his birthday

gifts. — "For my part, unless I conceive my hurt to be such, I have no hurt at all," — boasts the would-be apathetic emperor: —"and how I care to conceive of the thing rests with me." Yet when his children fall sick or die, this pretense breaks down, and he is broken-hearted: and one of the charms of certain of his letters still extant, is his reference to those childish sicknesses. — "On my return to Lorium," he writes, "I found my little lady — *domnulam meam* — in a fever;" and again, in a letter to one of the most serious of men, "You will be glad to hear that our little one is better, and running about the room — *parvolam nostram melius valere et intra cubiculum discurrere.*"

The young Commodus had departed from the chamber, anxious to witness the exercises of certain gladiators, having a native taste for such company, inherited, according to popular rumor, from his true father — anxious also to escape from the too impressive company of the gravest and sweetest specimen of old age Marius had ever seen, the tutor of the imperial children, who had arrived to offer his birthday congratulations, and now, very familiarly and affectionately, made a part of the group, falling on the shoulders of the emperor, kissing the empress Faustina on the face, the little ones on the face and hands. Marcus Cornelius Fronto, the "Orator," favorite teacher of the emperor's youth, afterwards his most trusted counselor, and now the undisputed occupant of the sophistic throne, whose equipage, elegantly mounted with silver, Marius had seen in the streets of Rome, had certainly turned his many personal gifts to account with a good fortune remarkable even in that age, so indulgent to professors or rhetoricians. The gratitude of the emperor Aurelius, always generous to his teachers, arranging their very quarrels sometimes, for they were not always fair to one another, had helped him to a really great place in the world. But his sumptuous appendages, including the villa and gardens of Mæcenas, had been borne with an air perfectly becoming, by the professor of a philosophy which, even in its most accomplished and elegant phase, presupposed a gentle contempt for such things. With an intimate practical knowledge of manners, physiognomies, smiles, disguises, flatteries, and courtly tricks of every kind — a whole accomplished rhetoric of daily life — he applied them all to the promotion of humanity, and especially of men's family affection. Through a long life of now eighty years, he had been, as it were, surrounded by the gracious and

soothing air of his own eloquence — the fame, the echoes of it — like warbling birds, or murmuring bees. Setting forth in that fine medium the best ideas of matured pagan philosophy, he had become the favorite "director" of noble youth.

Yes! it was the one instance Marius, always eagerly on the lookout for such, had yet seen of a perfectly tolerable, perfectly beautiful, old age — an old age in which there seemed, to one who perhaps habitually overvalued the expression of youth, nothing to be regretted, nothing really lost, in what years had taken away. The wise old man, whose blue eyes and fair skin were so delicate, uncontaminate, and clear, would seem to have replaced carefully and consciously each natural trait of youth, as it departed from him, by an equivalent grace of culture, and had the blitheness, the placid cheerfulness, as he had also the infirmity, the claim on stronger people, of a delightful child. And yet he seemed to be but awaiting his exit from life — that moment with which the Stoics were almost as much preoccupied as the Christians, however differently — and set Marius pondering on the contrast between a placidity like this, at eighty years, and the sort of desperateness he was aware of in his own manner of entertaining that thought. His infirmities nevertheless had been painful and long-continued, with losses of children, of pet grandchildren. What with the crowd, and the wretched streets, it was a sign of affection which had cost him something, for the old man to leave his own house at all that day; and he was glad of the emperor's support, as he moved from place to place among the children he protests so often to have loved as his own.

For a strange piece of literary good fortune, at the beginning of the present century, has set free the long-buried fragrance of this famous friendship of the old world, from below a valueless later manuscript, in a series of letters, wherein the two writers exchange, for the most part, their evening thoughts, especially at family anniversaries, and with entire intimacy, on their children, on the art of speech, on all the various subtleties of the "science of images," — rhetorical images, — above all, of course, on sleep and matters of health. They are full of mutual admiration of each other's eloquence, restless in absence till they see one another again, noting, characteristically, their very dreams of each other, expecting the day which will terminate the office, the business or duty which separates them — "as superstitious people watch for the star, at the rising of which

they may break their fast." To one of the writers, to Aurelius, the correspondence was sincerely of value. We see him once reading his letters with genuine delight on going to rest. Fronto seeks to deter his pupil from writing in Greek. — Why buy, at great cost, a foreign wine, inferior to that from one's own vineyard? Aurelius, on the other hand, with an extraordinary innate susceptibility to words — *la parole pour la parole*, as the French say — despairs, in presence of Fronto's rhetorical perfection.

Like the modern visitor to the Capitoline and some other museums, Fronto had been struck, pleasantly struck, by the family likeness among the Antonines; and it was part of his friendship to make much of it, in the case of the children of Faustina. "Well! I have seen the little ones," he writes to Aurelius, then, apparently, absent from them: "I have seen the little ones — the pleasantest sight of my life; for they are as like yourself as could possibly be. It has well repaid me for my journey over that slippery road, and up those steep rocks; for I beheld you, not simply face to face before me, but, more generously, whichever way I turned, to my right and my left. For the rest, I found them, Heaven be thanked! with healthy cheeks and lusty voices. One was holding a slice of white bread, like a king's son; the other a crust of brown bread, as becomes the offspring of a philosopher. I pray the gods to have both the sower and the seed in their keeping; to watch over this field wherein the ears of corn are so kindly alike. Ah! I heard too their pretty voices, so sweet that, in the childish prattle of one and the other, I seemed somehow to be listening — yes! in that chirping of your pretty chickens — to the limpid and harmonious notes of your own oratory. Take care! you will find me growing independent, having those I could love in your place: — love, on the surety of my eyes and ears.'

"*Magistro meo salutem!*" replies the emperor, "I too have seen my little ones in your sight of them; as, also, I saw yourself in reading your letter. It is that charming letter forces me to write thus:" with reiterations of affection, that is, which are continual in these letters, on both sides, and which may strike a modern reader perhaps as fulsome; or, again, as having something in common with the old Judaic unction of friendship. They were certainly sincere.

To one of those children Fronto had now brought the birthday gift of the silver trumpet, upon which he ventured to blow

softly now and again, turning away with eyes delighted at the sound, when he thought the old man was not listening. It was the well-worn, valetudinarian subject of sleep, on which Fronto and Aurelius were talking together; Aurelius always feeling it a burden, Fronto a thing of magic capacities, so that he had written an *encomium* in its praise, and often by ingenious arguments recommends his imperial pupil not to be sparing of it. To-day, with his younger listeners in mind, he had a story to tell about it: —

"They say that our father Jupiter, when he ordered the world at the beginning, divided time into two parts exactly equal: the one part he clothed with light, the other with darkness: he called them Day and Night; and he assigned rest to the night and to day the work of life. At that time Sleep was not yet born and men passed the whole of their lives awake: only, the quiet of the night was ordained for them, instead of sleep. But it came to pass, little by little, being that the minds of men are restless, that they carried on their business alike by night as by day, and gave no part at all to repose. And Jupiter, when he perceived that even in the nighttime they ceased not from trouble and disputation, and that even the courts of law remained open (it was the pride of Aurelius, as Fronto knew, to be assiduous in those courts till far into the night) resolved to appoint one of his brothers to be the overseer of the night and have authority over man's rest. But Neptune pleaded in excuse the gravity of his constant charge of the seas, and Father Dis the difficulty of keeping in subjection the spirits below; and Jupiter, having taken counsel with the other gods, perceived that the practice of nightly vigils was somewhat in favor. It was then, for the most part, that Juno gave birth to her children: Minerva, the mistress of all art and craft, loved the midnight lamp: Mars delighted in the darkness for his plots and sallies; and the favor of Venus and Bacchus was with those who roused by night. Then it was that Jupiter formed the design of creating Sleep; and he added him to the number of the gods, and gave him the charge over night and rest, putting into his hands the keys of human eyes. With his own hands he mingled the juices wherewith Sleep should soothe the hearts of mortals — herb of Enjoyment and herb of Safety, gathered from a grove in Heaven; and, from the meadows of Acheron, the herb of Death; expressing from it one single drop only, no bigger than a tear one might hide. 'With this juice,' he said,

'pour slumber upon the eyelids of mortals. So soon as it hath touched them they will lay themselves down motionless, under thy power. But be not afraid: they shall revive, and in a while stand up again upon their feet.' Thereafter, Jupiter gave wings to Sleep, attached, not, like Mercury's, to his heels, but to his shoulders, like the wings of Love. For he said, 'It becomes thee not to approach men's eyes as with the noise of chariots, and the rushing of a swift courser, but in placid and merciful flight, as upon the wings of a swallow — nay! with not so much as the flutter of the dove.' Besides all this, that he might be yet pleasanter to men, he committed to him also a multitude of blissful dreams, according to every man's desire. One watched his favorite actor; another listened to the flute, or guided a charioteer in the race: in his dream, the soldier was victorious, the general was borne in triumph, the wanderer returned home. Yes! — and sometimes those dreams come true!"

Just then Aurelius was summoned to make the birthday offerings to his household gods. A heavy curtain of tapestry was drawn back; and beyond it Marius gazed for a few moments into the *Lararium*, or imperial chapel. A patrician youth, in white habit, was in waiting, with a little chest in his hand containing incense for the use of the altar. On richly carved *consoles*, or sideboards, around this narrow chamber, were arranged the rich apparatus of worship and the golden or gilded images, adorned to-day with fresh flowers, among them that image of Fortune from the apartment of Antoninus Pius, and such of the emperor's own teachers as were gone to their rest. A dim fresco on the wall commemorated the ancient piety of Lucius Albinius, who in flight from Rome on the morrow of a great disaster, overtaking certain priests on foot with their sacred utensils, descended from the wagon in which he rode and yielded it to the ministers of the gods. As he ascended into the chapel the emperor paused, and with a grave but friendly look at his young visitor, delivered a parting sentence, audible to him alone: *Imitation is the most acceptable part of worship: the gods had much rather mankind should resemble than flatter them: — Make sure that those to whom you come nearest be the happier by your presence!*

It was the very spirit of the scene and the hour — the hour Marius had spent in the imperial house. How temperate, how tranquilizing! what humanity! Yet, as he left the eminent company concerning whose ways of life at home he had been

so youthfully curious, and sought, after his manner, to determine the main trait in all this, he had to confess that it was a sentiment of mediocrity, though of a mediocrity for once really golden.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE ON THE EDGE OF DECLINE.

By CHARLES MERIVALE.

(From "History of the Romans under the Empire.")

[CHARLES MERIVALE: An English historian and divine; born at Barton Place, Devonshire, March 8, 1808. He was dean of Ely from 1869. His works are: "History of the Romans under the Empire" (latest ed. 1890), "General History of Rome" (1875), "Lectures on Early Church History" (1879), etc. He died at Ely, December 27, 1893.]

THE circumstances of the empire might indeed well inspire profound anxiety in the breast of one to whom its maintenance was confided. Hitherto we have seen the frontiers assailed in many quarters, and the energies of the bravest princes tasked in their defense. But these attacks have been local and desultory. The Chatti on the Rhine, the Marcomanni on the Upper, the Samaritans on the Lower, Danube, the Roxalani on the shores of the Euxine, have often assailed and vexed the provinces, but separately and at different times; Aurelius had to make head against all these enemies at once. The unity of the empire imparted a germ of union to its assailants. Hence no champion of Rome had so hard a task; hence Aurelius, far from making permanent conquests beyond his frontiers, stood everywhere on the defensive, and confronted the foe by his lieutenants in Gaul, Pannonia, Dacia, or Mœsia, while he planted himself commonly in the center of his line of stations, at Carnuntum, Vindobona, or Sirmium; hence his wars were protracted through a period of twelve years, and though his partial victories gained him ten times the title of Imperator, none was sufficiently decisive to break the forces banded against him. The momentary submission of one tribe or another led to no general result; notwithstanding his own sanguine hopes and the fond persuasion of his countrymen, his last campaign saw the subjugation of Scythia and the safety of the empire still distant and doubtful. The barbarians were stronger at this crisis than ever, — stronger in unity, stronger in arms and tactics, stronger possibly in numbers. Neither to Marius, we may believe, nor to Germanicus, nor to Trajan,

would they now have yielded as heretofore. But the empire was at least as much weaker. The symptoms of decline, indeed, were as yet hardly manifest to common observation; under ordinary circumstances they might still have eluded the notice even of statesmen; but in the stress of a great calamity they became manifest to all. The chief of the state was deeply impressed with them. Against anxiety and apprehension he struggled as a matter of duty, but the effort was sore and hopeless; and from the anticipation of disasters beyond his control he escaped, when possible, to pensive meditations on his own moral nature, which at least might lie within it.

The brilliancy of the city and the great provincial capitals, the magnificence of their shows and entertainments, still remained, perhaps, undimmed. The dignity of the temples and palaces of Greece and Rome stood, even in their best days, in marked contrast with the discomfort and squalor of their lanes and cabins. The spacious avenues of Nero concealed perhaps more miserable habitations than might be seen in the narrow streets of Augustus; but as yet we hear no distinct murmurs of poverty among the populace. The causes, indeed, were already at work which, in the second or third generation, reduced the people of the towns to pauperism, and made the public service an intolerable burden: the decline, namely, of agriculture and commerce, the isolation of the towns, the disappearance of the precious metals, the return of society to a state of barter, in which every petty community strove to live on its own immediate produce. Such, at a later period, was the condition of the empire, as revealed in the codes of the fourth century. These symptoms were doubtless strongly developed in the third, but we have at least no evidence of them in the second. We may reasonably suppose, indeed, that there was a gradual, though slow, diminution in the amount of gold and silver in circulation. The result would be felt first in the provinces, and latest in the cities and Rome itself, but assuredly it was already in progress. Two texts of Pliny assert the constant drain of specie to the East; and the assertion is confirmed by the circumstances of the case; for the Indians, and the nations beyond India, who transmitted to the West their silks and spices, cared little for the wines and oils of Europe, still less for the manufactures in wool and leather which formed the staples of commerce in the Mediterranean. There was still a great, perhaps an increasing, demand for these metals in works

of art and ornament, and much was consumed in daily use, much withdrawn from circulation and eventually lost by the thriftless habit of hoarding. But the supply from the mines of Thrace, Spain, and Germany was probably declining, for it was extracted by forced labor, the most expensive, the most harassing, and the most precarious. The difficulty of maintaining the yield of the precious metals is marked in the severe regulations of the later emperors, and is further attested by the progressive debasement of the currency.

Not more precise is our information respecting the movement of the population, which was also at this period on the verge of decline. To the partial complaints of such a decline in Italy, muttered, as they generally were, by the poets or satirists, I have hitherto paid little heed. In statements of this kind there is generally much false sentiment, some angry misrepresentation. The substitution of slave for free labor in many parts of Italy may have had the appearance of a decline in population, while it actually indicated no more than a movement and transfer. It was more important, however, in the future it foreshadowed than in the present reality. The slave population was not reproductive; it was only kept at its level by fresh drafts from abroad. Whenever the supply should be cut off, the residue would rapidly dwindle. This supply was maintained partly by successful wars, but still more by a regular and organized traffic. The slaves from the North might be exchanged for Italian manufactures and produce; but the venders from many parts, such as Arabia and Ethiopia, Central Africa, and even Cappadocia and other districts of Asia Minor, would take, I suppose, nothing but specie. With the contraction of the currency, the trade would languish, and under this depression a country like Italy, which was almost wholly stocked by importation, would become quickly depopulated. Still more, on the decline of the slave population, there would follow a decline of production, a decline of the means of the proprietors, a decline in the condition of the free classes, and consequently in their numbers also. That such a decline was actually felt under the Flavian emperors appears in the sudden adoption of the policy of alimentation, or public aid to impoverished freemen.

Nor was it in this way only that slavery tended to the decline of population. Slavery in ancient, and doubtless in all times was a hotbed of vice and selfish indulgence, enervating the spirit and vital forces of mankind, discouraging legitimate

marriage, and enticing to promiscuous and barren concubinage. The fruit of such hateful unions, if fruit there were, or could be, engaged little regard from their selfish fathers, and both law and usage continued to sanction the exposure of infants, from which the female sex undoubtedly suffered most. The losses of Italy from this horrid practice were probably the greatest; but the provinces also lost proportionably; the imitation of Roman habits was rife on the remotest frontiers; the conquests of the empire were consolidated by the attractions of Roman indulgence and sensuality; slavery threw discredit on all manual labor, and engendered a false sentiment of honor, which constrained the poorer classes of freemen to dependence and celibacy; vice and idleness went hand in hand, and combined to stunt the moral and physical growth of the Roman citizen, leaving his weak and morbid frame exposed in an unequal contest to the fatal influences of his climate.

If, however, the actual amount of population in Italy and other metropolitan districts had but lately begun sensibly to decline, for some generations it had been recruited mainly from a foreign stock, and was mingled with the refuse of every nation, civilized and barbarian. Slaves, freedmen, clients of the rich and powerful, had glided by adoption into the Roman gentes, the names of which still retained a fallacious air of antiquity, while their members had lost the feelings and principles which originally signalized them. As late as the time of the younger Pliny, we find the gentile names of the republic still common, though many of them have ceased to recur on the roll of the great magistracies, where they have been supplanted by others, hitherto obscure or unknown; but the surnames of Pliny's friends and correspondents, which distinguish the family from the house, are in numerous instances strange to us, and often grotesque and barbarous. The gradual exhaustion of the true Roman blood had been already marked and deplored under Claudius, and there can be no doubt, though materials are wanting for tracing it, that the flux continued to gather force through succeeding generations.

The decay of moral principles which hastened the disintegration of Roman society was compensated by no new discoveries in material cultivation. The idea of civilization common to the Greeks and Romans was the highest development of the bodily faculties, together with the imagination; but in exploring the agencies of the natural world, and turning its forces to

the use of man, the progress soon reached its limits. The Greeks and Romans were almost equally unsteady in tracing the laws of physical phenomena, which they empirically observed, and analyzing the elements of the world around them. Their advance in applied science stopped short with the principles of mechanics, in which they doubtless attained great practical proficiency. Roman engineering, especially, deserves the admiration even of our own times. But the ancients invented no instrument for advancing the science of astronomy; they remained profoundly ignorant of the mysteries of chemistry; their medicine, notwithstanding the careful diagnosis of Hippocrates and Galen, could not free itself from connection with the most trivial superstitions. The Greeks speculated deeply in ethics and politics; the Romans were intelligent students of legal theory and procedure; but neither could discover from these elementary sciences the compound ideas of public economy. Their principles of commerce and finance were to the last rude and unphilosophical. They made little advance, at the height of their prosperity and knowledge, in the economy of labor and production; they made no provision for the support of the increasing numbers to which the human race, under the operation of natural laws, ought to have attained. We read of no improvements in the common processes of agriculture, none even in the familiar mode of grinding corn, none in the extraction and smelting of ores, none in the art of navigation. Even in war, to which they so ardently devoted themselves, we find the helmet and cuirass, the sword, spear, and buckler, identical in character and almost in form, from the siege of Troy to the sack of Rome. Changes in tactics and discipline were slight and casual, compelled rather by some change in circumstances than spontaneous or scientific. The ancient world had, in short, no versatility, no power of adaptation to meet the varying wants of its outward condition. Its ideas were equal to the extension of its material dominion. A little soul was lodged in a vast body.

The Egyptian civilization, the Hindu, the Chinese, as well as the Greek and Roman, have all had their natural limits, at which their vitality was necessarily arrested. Possibly all civilizations are subject to a similar law, though some may have a wider scope and a more enduring force than others; or possibly there may be a real salt of society in the principle of intelligent freedom, which has first learned to control itself,

that it may deserve to escape from the control of external forces. But Roman society, at least, was animated by no such principle. At no period within the sphere of historic records was the commonwealth of Rome anything but an oligarchy of warriors and slave owners, who indemnified themselves for the restraint imposed on them by their equals in the forum by aggression abroad and tyranny in their households. The causes of its decline seem to have little connection with the form of government established in the first and second centuries. They were in full operation before the fall of the Republic, though their baneful effects were disguised and perhaps retarded by outward successes, by extended conquests, and increasing supplies of tribute or plunder. The general decline of population throughout the ancient world may be dated even from the second century before our era. The last age of the Republic was perhaps the period of the most rapid exhaustion of the human race; but its dissolution was arrested under Augustus, when the population recovered for a time in some quarters of the empire, and remained at least stationary in others. The cause of slavery could not but make itself felt again, and demanded the destined catastrophe. Whatever evil we ascribe to the despotism of the Cæsars, we must remark that it was slavery that rendered political freedom and constitutional government impossible. Slavery fostered in Rome, as previously at Athens, the spirit of selfishness and sensuality, of lawlessness and insolence, which cannot consist with political equality, with political justice, with political moderation. The tyranny of the emperors was, as I have elsewhere observed, only the tyranny of every noble extended and intensified. The empire became no more than an ergastulum or barracoon on a vast scale, commensurate with the dominions of the greatest of Roman slaveholders. It is vain to imagine that a people can be tyrants in private life, and long escape subjection to a common tyrant in public. It was more than they could expect, more, indeed, than they deserved, if they found in Augustus, at least, and Vespasian, in Trajan and Hadrian, in Antoninus and Aurelius, masters who sought spontaneously to divest themselves of the most terrible attributes of their boundless autocracy.

THE WORLD AT AUCTION, A.D. 193.

By MICHAEL FIELD.

[Pseudonym of Katherine Bradley and Edith Cooper, English ladies. Their joint publications under this name are — "Callirrhoë and Fair Rosamund" (1884); "The Tragic Mary" and "The Father's Tragedy" (1885); "Brutus Ultor" (1886); "Canute the Great" (1887); "The Cup of Water," "Stephania," "Underneath the Bough," and "Long Ago," (1889); "Attila, My Attila!" (1895).]

Didius — Stay a little.
The lady Marcia prayed to welcome you.
So old a friend!
Clara — Gods, how I hate old friends!
And you, Cornelius?
Cornelius — Tell me of your hatreds;
They shall be mine.
Clara — I hate your poverty.
Grow rich!
Cornelius — I promise.
Clara — Rome shall never say
You sought me for my fortune. How I wish
Your uncle could be murdered!
Cornelius — You will yield me
Your hand when I inherit?
Didius — Loveliest jewel,
You jest at murder!
Clara — Every one I hate
I instantly wish dead. Old Pertinax,
Who grows each day a little worthier still,
More careful of the poor, more scrupulous,
Can no one murder him?
Didius — Hush, child! No bloodshed!
And do not rage at Pertinax: his sale
Of slaves has given me opportunity
Of purchasing a dwarf, a very gem,
The creature Commodus had cast in bronze. . . .
Clara —
He cost you dear?
Didius — Ah, child, he is a gift.
So are these pearls, this hyacinth-colored mantle,
Once owned by an Augusta.
Yet, alas,
While Pertinax is watchful, these must lie
Unworn within your press.

Clara — Would he could go
The way of Commodus!
Cornelius — We must be married,
For we are one already. [*Enter* MARCIA.
Manlia — Dearest Marcia,
At last we welcome you.
Marcia — Hush! There is news
I have no strength to utter, and a peril
I must not think of. Pertinax is dead,
More terrible, is slain.
Clara — The gods be praised!
Cornelius —
They bless our wishes.
Manlia — Marcia, do not gasp . . .
Is slain — by whom?
Marcia — By his prætorian guard
The good old man was butchered. Infamy!
Didius —
I do not like this violence . . .
Manlia — But the issue?
Dear Marcia, calm yourself.
Didius — You spoke of peril . . .
Your husband! Is Eclectus safe?
Marcia — God knows!
He would not leave his emperor.
Didius — Loyal heart!
Can such fidelity be possible,
Do mortals knit so close?
Marcia — They died together,
If he were in the palace.
Didius — Nay, I trust —
At noon he crossed the Stadium leisurely —
You are not yet a widow. [*Reënter* ABASCANTUS.
Abascantus,
There is a passion in your steps as if
The treasure vessels from your Syrian marts
Had touched at Ostia: check your eagerness,
For Pertinax is dead. When Cæsar dies,
He still is Cæsar, and the throne is shaken
As if an earthquake passed.
Abascantus — An hour ago
That was the talk of Rome. The corpse must cool
Before the funeral-rites; a yesterday
Must be of age, to interest. Noble patron,
The past is swept away, our policy

Changed on the instant, and the loaded coffers
I guard and with my watchfulness increase,
Surrendered to your service, for the world
Is now at auction, and your price the highest
That any Roman has the power to bid.
Come quickly to the camp.

Didius — You break designs
As if they were accomplishment.

Abascantus — They are
When revenue conducts them.

Marcia — Rome for sale!
The Empire offered! Didius, do not listen;
There is no verity behind this cry:
The world may be possessed in many ways,
It may not know its lord; but, oh, believe me,
It has its Cæsar; nothing alters that,
No howling of a little, greedy crowd.
Why should you rule this city? Have you raised it
To higher honor? Have you borne its griefs?
Will it remember you?

Abascantus — On all the coins
A safe, a graven memory.
(*To* DIDIUS) Do you stoop
To justify yourself to . . . oh, a lady
High in esteem, but not a lawful empress,
A Nazarene and friend of slaves. More meetly
You should desire the quickening approbation
Of wife and daughter. An imperial beauty
Is at your side, a noble consort, wealth
To make all unaccustomed places smooth
As the floor's treading . . . and you hesitate!
Come with me to the camp.

Didius — So suddenly
This fortune crosses me.

Clara — But claim it, father;
I stifle with impatience.

Manlia — Dearest husband,
You have the very majesty of Jove,
So gentle, so urbane, that you will slip
Into a throne nor note its quality.
All is so smooth!

Didius — Ay, in Olympus, smooth!
Among the happy gods, there I could rule;
But to contend . . . Go, treasurer, to the camp
With a large freedom. Bring me word again
How you have prospered.

Manlia — Say that he will rule
Nobly at Numa.
Didius — That would damage me,
That was the error of poor Pertinax.
Be lavish, Abascantus.
Abascantus — Come yourself.
Men do not win the world by sending stewards
With liberty of purchase; all is vain
Without the master's voice.
Didius — I will not come;
I cannot. Do I ever choose the slaves,
Or look upon my treasure till 'tis wiped
Of blood and filthy contact? Must I strive,
All Plutus in reserve? Do what you will,
Take any means, but keep me from the forum,
Men's faces; there are murderers in the crowd:
All men in mass are murderers. Stand aside,
Mutter your promises; if you can buy
A palace, paying honestly the price,
It is simply that . . .
Abascantus — (*Aside to* CLARA) Work on him;
I fear that woman. [*Exit.*
Didius — (*To* MARCIA) Is Rome bought and sold?
Alas, you see, she is a purchaser,
Is not ashamed to trade in noblest blood,
If once a state of servitude is owned:
We traffic in all creatures, and, if fate
Allow the traffic, we are justified.
Marcia —
You are forbidden; something holds you back.
Rome to be bought!
(*Showing the city*) Look there!
Didius — But if I stood,
An army at my back to overwhelm,
You would not interpose.
Marcia — It is the strong,
And they must be accoutered by the gods —
What helmets and what spears! — who may prevail
In circumstance so awful. Dare you call
The Mighty Helpers who have fought for Rome
To aid you in this enterprise? I know
The day will come she will bear many evils,
And many kingdoms build their seat on her:
But touch her with a menacle for gold!
O Didius, do not dream that what is done

Of foolish men can ever come to pass;
It is the Sibyl's books that are fulfilled,
The prophecies — no doings of a crowd;
They are laid by as dust. "If fate allow,"
You say, "the traffic!" You may change the current
And passage of whole kingdoms by not knowing
Just what is infamy: a common deed
It may be, nothing monstrous to the eye,
And yet your children may entreat the hills
To hide them from its terror. Be dissuaded:
I know what one may do, and what it is
To strike predestined blows: but this attempt
Will lead you to wide ruin.

Didius — Clara, child,
You lay this dearest head against my shoulder,
You clasp my arm as if to make entreaty;
But for your sake, if this should prove a gift
That secretly should blight you!

Clara — Give it me.
You say I am the apple of your eye,
You say I am your idol, praise my beauty,
And yet you shut it in the dark forever,
As you have shut away your murrhine vase,
If now you let another rise more high,
Another pass beyond me; be most sure
I never shall have pleasure any more
From any gift you give, in any honor
You may attempt to win, if you refuse
My marvelous, full title. Indiscreetly
Cornelius let it drop into my ear;
From him it has no meaning: you may breathe it,
And with it breathe of joy on all my youth.

Manlia —
Husband, I join my prayers.

Clara — There is no need,
For the great suit is won. I know when Jove
Flushes benignant.

Didius — Ah, Cornelius, see!
This is a smile to win, and you have heard
That I alone can win it. Is it so?

[*Reënter* ABASCANTUS.

Well, Abascantus, do we rule the world?

Abascantus —
You must appear in person. I have bribed
With promises, but still the soldiers shout,

"Let Didius come himself and raise the price
Sulpicianus bids."

Didius — Sulpicianus!
It is unseemly he should leave the corse
Of a dear son-in-law unvisited . . .

Abascantus —
His speech is artful, and your fluent lips
Are needed with their generosity,
For he is winning power the thievish way
Of subtle eloquence.

Cornelius — If you should speak,
Most gracious sir, we cannot doubt the issue;
Your golden mouth and not your golden coffers
Will earn you sovereignty.

Didius — If I must speak?
Why, so — it is my gift! Sulpicianus
Will scarcely there be master. You must leave me
To ponder on my periods. By and bye,
If with security I can provide
These palaces and thrones.
(*To* MARCIA) Eclectus lives,
Marcia, be sure of that, and if I rule
Shall be most dear to me in trust. Go in!

[*Exeunt all but* ABASCANTUS *and* GABBA, *who has been forgotten.*

And treasurer, count my gold.

Abascantus — No counting now;
You must appease the soldiers, or, inflamed,
They lift Sulpicianus on their shields.
You lose the precious instant.

Didius — Face this Rome,
This populace! I never wanted words,
They streamed up to my lips so fluently;
And now I am ashamed and cannot speak.
But leave me — count my gold; for if my treasure
Lie not in solid heaps upon the floor
I will not stir a foot. [*Exit* ABASCANTUS.
If this delay
Should save me from my doom! And yet I fear . . .
His jaws locked on a sudden — treasurer
Of the imperial chests! — while I must traverse
Wide halls and palaces with no more right
Than if I were a ghost; I am not Cæsar;
Marcia said true; and now this awful charge
Is laid upon me, a strange emptiness

Fills me with lassitude. How should I speak?
These Roman citizens, who were my neighbors,
Who were my friends, are foreign to me now:
If they will be my slaves, they may be happy;
But that is the condition, and to that
Will the prætorians yield? I am struck dumb.
The gold must speak; for at whatever price
Rome rate herself I am her purchaser,
And the great gods, the silent companies,
Must sit around and scoff. . . .

[*Reënter* ABASCANTUS.

Abascantus— How just!
My patron, we must part with him and quickly
To the new emperor.

Didius— Thus the coffers doom.
You have been long away.

Abascantus— In colloquy
With logic and with chance. Sulpicianus
Will offer at the least five thousand drachms.
To every soldier: of his honesty
He can pledge that.

Didius— And I a thousand more.
We have these sums, or they are on the way.

Abascantus—
They never will arrive: but you must go
And bray like Hercules, no point reserved,
If you would give your heaps of jewels light,
See your rare vases placed, and claim the service
Of Pylades, the wing-foot dancer, perfect
As gem or vase. And there must be no question,
No scruple, if Augusta and her dwarf . . .

Didius—
Clara Augusta! But revolted soldiers . . .

Gabba—
Murder!

Abascantus— And bloodshed! Hail, Sulpicianus!
Ours is but merchant's traffic.

Didius— I will bid.

ARMINIUS DESTROYS VARUS'S ARMY.

By DION CASSIUS.

(Translated for this work.)

[Dion Cassius Cocceianus, Roman historian, was born at Nicæa, A.D. 155, son of a provincial governor. Going to Rome on his father's death, he was admitted to the Senate about the time of Marcus Aurelius's death; was advocate, ædile, and quæstor, during Commodus's reign; made prætor by Pertinax, he held the office under Septimius Severus, was provincial governor under Macrinus, and made consul about 220, probably by Heliogabalus; proconsul of Africa and imperial legate under Alexander Severus, the latter made him consul again in 229, but he retired soon after to his native place, and died there. Of his immense "History of Rome," in eighty books, only a small part is extant.]

Germanicus brought news of the victory [of Tiberius over the Pannonians], and the consequent glorifying of the imperial name for Augustus and Tiberius; and a triumph was decreed — among other honors, two memorial arches in Pannonia, which were to be permanent trophies. . . .

While these decrees were still fresh, adverse news from Germany prevented the celebrations. This is what was going on there at that very time: —

The Romans held certain spots in Germany, not connectedly, but as they could take them by force here and there; at these places the Roman soldiers made winter quarters, and built villages. The barbarians soon adopted their ways of life, came together in the market place, and mingled peacefully with them; yet their own ancestral usages, their ingrained habits, the influence of liberty and of arms, were not wholly forgotten. Thus while, kept under this oversight, they gradually and to some extent unlearned the old, they bore the change in their life willingly because they did not perceive it.

Now when Quintilius Varus, made prefect of Germany after administering Syria, on taking the reins of government began suddenly to transform this people, — to rule them as subjects in serfdom, and exact money from them as from conquered foes, — the Germans would not bear the performance: the leaders coveting their lost chieftainship, the people their wonted manner of life before the foreign domination. But because, since many Romans dwelt along the Rhine and many among themselves, they did not dare attempt open rebellion, they treated Varus with apparently entire submission to his orders;

and tolled him far from the Rhine, to the bounds of the Cherusci and to the river Visurgis (Weser). There, living in the utmost peace and friendship toward him, they inveigled him into the belief that they could be held in servitude otherwise than by military force. Varus, therefore, did not keep his troops together in one spot, as should be done in a hostile country: he dispersed many of them among the weaker tribes, who asked for them on the pretext of strengthening town garrisons, or hunting down robbers, or convoying supplies in safety. Among those who were conspiring, Arminius and Segimerus, the leaders both in the plots and the war which was being kindled, were always in company with Varus and very often feasting with him.

While Varus was thus confident, anticipating no evil, and not only withdrew his trust from those who, suspecting how matters stood, warned him to beware, but even censured them for being causelessly alarmed over him and bringing odium on the rest, — suddenly out of the quiet, some of the distant German tribes revolted; undoubtedly because Varus marching against them would be handier to slaughter from his belief that he had a friendly district to traverse, and could not protect himself when war was suddenly raised by all at once.

This plan was approved by the event. They [the "friendly" tribes] urged on the departing army, themselves remaining at home [ostensibly] to make ready as auxiliaries and come swiftly with help. Their forces — already at hand in a designated place — being soon gathered, and the Roman soldiers massacred whom each had among them, previously gotten from Varus; having overtaken him while sticking fast in the pathless forest, the enemy suddenly showed themselves in their true colors, and inflicted vast and varied havoc on the Roman army. For here there were mountains full of ravines and inequalities of ground, and exceedingly close-set trees; so that the Romans before the enemy attacked them were tired out with cutting, and road and bridge making, and many other things of the sort they had to do. They had in train also many carts and beasts of burden, as in time of peace, and not a few children and women and a numerous other attendance followed after, so that it formed on that account a much scattered line of march. Meanwhile rains with high winds came on, and dispersed them still more; while the ground, having become slippery around the roots and [fallen] trunks of trees, made

them stumble in walking, and the tree-tops breaking off and falling threw them into confusion.

The Romans being thus in such helplessness, the barbarians suddenly from every direction at once, through the dense coverts before mentioned, surrounded them, who were used to beaten roads, and at first shot at them from a distance; then, as no one defended himself and many were wounded, they joined battle: for the Romans, not marching in any order, but promiscuously among the carts and the unarmed, could not easily be collected into any sort of bodies; and being singly always fewer than their assailants, they suffered much without being able to retaliate.

Then they encamped there, having chosen as suitable a place as was feasible on a wooded mountain; and having afterwards burned and broken up most of the vehicles not absolutely indispensable to them, and drawn themselves up in order of battle, they marched somewhat better on the following day, so that they managed to advance into a cleared space, though they by no means escaped without bloodshed. Then setting out into the woods, they were again attacked; and though they defended themselves against their assailants, they profited scarcely at all by it, for this reason: that being collected in a narrow space, cavalry and infantry crowded together in the same spot, when they were attacked many fell by each other's means and many on account of the trees.

So the third day came to them on the march: and again a furious rain and violent wind, beating on them, not only hindered them from either going forward or standing firmly, but deprived them of the use of their weapons and armor; for neither their arrows, javelins, nor shields being other than quite soaked through, they could not be used effectively. To the enemy, as they were mostly destitute of armor and able to advance or retreat in safety, these things mattered less. By this time also the natives were far more numerous (for at the outset the rest were hesitating, and only joined them for the sake of the spoil); and the Romans being fewer (for many had been killed in the previous battles), they were more easily surrounded and slain.

Varus, therefore, and others of most distinction, fearing lest they might be taken alive and put to death by these fiercest of enemies (for they were wounded), summoned fortitude for a deed of dreadful necessity, for they slew themselves. When

this was announced, no one defended himself any longer, even if his strength was sufficient for it: all imitated their leader, and, casting away their arms, suffered whoever would to kill them; for no one could fly, however much he wished. So now every man and beast could be safely slain. And all might have been killed or captured, had not the barbarians been occupied in plundering the spoil; whereby the strongest made their escape.

[Gap in MS. here. But Zonaras, a Byzantine compiler of the twelfth century, who in this part not only uses Dion Cassius as his chief authority, but often copies his very words, has the following passage, which supplies it:—]

The barbarians captured all the fortifications but one, which kept them so busy that they neither crossed the Rhine nor invaded Gaul. But that one they were not able to master, because they were unskilled in the art of besieging, and the Romans showered darts upon them, by which they were driven back and many slain. After this, learning that the Romans had placed a guard at the Rhine, and that Tiberius was advancing with a powerful army, many abandoned the attempt on the fortification; and the rest, drawing away from it so as not to suffer harm from those within, guarded the roads, hoping to capture them by starvation. But the Romans within, so long as they had plenty of provisions, remained in the place waiting for succor; then, as no one brought help to them and they were suffering from hunger, watching for a stormy night they stole away (there were few soldiers and many non-combatants), and ——

—— passed the first and second fortress [of the barbarians] in safety; but when they reached the third they were discovered, by reason of the women and children continually calling to the grown men for help, from fear and fatigue in the darkness and cold. But the trumpeters who were with them, playing a brisk march, made the enemy believe (for night had fallen and they could not see) that they had come from Asprenas. By this means they checked the pursuit; and Asprenas, hearing what had happened, did really bring succor to them. And some of those captured gained their freedom afterward, being ransomed by their relatives; for that was permitted to be done if they would remain outside Italy.

ECLOGUE.

On the Accession of a Young Emperor.

By CALPURNIUS SICULUS.

(Translated for this work.)

[Nothing whatever is known of the author but his name, and his date has been set all the way from the time of Nero (A.D. 54–68) to that of Carinus (283). But internal evidence seems to fix the first of his eleven eclogues (here translated) in October, 238, three months after the accession of Gordian III. He imitated not only Virgil but Virgil's imitators; but he is the first talented extant follower of Virgil in the bucolics.]

Ornitus —

Not yet are the sun-horses tamed as the summer declines to its end,
Though under the weight of the juice-laden clusters the wine-presses bend,
And with guttering murmur the foamy new must gushes into the air.

Corydon —

Ornitus, look, notice the cows that my father gave into my care,
How under their broad shaggy flanks they are quietly folding the knee.
Why should not we repose too in the shade of this neighboring tree?
Why shield our blistering faces with only a cap from the heat?

Ornitus —

Rather this grove, brother Corydon; there let us seek a retreat
In the grots of our father Faunus, where the pine forest sheds
Its slender tresses, and softens the glare of the sun on our heads;
Where under its roots the great beech-tree shelters the bubbling spring,
And amid its wide-spreading branches entangles the shadows they fling.

Corydon —

Wherever you call me, Ornitus, I follow; for while my delight,
My Leuce, denies me embraces and all the enjoyments of night,
She has made a clear path for my use to the shrine of the horn-bearing Faun.

Ornitus —

Take then these pipes, and if any choice air you have mastered, play on;
Nor shall my flute to accompany fail you — a workmanlike deed
Of versatile Lygdon's, made recently out of a fully grown reed.

And now we will lie down together, out of the sunshine's reach.
But what is the holy inscription I see carven here on the beech,
Which some one I know not has lately engraved with a hurrying blade?

Corydon —

Do you notice how green, too, the message has kept all the tracings he made,
Not yawning in open-mouthed rifts as of so many mouths gone adry?
Bring your eyes nearer, Ornitus — you can read quicker than I
Writing carved high on the bark of a tree; for your father before you
Was lengthy and bulky between joints; and likewise the mother that bore you,
Not being jealous, injected no dwarfishness into your blood.

Ornitus —

No shepherd, no wandering wayfarer did this in trifling mood;
The god himself sung it — naught cattle-bred my reading of it espies,
Nor marks the inspired composition the use of our mountain cries.

Corydon —

Marvels you tell; so let not your eyes wander, but hasten along,
And read out for both of us straightway the lines of this heavenly song.

Ornitus (reads) —

"Faunus am I, sprung from Æther; the mountain and wood are my care;
I sing to the people good tidings; delight in this fashion to bear
Such jubilant songs of what waits them from Fate's manifested decree.
Denizens ye of the forest, rejoice with me; every man's cattle at last
May wander at large without danger; the shepherd, no longer afraid,
Cares not at night his inclosure to guard with fascine barricade;
No longer the plunderer skulking lays snares for the sheep on their way,
Nor loosing the draught-horses' halter, decamps in the night with his prey.
Peace and security with us, the golden age is reborn;
Bountiful Justice at last upon earth is allowed to return,
Cleansed from her filth and her mold; a blest era succeeds to the gloom,

Led by a youth who has sported with issues of law from the womb.
While he rules in his godhead, Bellona, the worst of the heavenly band,
Bound by him with her hands tied behind her and stripped of her weapons shall stand,
Turning her old lacerations against her own maddening breast;
And e'en as all nations have known civil war at her evil behest,
So will she war with herself; for no Philips has Rome now to mourn,
Nor triumphs to lead with herself as the chief of the captives forlorn.
Off to the dungeons of Tartarus all the War brood shall take flight,
Bury their heads in the shadows, and fear to come forth to the light.
Snow-white Peace shall be with us; nor white as to visage alone, —
Such as full oft was the masking, all open hostilities done,
Of her who when far-off assailants were vanquished, by ambushes laid
Spread terror and hate through the people, with silent and treacherous blade.
All the crimes of the feigners of peace he has ordered to pack and be gone
Far, far away, and fair Clemency buries the swords that are drawn.
With no funeral pomp of a Senate in chains will his service of gore
Weary the headsman; with prisons o'erflowing, no more
Shall the Curia count the few Fathers still left from the Senate of yore.
Quiet profound shall there be, with the drawing of weapons unknown,
That shall call back fresh reigns of old Saturn to Latium's long desecrate throne;
Fresh reigns of Numa, who first to the hot-hearted Roman array,
Exulting in slaughter, and burning afield to engage in the fray,
Taught the employments of peace, and with arms become silent around,
Ordered the flutes for the sacrifice, not for the battle, to sound.
No more shall the shade of a phantom distinction be sold on the block,
Nor, silenced, the powerless fasces and judgment seat naught but a mock

Shall a consul accept; but with law's return, justice for all shall there come,
Giving us back both the guise and the wont of the Forum of Rome.
Jubilate, ye of the uttermost race next the South Wind that lies,
Tills the boisterous Boreal region, or neighbors the Orient skies,
Or dwells in the realm of the Sunset, or burns in the middlemost air.
Notice ye how shines the twentieth night in the heaven so fair?
How it shows us the peace-bringing comet set off with its radiant glow?
How the limpid star is transmitted unmarred to the watchers below?
Does the torch, as it oft has, besprinkle the heavens from pole unto pole
With fires all ensanguined, and sparkle with blood flaming over the whole?
Not such as the present the past was, when, Cæsar snatched off in his prime,
It pointed to fatal embroilments, the people chastised for the crime.
Most plainly a true god has taken the weight of the empire at last,
In his strong arms upbearing it, so that unshaken through all it has passed;
No crash of its fall shall resound through the world when it changes its head,
Nor shall Rome from its punishments deem that the holy Penates are dead,
The sun set save now that it longingly sees one arise in the sky."

Corydon —

Ornitus, just now, as though filled with the sense that the god was anigh,
I trembled; a feeling stole o'er me where terror and joy intertwine;
But now of the eloquent Faun let us worship the godhead benign.

Ornitus —

We will voice in his honor the carols the god has himself brought us here,
And out from the flute's polished throat shall the music sound lofty and clear;
Perchance Melibœus may waft it to reach the great Emperor's ear.

KING GOLL.

(THIRD CENTURY.)

By W. B. YEATS.

Mine was a chair of skins and gold,
Wolf-breeding mountains, galleried Eman,
Mine were clan Morna's tribes untold,
Many a landsman, many a seaman.
Chaired in a cushioned otter skin,
Fields fattening slow, men wise in joy,
I ruled and ruled my life within,
Peace-making, mild, a kingly boy.
And every whispering old man said,
Bending low his fading head,
"This young man brings the age of gold."
(They will not hush, the leaves aflutter round me—
the beech leaves old.)

Splashed all with clay and journey dull,
Cried a herald, "To our valleys
Comes a sea king masterful
To fill with cows his hollow galleys."
From rolling valley and rivery glen,
With horsemen hurrying near and far,
I drew at evening my mailed men,
And under the blink o' the morning star
Fell on the pirates by the deep,
And they inherit the great sleep.
These hands slew many a seaman bold.
(They will not hush, the leaves aflutter round me—
the beech leaves old.)

But slowly as I shouting slew
And trampled in the bubbling mire,
In my most secret spirit grew
A fever and a whirling fire.
I paused — the stars above me shone,
And shone around the eyes of men;
I paused — and far away rushed on,
Over the heath and spongy fen,
And crumpled in my hands the staff
Of my long spear with scream and laugh

And song that down the valleys rolled.
(They will not hush, the leaves aflutter round me —
the beech leaves old.)

And now I wander in the woods
Where summer gluts the golden bees,
Or in autumnal solitudes
Arise the leopard-colored trees;
Or where along the wintry strands
The cormorants shiver on their rocks,
I wander on and wave my hands,
And sing and shake my heavy locks.
The gray wolf knows me; by one ear
I lead along the woodland deer,
And hares run near me growing bold.
(They will not hush, the leaves aflutter round me —
the beech leaves old.)

Once, while within a little town
That slumbered 'neath the harvest moon,
I passed atiptoe up and down,
Murmuring a mountain tune
Of how I hear on hill heads high
A tramping of tremendous feet.
I saw this harp all songless lie
Deserted in a doorway seat,
And bore it to the woods with me.
Of some unhuman misery
Our married voices wildly trolled.
(They will not hush, the leaves aflutter round me —
the beech leaves old.)

And toads, and every outlawed thing,
With eyes of sadness rose to hear,
From pools and rotting leaves, me sing
The song of outlaws and their fear.
My singing sang me fever-free;
My singing fades, the strings are torn;
I must away by wood and sea
And lift an ulalu forlorn,
And fling my laughter to the sun —
For my remembering hour is done —
In all his evening vapors rolled.
(They will not hush, the leaves aflutter round me —
the beech leaves old.)

Gathering Fuel

After the etching by Frederick Slocomb

TRUE FASTING, AND PURITY OF BODY.

(From "The Pastor" of Hermas.)

[HERMAS is the name assigned to the unknown author of this work of fiction, from its frequent occurrence in the book, but without reason. The work was exceedingly popular in the early Church; it seems to have been written in Rome, toward the end of Hadrian's reign.]

WHILE fasting and sitting on a certain mountain, and giving thanks to the Lord for all His dealings with me, I see the Shepherd sitting down beside me, and saying, "Why have you come hither [so] early in the morning?" "Because, sir," I answered, "I have a station." "What is a station?" he asked. "I am fasting, sir," I replied. "What is this fasting," he continued, "which you are observing?" "As I have been accustomed, sir," I reply, "so I fast." "You do not know," he says, "how to fast unto the Lord: this useless fasting which you observe to Him is of no value." "Why, sir," I answered, "do you say this?" "I say to you," he continued, "that the fasting which you think you observe is not a fasting. But I will teach you what is a full and acceptable fasting to the Lord. Listen," he continued: "God does not desire such an empty fasting. For fasting to God in this way you will do nothing for a righteous life; but offer to God a fasting of the following kind: Do no evil in your life, and serve the Lord with a pure heart: keep His commandments, walking in His precepts, and let no evil desire arise in your heart; and believe in God. If you do these things, and fear Him, and abstain from every evil thing, you will live unto God; and if you do these things, you will keep a great fast, and one acceptable before God.

"Hear the similitude which I am about to narrate to you relative to fasting. A certain man had a field and many slaves, and he planted a certain part of the field with a vineyard, and selecting a faithful and beloved and much valued slave, he called him to him, and said, 'Take this vineyard which I have planted, and stake it until I come, and do nothing else to the vineyard; and attend to this order of mine, and you shall receive your freedom from me.' And the master of the slave departed to a foreign country. And when he was gone, the slave took and staked the vineyard; and when he

have in injury, that you may live. But if, acknowledging the conspicuous trustworthiness of the virtues, you wish to trust them, come and I will set before you in abundance materials of persuasion respecting the Word. But do you, — for your ancestral customs, by which your minds are preoccupied, divert you from the truth, — do you now hear what is the real state of the case as follows.

And let not any shame of this name preoccupy you, which does great harm to men, and seduces them from salvation. Let us then openly strip for the contest, and nobly strive in the arena of truth, the holy Word being the judge, and the Lord of the universe prescribing the contest. For 'tis no insignificant prize, the guerdon of immortality which is set before us. Pay no more regard then, if you are rated by some of the low rabble who lead the dance of impiety, and are driven on to the same pit by their folly and insanity, makers of idols and worshipers of stones. For these have dared to deify men, — Alexander of Macedon, for example, whom they canonized as the thirteenth god, whose pretensions Babylon confuted, which showed him dead. I admire, therefore, the divine sophist. Theocritus was his name. After Alexander's death, Theocritus, holding up the vain opinions entertained by men respecting the gods to ridicule before his fellow-citizens, said, "Men, keep up your hearts as long as you see the gods dying sooner than men." And, truly, he that worships gods that are visible, and the promiscuous rabble of creatures begotten and born, and attaches himself to them, is a far more wretched object than the very demons. For God is by no manner of means unrighteous as the demons are, but in the very highest degree righteous; and nothing more resembles God than one of us when he becomes righteous in the highest possible degree: —

> Go into the way, the whole tribe of you handicraftsmen,
> Who worship Jove's fierce-eyed daughter, the working-goddess,
> With fans duly placed, fools that ye are,

fashioners of stones, and worshipers of them. Let your Phidias and Polycletus, and your Praxiteles and Apelles too, come, and all that are engaged in mechanical arts, who, being themselves of the earth, are workers of the earth. "For then," says a certain prophecy, "the affairs here turn out unfortunately, when men put their trust in images." Let the meaner artists, too, — for I will not stop calling, — come. None of these ever

will show you. [Keep the commandments of the Lord, and you will be approved, and inscribed amongst the number of those who observe His commands.] And if you do any good beyond what is commanded by God, you will gain for yourself more abundant glory, and will be more honored by God than you would otherwise be. If, therefore, in keeping the commandments of God, you do, in addition, these services, you will have joy if you observe them according to my command." I said to him, "Sir, whatsoever you enjoin upon me I will observe, for I know that you are with me." "I will be with you," he replied, "because you have such a desire for doing good; and I will be with all those," he added, "who have such a desire. This fasting," he continued, "is very good, provided the commandments of the Lord be observed. Thus, then, shall you observe the fasting which you intend to keep. First of all, be on your guard against every evil word, and every evil desire, and purify your heart from all the vanities of this world. If you guard against these things, your fasting will be perfect. And you will do also as follows. Having fulfilled what is written, in the day on which you fast you will taste nothing but bread and water; and having reckoned up the price of the dishes of that day which you intended to have eaten, you will give it to a widow, or an orphan, or to some person in want, and thus you will exhibit humility of mind, so that he who has received benefit from your humility may fill his own soul, and pray for you to the Lord. If you observe fasting, as I have commanded you, your sacrifice will be acceptable to God, and this fasting will be written down: and the service thus performed is noble, and sacred, and acceptable to the Lord. These things, therefore, shall you thus observe with your children, and all your house, and in observing them you will be blessed; and as many as hear these words and observe them shall be blessed; and whatsoever they ask of the Lord they shall receive."

I prayed him much that he would explain to me the similitude of the field, and of the master of the vineyard, and of the slave who staked the vineyard, and of the stakes, and of the weeds that were plucked out of the vineyard, and of the son, and of the friends who were fellow-councilors, for I knew that all these things were a kind of parable. And he answered me, and said: "You are exceedingly persistent with your questions. You ought not," he continued, "to ask any questions at all; for if it is needful to explain anything, it will be made known

to you." I said to him, "Sir, whatsoever you show me, and do not explain, I shall have seen to no purpose, not understanding its meaning. In like manner also, if you speak parables to me, and do not unfold them, I shall have heard your words in vain." And he answered me again, saying, "Every one who is the servant of God, and has his Lord in his heart, asks of Him understanding, and receives it, and opens up every parable; and the words of the Lord become known to him which are spoken in parables. But those who are weak and slothful in prayer, hesitate to ask anything from the Lord; but the Lord is full of compassion, and gives without fail to all who ask Him. But you, having been strengthened by the holy Angel, and having obtained from Him such intercession, and not being slothful, why do you not ask of the Lord understanding and receive it from Him?" I said to him, "Sir, having, you with me, I am necessitated to ask questions of you, for you show me all things, and converse with me; but if I were to see or hear these things without you, I would then ask the Lord to explain them."

"I said to you a little ago," he answered, "that you were cunning and obstinate in asking explanations of the parables; but since you are so persistent, I shall unfold to you the meaning of the similitudes of the field, and of all the others that follow, that you may make them known to every one. Hear now," he said, "and understand them. The field is this world; and the Lord of the field is He who created, and perfected, and strengthened all things; [and the son is the Holy Spirit;] and the slave is the Son of God; and the vines are this people, whom He Himself planted; and the stakes are the holy angels of the Lord, who keep His people together; and the weeds that were plucked out of the vineyard are the iniquities of God's servants; and the dishes which He sent him from His table are the commandments which He gave His people through His Son; and the friends and fellow-councilors are the holy angels who were first created; and the Master's absence from home is the time that remains until His appearing." I said to him, "Sir, all these are great, and marvelous, and glorious things. Could I, therefore," I continued, "understand them? No, nor could any other man, even if exceedingly wise. Moreover," I added, "explain to me what I am about to ask you." "Say what you wish," he replied. "Why, sir," I asked, "is the Son of God in the parable in the form of a slave?"

"Hear," he answered, "the Son of God is not in the form of a slave, but in great power and might." "How so, sir?" I said; "I do not understand." "Because," he answered, "God planted the vineyard, that is to say, He created the people, and gave them to His Son; and the Son appointed His angels over them to keep them; and He Himself purged away their sins, having suffered many trials and undergone many labors, for no one is able to dig without labor and toil. He Himself, then, having purged away the sins of the people, showed them the paths of life by giving them the law which He received from His Father. [You see," he said, "that He is the Lord of the people, having received all authority from His Father.] And why the Lord took His Son as councilor, and the glorious angels, regarding the heirship of the slave, listen. The holy, preëxistent Spirit, that created every creature, God made to dwell in flesh, which He chose. This flesh, accordingly, in which the Holy Spirit dwelt, was nobly subject to that Spirit, walking religiously and chastely, in no respect defiling the Spirit; and accordingly, after living excellently and purely, and after laboring and coöperating with the Spirit, and having in everything acted vigorously and courageously along with the Holy Spirit, He assumed it as a partner with it. For this conduct of the flesh pleased Him, because it was not defiled on the earth while having the Holy Spirit. He took, therefore, as fellow-councilors His Son and the glorious angels, in order that this flesh, which had been subject to the body without a fault, might have some place of tabernacle, and that it might not appear that the reward [of its servitude had been lost]; for the flesh has been found without spot or defilement, in which the Holy Spirit dwelt [will receive a reward]. You now have the explanation of this parable also."

"I rejoice, sir," I said, "to hear this explanation." "Hear," again he replied: "Keep this flesh pure and stainless, that the Spirit which inhabits it may bear witness to it, and your flesh may be justified. See that the thought never arise in your mind that this flesh of yours is corruptible, and you misuse it by any act of defilement. If you defile your flesh, you will also defile the Holy Spirit; and if you defile your flesh [and spirit], you will not live."

THE CONSERVATISM OF HEATHENDOM.

BY CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

[TITUS FLAVIUS CLEMENS, "Alexandrinus," one of the chief and earliest philosophers who constructed the metaphysical bases of historic Christian doctrine, enrolled as a saint until Benedict XIV. struck his name off the calendar, flourished about A.D. 200. He was a pagan, converted to Christianity. His birthplace is uncertain, but he became presbyter of the church of Alexandria. Origen was his pupil. Nothing is known of his further fortunes or time of death. He was a man of immense learning, both in Greek literature and philosophy and Christian speculation, and of the loftiest life.]

BUT you say it is not creditable to subvert the customs handed down to us from our fathers. And why, then, do we not still use our first nourishment, milk, to which our nurses accustomed us from the time of our birth? Why do we increase or diminish our patrimony, and not keep it exactly the same as we got it? Why do we not still vomit on our parents' breasts, or still do the things for which, when infants, and nursed by our mothers, we were laughed at, but have corrected ourselves even if we did not fall in with good instructors? Then, if excesses in the indulgence of the passions, though pernicious and dangerous, yet are accompanied with pleasure, why do we not in the conduct of life abandon that usage which is evil, and provocative of passion, and godless, even should our fathers feel hurt, and betake ourselves to the truth, and seek Him who is truly our Father, rejecting custom as a deleterious drug? For of all that I have undertaken to do, the task I now attempt is the noblest, viz. to demonstrate to you how inimical this insane and most wretched custom is to godliness. For a boon so great, the greatest ever given by God to the human race, would never have been hated and rejected, had not you been carried away by custom, and then shut your ears against us; and just as unmanageable horses throw off the reins, and take the bit between their teeth, you rush away from the arguments addressed to you, in your eager desire to shake yourselves clear of us, who seek to guide the chariot of your life, and, impelled by your folly, dash towards the precipices of destruction, and regard the holy word of God as an accursed thing. The reward of your choice, therefore, as described by Sophocles, follows: —

> The mind a blank, useless ears, vain thoughts.

And you know not that, of all truths, this is the truest, that the good and godly shall obtain the good reward, inasmuch as they

held goodness in high esteem; while, on the other hand, the wicked shall receive meet punishment. For the author of evil, torment has been prepared; and so the prophet Zecharias threatens him: "He that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee; lo, is not this a brand plucked from the fire?" What an infatuated desire, then, for voluntary death is this, rooted in men's minds! Why do they flee to this fatal brand, with which they shall be burned, when it is within their power to live nobly according to God, and not according to custom? For God bestows life freely; but evil custom, after our departure from this world brings on the sinner unavailing remorse with punishment. By sad experience, even a child knows how superstition destroys and piety saves. Let any of you look at those who minister before the idols, their hair matted, their persons disgraced with filthy and tattered clothes; who never come near a bath, and let their nails grow to an extraordinary length, like wild beasts; many of them castrated, who show the idol's temples to be in reality graves or prisons. These appear to me to bewail the gods, not to worship them, and their sufferings to be worthy of pity rather than piety. And seeing these things, do you still continue blind, and will you not look up to the Ruler of all, the Lord of the universe? And will you not escape from those dungeons, and flee to the mercy that comes down from heaven? For God of His great love comes to the help of man, as the mother bird flies to one of her young that has fallen out of the nest; and if a serpent open its mouth to swallow the little bird, "the mother flutters round, uttering cries of grief over her dear progeny;" and God the Father seeks His creature, and heals his transgression, and pursues the serpent, and recovers the young one, and incites it to fly up to the nest.

Thus dogs that have strayed track out their master by the scent; and horses that have thrown their riders come to their master's call if he but whistle. "The ox," it is said, "knoweth its owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel hath not known me." What, then, of the Lord? He remembers not our ill desert; He still pities, He still urges us to repentance.

And I would ask you, if it does not appear to you monstrous, that you men who are God's handiwork, who have received your souls from Him, and belong wholly to God, should be subject to another master, and, what is more, serve the tyrant instead of the rightful King — the evil one instead of the good? For, in the name of truth, what man in his senses turns his back on good, and attaches himself to evil? What, then, is he who flees

But since they say that they regard Him as a just God, and we as one who is at the same time good and just, let us consider how the good and just God could harden the heart of Pharaoh. See, then, whether, by an illustration used by the apostle in the Epistle to the Hebrews, we are able to prove that by one operation God has mercy upon one man while He hardens another, although not intending to harden; but, [although] having a good purpose, hardening follows as a result of the inherent principle of wickedness in such persons, and so He is said to harden him who is hardened. "The earth," he says, "which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them for whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God; but that which beareth thorns and briers is rejected, and is nigh to cursing, whose end is to be burned." As respects the rain, then, there is one operation; and there being one operation as regards the rain, the ground which is cultivated produces fruit, while that which is neglected and is barren produces thorns. Now, it might seem profane for Him who rains to say, "I produced the fruits, and the thorns that are in the earth;" and yet, although profane, it is true. For, had rain not fallen, there would have been neither fruits nor thorns; but, having fallen at the proper time and in moderation, both were produced. The ground, now, which drank in the rain which often fell upon it, and yet produced thorns and briers, is rejected and nigh to cursing. The blessing, then, of the rain descended even upon the inferior land; but it, being neglected and uncultivated, yielded thorns and thistles. In the same way, therefore, the wonderful works also done by God are, as it were, the rain; while the differing purposes are, as it were, the cultivated and neglected land, being [yet], like earth, of one nature.

And as if the sun, uttering a voice, were to say, "I liquefy and dry up," liquefaction and drying up being opposite things, he would not speak falsely as regards the point in question, wax being melted and mud being dried by the same heat; so the same operation, which was performed through the instrumentality of Moses, proved the hardness of Pharaoh on the one hand, the result of his wickedness, and the yielding of the mixed Egyptian multitude who took their departure with the Hebrews. And the brief statement that the heart of Pharaoh was softened, as it were, when he said, "But ye shall not go far: ye will go a three days' journey and leave your wives,"

the bastard, who is a son of perdition, foredoomed to be the slave of mammon, has to buy for money, He assigns to thee as thine own, even to His own son who loves the Father; for whose sake He still works, and to whom alone He promises, saying, "The land shall not be sold in perpetuity," for it is not destined to corruption. "For the whole land is mine;" and it is thine too, if thou receive God. Wherefore, the Scriptures, as might have been expected, proclaims good news to those who have believed. "The saints of the Lord shall inherit the glory of God and His power." What glory, tell me, O blessed One, which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man"; and "they shall be glad in the kingdom of their Lord for ever and ever! Amen." You have, O men, the divine promise of grace; you have heard, on the other hand, the threatening of punishment: by these the Lord saves, teaching men by fear and grace. Why do we delay? Why do we not shun the punishment? Why do we not receive the free gift? Why, in fine, do we not choose the better part, God instead of the evil one, and prefer wisdom to idolatry, and take life in exchange for death? "Behold," He says, "I have set before your face death and life." The Lord tries you, that "you may choose life." He counsels you as a father to obey God. "For if ye hear me," He says, "and be willing, ye shall eat the good things of the land:" this is the grace attached to obedience. "But if ye obey me not, and are unwilling, the sword and fire shall devour you:" this is the penalty of disobedience. For the mouth of the Lord — the law of truth, the word of the Lord — hath spoken these things. Are you willing that I should be your good counselor? Well, do you hear. I, if possible, will explain. You ought, O men, when reflecting on the Good, to have brought forward a witness inborn and competent, viz. faith, which of itself, and from its own resources, chooses at once what is best, instead of occupying yourselves in painfully inquiring whether what is best ought to be followed. For, allow me to tell you, you ought to doubt whether you should get drunk, but you get drunk before reflecting on the matter; and whether you ought to do an injury, but you do injury with the utmost readiness. The only thing you make the subject of question is, whether God should be worshiped, and whether this wise God and Christ should be followed: and this you think requires deliberation and doubt, and know not what is worthy of God. Have faith in us, as you have in drunkenness, that you may be wise; have faith in us, as you

have in injury, that you may live. But if, acknowledging the conspicuous trustworthiness of the virtues, you wish to trust them, come and I will set before you in abundance materials of persuasion respecting the Word. But do you, — for your ancestral customs, by which your minds are preoccupied, divert you from the truth, — do you now hear what is the real state of the case as follows.

And let not any shame of this name preoccupy you, which does great harm to men, and seduces them from salvation. Let us then openly strip for the contest, and nobly strive in the arena of truth, the holy Word being the judge, and the Lord of the universe prescribing the contest. For 'tis no insignificant prize, the guerdon of immortality which is set before us. Pay no more regard then, if you are rated by some of the low rabble who lead the dance of impiety, and are driven on to the same pit by their folly and insanity, makers of idols and worshipers of stones. For these have dared to deify men, — Alexander of Macedon, for example, whom they canonized as the thirteenth god, whose pretensions Babylon confuted, which showed him dead. I admire, therefore, the divine sophist. Theocritus was his name. After Alexander's death, Theocritus, holding up the vain opinions entertained by men respecting the gods to ridicule before his fellow-citizens, said, "Men, keep up your hearts as long as you see the gods dying sooner than men." And, truly, he that worships gods that are visible, and the promiscuous rabble of creatures begotten and born, and attaches himself to them, is a far more wretched object than the very demons. For God is by no manner of means unrighteous as the demons are, but in the very highest degree righteous; and nothing more resembles God than one of us when he becomes righteous in the highest possible degree: —

> Go into the way, the whole tribe of you handicraftsmen,
> Who worship Jove's fierce-eyed daughter, the working-goddess,
> With fans duly placed, fools that ye are,

fashioners of stones, and worshipers of them. Let your Phidias and Polycletus, and your Praxiteles and Apelles too, come, and all that are engaged in mechanical arts, who, being themselves of the earth, are workers of the earth. "For then," says a certain prophecy, "the affairs here turn out unfortunately, when men put their trust in images." Let the meaner artists, too, — for I will not stop calling, — come. None of these ever

made a breathing image, or out of earth molded soft flesh. Who liquefied the marrow? or who solidified the bones? Who stretched the nerves? who distended the veins? Who poured the blood into them? or who spread the skin? Who ever could have made eyes capable of seeing? Who breathed spirit into the lifeless form? Who bestowed righteousness? Who promised immortality? The Maker of the universe alone; the Great Artist and Father has formed us, such a living image as man is. But your Olympian Jove, the image of an image, greatly out of harmony with truth, is the senseless work of Attic hands. For the image of God is His Word, the genuine Son of Mind, the Divine Word, the archetypal light of light; and the image of the Word is the true man, the mind which is in man, who is therefore said to have been made "in the image and likeness of God," assimilated to the Divine Word in the affections of the soul, and therefore rational; but effigies sculptured in human form, the earthly image of that part of man which is visible and earth-born, are but a perishable impress of humanity, manifestly wide of the truth. That life, then, which is occupied with so much earnestness about matter, seems to me to be nothing else than full of insanity. And custom, which has made you taste bondage and unreasonable care, is fostered by vain opinion; and ignorance, which has proved to the human race the cause of unlawful rites and delusive shows, and also of deadly plagues and hateful images, has, by devising many shapes of demons, stamped on all that follow it the mark of long-continued death. Receive, then, the water of the word; wash, ye polluted ones; purify yourselves from custom, by sprinkling yourselves with the drops of truth. The pure must ascend to heaven. Thou art a man, if we look to that which is most common to thee and others — seek Him who created thee; thou art a son, if we look to that which is thy peculiar prerogative — acknowledge thy Father. But do you still continue in your sins, engrossed with pleasures? To whom shall the Lord say, "Yours is the kingdom of heaven"? Yours, whose choice is set on God, if you will; yours, if you will only believe and comply with the brief terms of the announcement; which the Ninevites having obeyed, instead of the destruction they looked for, obtained a signal deliverance. How, then, may I ascend to heaven, is it said? The Lord is the way; a strait way, but leading from heaven; strait in truth, but leading back to heaven; strait, despised on earth; broad, adored in heaven.

ON FREE WILL.

By ORIGEN.

[Origenes, one of the greatest of the founders of Christian theology, by some reckoned the very greatest and the real architect of its doctrinal framework, and the one who did most to win it acceptance from the pagan world by reconciling it with ancient culture and science, was born of Christian parents at Alexandria, A.D. 185 or 186. Educated under Pantænus and Clement, at the only school then existing which taught Greek science and Scripture at once, he showed remarkable early talents. His father was martyred in 202, and the family beggared. The next year he became head of the school himself, at not over eighteen, and taught for twenty-eight years with enormous reputation; living an ascetic life, at first copying manuscripts for a living; studying philosophy and Hebrew, and writing textual and expository comments on the Scriptures, etc., and taking many journeys for cultivation and ecclesiastical objects. The bishop of Alexandria was jealous of him, and would never give him ecclesiastical consecration, so that he remained a layman. About the year 230 the bishops in Palestine ordained him; on which the Alexandrian bishop convened two synods, which banished him and degraded him to the lay status again. He went to Palestine, where his condemnation was not acknowledged, established a famous school in Cæsarea, and was persecuted there; traveled and lectured widely and wrote much; was imprisoned and ill-used in the persecution under Decius, 250; and died in peace, probably in 254.]

The rational animal, however, has, in addition to its phantasial nature, also reason, which judges the phantasies, and disapproves of some and accepts others, in order that the animal may be led according to them. Therefore, since there are in the nature of reason aids towards the contemplation of virtue and vice, by following which, after beholding good and evil, we select the one and avoid the other, we are deserving of praise when we give ourselves to the practice of virtue, and censurable when we do the reverse. We must not, however, be ignorant that the greater part of the nature assigned to all things is a varying quantity among animals, both in a greater and a less degree; so that the instinct in hunting dogs and in war-horses approaches somehow, so to speak, to the faculty of reason. Now, to fall under some one of those external causes which stir up within us this phantasy or that, is confessedly not one of those things that are dependent upon ourselves; but to determine that we shall use the occurrence in this way or differently, is the prerogative of nothing else than of the reason within us, which, as occasion offers, arouses us towards efforts inciting to what is virtuous and becoming, or turns us aside to what is the reverse.

Such being the case, to say that we are moved from without,

and to put away the blame from ourselves, by declaring that we are like to pieces of wood and stones, which are dragged about by those causes that act upon them from without, is neither true nor in conformity with reason, but is the statement of him who wishes to destroy the conception of free will. For if we were to ask such an one what was free will, he would say that it consisted in this, that when purposing to do some thing, no external cause came inciting to the reverse. But to blame, on the other hand, the mere constitution of the body, is absurd; for the disciplinary reason, taking hold of those who are most intemperate and savage (if they will follow her exhortation), effects a transformation, so that the alteration and change for the better is most extensive — the most licentious men frequently becoming better than those who formerly did not seem to be such by nature; and the most savage men passing into such a state of mildness, that those persons who never at any time were so savage as they were, appear savage in comparison, so great a degree of gentleness having been produced within them. And we see other men, most steady and respectable, driven from their state of respectability and steadiness by intercourse with evil customs, so as to fall into habits of licentiousness, often beginning their wickedness in middle age, and plunging into disorder after the period of youth has passed, which, so far as its nature is concerned, is unstable. Reason, therefore, demonstrates that external events do not depend on us, but that it is our own business to use them in this way or the opposite, having received reason as a judge and an investigator of the manner in which we ought to meet those events that come from without.

But since certain declarations of the Old Testament and of the New lead to the opposite conclusion, — namely, that it does not depend on ourselves to keep the commandments and to be saved, or to transgress them and to be lost, — let us adduce them one by one, and see the explanations of them, in order that from those which we adduce, any one selecting in a similar way all the passages that seem to nullify free will, may consider what is said about them by way of explanation. And now, the statements regarding Pharaoh have troubled many, respecting whom God declared several times, "I will harden Pharaoh's heart." For if he is hardened by God, and commits sin in consequence of being hardened, he is not the cause of sin to himself; and if so, then neither does Pharaoh possess free

will. And some will say that, in a similar way, they who perish have not free will, and will not perish of themselves. The declaration also in Ezekiel, "I will take away their stony hearts, and will put in them hearts of flesh, that they may walk in my precepts, and keep my commandments," might lead one to think that it was God who gave the power to walk in His commandments, and to keep His precepts, by His withdrawing the hindrance, — the stony heart, and implanting a better, — a heart of flesh. And let us look also at the passage in the Gospel — the answer which the Savior returns to those who inquired why He spoke to the multitude in parables. His words are, "That seeing they might not see; and hearing they may hear, and not understand; lest they should be converted, and their sins be forgiven them." The declarations, too, in other places, that "both to will and to do are of God"; "that God hath mercy upon whom He will have mercy, and whom He will He hardeneth. Thou wilt say then, Why doth He yet find fault? For who hath resisted His will?" "The persuasion is of Him that calleth, and not of us." "Nay, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that hath formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor?" Now these passages are sufficient of themselves to trouble the multitude, as if man were not possessed of free will, but as if it were God who saves and destroys whom He will.

Let us begin, then, with what is said about Pharaoh — that he was hardened by God, that he might not send away the people; along with which will be examined also the statement of the apostle, "Therefore hath He mercy on whom He will have mercy, and whom He will He hardeneth." And certain of those who hold different opinions misuse these passages, themselves also almost destroying free will by introducing ruined natures incapable of salvation, and others saved which it is impossible can be lost; and Pharaoh, they say, as being of a ruined nature, is therefore hardened by God, who has mercy upon the spiritual, but hardens the earthy. Let us see now what they mean. For we shall ask them if Pharaoh was of an earthy nature; and when they answer, we shall say that he who is of an earthy nature is altogether disobedient to God; but if disobedient, what need is there of his heart being hardened, and that not once, but frequently? Unless perhaps,

since it was possible for him to obey (in which case he would certainly have obeyed, as not being earthy, when hard pressed by the signs and wonders), God needs him to be disobedient to a greater degree, in order that He may manifest His mighty deeds for the salvation of the multitude, and therefore hardens his heart. This will be our answer to them in the first place, in order to overturn their supposition that Pharaoh was of a ruined nature. And the same reply must be given to them with respect to the statement of the apostle. For whom does God harden? Those who perish, as if they would obey unless they were hardened, or manifestly those who would be saved because they are not of a ruined nature. And on whom has He mercy? Is it on those who are to be saved? And how is there need of a second mercy for those who have been prepared once for salvation, and who will by all means become blessed on account of their nature? Unless perhaps, since they are capable of incurring destruction if they did not receive mercy, they will obtain mercy in order that they may not incur that destruction of which they are capable, but may be in the condition of those who are saved. And this is our answer to such persons.

But to those who think they understand the term "hardened," we must address the inquiry, What do they mean by saying that God, by His working, hardens the heart, and with what purpose does He do this? For let them observe the conception of a God who is in reality just and good; but if they will not allow this, let it be conceded to them for the present that He is just; and let them show how the good and just God, or the just God only, appears to be just, in hardening the heart of him who perishes because of his being hardened: and how the just God becomes the cause of destruction and disobedience, when men are chastened by Him on account of their hardness and disobedience. And why does He find fault with him, saying, "Thou wilt not let my people go;" "Lo, I will smite all the firstborn in Egypt, even thy firstborn;" and whatever else is recorded as spoken from God to Pharaoh through the intervention of Moses? For he who believes that the Scriptures are true, and that God is just, must necessarily endeavor, if he be honest, to show how God, in using such expressions, may be distinctly understood to be just. But if any one should stand, declaring with uncovered head that the Creator of the world was inclined to wickedness, we should need other words to answer them.

But since they say that they regard Him as a just God, and we as one who is at the same time good and just, let us consider how the good and just God could harden the heart of Pharaoh. See, then, whether, by an illustration used by the apostle in the Epistle to the Hebrews, we are able to prove that by one operation God has mercy upon one man while He hardens another, although not intending to harden; but, [although] having a good purpose, hardening follows as a result of the inherent principle of wickedness in such persons, and so He is said to harden him who is hardened. "The earth," he says, "which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them for whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God; but that which beareth thorns and briers is rejected, and is nigh to cursing, whose end is to be burned." As respects the rain, then, there is one operation; and there being one operation as regards the rain, the ground which is cultivated produces fruit, while that which is neglected and is barren produces thorns. Now, it might seem profane for Him who rains to say, "I produced the fruits, and the thorns that are in the earth;" and yet, although profane, it is true. For, had rain not fallen, there would have been neither fruits nor thorns; but, having fallen at the proper time and in moderation, both were produced. The ground, now, which drank in the rain which often fell upon it, and yet produced thorns and briers, is rejected and nigh to cursing. The blessing, then, of the rain descended even upon the inferior land; but it, being neglected and uncultivated, yielded thorns and thistles. In the same way, therefore, the wonderful works also done by God are, as it were, the rain; while the differing purposes are, as it were, the cultivated and neglected land, being [yet], like earth, of one nature.

And as if the sun, uttering a voice, were to say, "I liquefy and dry up," liquefaction and drying up being opposite things, he would not speak falsely as regards the point in question, wax being melted and mud being dried by the same heat; so the same operation, which was performed through the instrumentality of Moses, proved the hardness of Pharaoh on the one hand, the result of his wickedness, and the yielding of the mixed Egyptian multitude who took their departure with the Hebrews. And the brief statement that the heart of Pharaoh was softened, as it were, when he said, "But ye shall not go far: ye will go a three days' journey and leave your wives,"

and anything else which he said, yielding little by little before the signs, proves that the wonders made some impression even upon him, but did not accomplish all [that they might]. Yet even this would not have happened, if that which is supposed by the many — the hardening of Pharaoh's heart — had been produced by God Himself. And it is not absurd to soften down such expressions agreeably to common usage; for good masters often say to their slaves, when spoiled by their kindness and forbearance, "I have made you bad, and I am to blame for offenses of such enormity." For we must attend to the character and force of the phrase, and not argue sophistically, disregarding the meaning of the expression. Paul, accordingly, having examined these points clearly, says to the sinner: "Or despisest thou the riches of His goodness and forbearance and long-suffering, not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance? but, after thy hardness and impenitent heart, treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God." Now, let what the apostle says to the sinner be addressed to Pharaoh, and then the announcements made to him will be understood to have been made with peculiar fitness, as to one who, according to his hardness and unrepentant heart, was treasuring up to himself wrath; seeing that his hardness would not have been proved nor made manifest unless miracles had been performed, and miracles, too, of such magnitude and importance.

But since such narratives are slow to secure assent and are considered to be forced, let us see from the prophetical declarations also what those persons say who, although they have experienced the great kindness of God, have not lived virtuously, but have afterwards sinned. "Why, O Lord, hast Thou made us to err from Thy ways? Why hast Thou hardened our heart so as not to fear Thy name? Return for Thy servants' sake, for the tribes of Thine inheritance, that we may inherit a small portion of Thy holy mountain." And in Jeremiah, "Thou hast deceived me, O Lord, and I was deceived; Thou wert strong and Thou didst prevail." For the expression, "Why hast Thou hardened our heart so as not to fear Thy name?" uttered by those who are begging to receive mercy, is in its nature as follows: "Why hast Thou spared us so long, not visiting us because of our sins, but deserting us, until our transgressions come to a height?" Now He

leaves the greater part of men unpunished, both in order that the habits of each one may be examined, so far as it depends upon ourselves, and that the virtuous may be made manifest in consequence of the test applied, while the others, not escaping notice from God, — for He knows all things before they exist, — but, from the rational creation and themselves, may afterwards obtain the means of cure, seeing they would not have known the benefit had they not condemned themselves. It is of advantage to each one that he perceive his own peculiar nature and the grace of God. For he who does not perceive his own weakness and the divine favor, although he receive a benefit, yet, not having made trial of himself nor having condemned himself, will imagine that the benefit conferred upon him by the grace of Heaven is his own doing. And this imagination, producing also vanity, will be the cause of a downfall, which, we conceive, was the case with the devil, who attributed to himself the priority which he possessed when in a state of sinlessness. "For every one that exalteth himself shall be abased," and "every one that humbleth himself shall be exalted." And observe that for this reason divine things have been concealed from the wise and prudent, in order, as says the apostle, that "no flesh should glory in the presence of God"; and they have been revealed to babes, to those who after childhood have come to better things, and who remember that it is not so much from their own effort as by the unspeakable goodness [of God] that they have reached the greatest possible extent of blessedness.

It is not without reason, then, that he who is abandoned is abandoned to the divine judgment, and that God is long-suffering with certain sinners, but because it will be for their advantage, with respect to the immortality of the soul and the unending world, that they be not quickly brought into a state of salvation, but be conducted to it more slowly, after having experienced many evils. For as physicians who are able to cure a man quickly, when they suspect that a hidden poison exists in the body, do the reverse of healing, making this more certain through their very desire to heal, deeming it better for a considerable time to retain the patient under inflammation and sickness, in order that he may recover his health more surely, than to appear to produce a rapid recovery, and afterwards to cause a relapse, and thus that hasty cure last only for a time. In the same way, God also, who knows

the secret things of the heart and foresees future events, in His long-suffering, permits [certain events to occur], and, by means of those things which happen from without, extracts the secret evil, in order to cleanse him who through carelessness has received the seeds of sin, that having vomited them forth when they come to the surface, although he may have been deeply involved in evils, he may afterwards obtain healing after his wickedness and be renewed. For God governs souls not with reference, let me say, to the fifty years of the present life, but with reference to an illimitable age.

TO THE MARTYRS.

By TERTULLIAN.

[Quintus Septimius Florens Tertullianus, "the earliest and next to Augustine the greatest of the Church writers of the West, the creator of Christian Latin literature," was born at Carthage of a superior pagan family, about A.D. 150, and highly educated, being very learned in philosophy, history, and law; went to Rome and was held one of its leading jurists, and wrote legal treatises. Converted in middle age, he returned to Carthage, married, and gave the rest of his life, first to fortifying Christianity against the various pagan schools; second, to reconciling primitive Christianity with the new systems developed from the Scriptures and the new ecclesiastical forms; finally, to opposing the conversion of the Church into a political organization, which in the end led to his breaking with it altogether (about 207) and becoming the head of a "Montanist" community. The date of his death is uncertain.]

Blessed Martyrs Designate, — Along with the provision which our lady mother the church from her bountiful breasts, and each brother out of his private means, makes for your bodily wants in the prison, accept also from me some contribution to your spiritual sustenance. For it is not good that the flesh be feasted and the spirit starve: nay, if that which is weak is carefully looked to, it is but right that that which is still weaker should not be neglected. Not that I am specially entitled to exhort you; yet not only the trainers and overseers, but even the unskilled, nay, all who choose, without the slightest need for it, are wont to animate from afar by their cries the most accomplished gladiators, and from the mere throng of onlookers useful suggestions have sometimes come. First, then, O blessed, grieve not the Holy Spirit, who has entered the prison with you. For if He had not gone with you there, you would not have

been there this day. And do you give all endeavor therefore to retain Him; so let Him lead you thence to your Lord. The prison, indeed, is the devil's house as well, wherein he keeps his family. But you have come within its walls for the very purpose of trampling the wicked one under foot in his chosen abode. You had already in pitched battle outside utterly overcome him; let him have no reason, then, to say to himself, "They are now in my domains; with vile hatreds I shall tempt them, with defections or dissensions among themselves." Let him fly from your presence, and skulk away into his own abysses, shrunken and torpid as though he were an outcharmed or outsmoked snake. Give him not the success in his own kingdom of setting you at variance with each other, but let him find you armed and fortified with concord; for peace among you is battle with him. You know that some, not able to find this peace in the church, have been used to seek it from the imprisoned martyrs. And so you ought to have it dwelling with you, and to cherish it, and to guard it, that you may be able perhaps to bestow it upon others.

Other things, hindrances equally of the soul, may have accompanied you as far as the prison gate, to which also your relatives may have attended you. There and thenceforth you were severed from the world; how much more from the ordinary course of worldly life and all its affairs! Nor let this separation from the world alarm you. For if we reflect that the world is more really the prison, we shall see that you have gone out of a prison rather than into one. The world has the greater darkness, blinding men's hearts. The world imposes the more grievous fetters, binding men's very souls. The world breathes out the worst impurities — human lusts. The world contains the larger number of criminals, even the whole human race. Then, last of all, it awaits the judgment, not of the proconsul, but of God. Wherefore, O blessed, you may regard yourselves as having been translated from a prison to, we may say, a place of safety. It is full of darkness, but ye yourselves are light; it has bonds, but God has made you free. Unpleasant exhalations are there, but ye are an odor of sweetness. The judge is daily looked for, but ye shall judge the judges themselves. Sadness may be there for him who sighs for the world's enjoyments. The Christian outside the prison has renounced the world, but in the prison he has renounced a prison too. It is of no consequence where you are in the world — you who

are not of it. And if you have lost some of life's sweets, it is the way of business to suffer present loss, that after gains may be the larger. Thus far I say nothing of the rewards to which God invites the martyrs. Meanwhile let us compare the life of the world and of the prison, and see if the spirit does not gain more in the prison than the flesh loses. Nay, by the care of the church and the love of the brethren, even the flesh does not lose there what is for its good, while the spirit obtains besides important advantages. You have no occasion to look on strange gods, you do not run against their images; you have no part in heathen holidays, even by mere bodily mingling in them; you are not annoyed by the foul fumes of idolatrous solemnities; you are not pained by the noise of the public shows, nor by the atrocity or madness or immodesty of their celebrants; your eyes do not fall on stews and brothels; you are free from causes of offense, from temptations, from unholy reminiscences; you are free now from persecution too. The prison does the same service for the Christians which the desert did for the prophet. Our Lord Himself spent much of His time in seclusion, that He might have greater liberty to pray, that He might be quit of the world. It was in a mountain solitude, too, He showed His glory to His disciples. Let us drop the name of prison; let us call it a place of retirement. Though the body is shut in, though the flesh is confined, all things are open to the spirit. In spirit, then, roam abroad; in spirit walk about, not setting before you shady paths or long colonnades, but the way which leads to God. As often as in spirit your footsteps are there, so often you will not be in bonds. The leg does not feel the chain when the mind is in the heavens. The mind compasses the whole man about, and whither it wills it carries him. But where thy heart shall be, there shall be thy treasure. Be there our heart, then, where we would have our treasure.

Grant now, O blessed, that even to Christians the prison is unpleasant. But we were called to the warfare of the living God in our very response to the sacramental words. Well, no soldier comes out to the campaign laden with luxuries, nor does he go to action from his comfortable chamber, but from the light and narrow tent, where every kind of hardness and roughness and disagreeableness must be put up with. Even in peace soldiers inure themselves to war by toils and inconveniences—marching in arms, running over the plain, working

at the ditch, making the testudo, engaging in many arduous labors. The sweat of the brow is in everything, that bodies and minds may not shrink at having to pass from shade to sunshine, from sunshine to icy cold, from the robe of peace to the coat of mail, from silence to clamor, from quiet to tumult. In like manner, O blessed, count whatever is hard in this lot of yours as a discipline of your powers of mind and body. You are about to pass through a noble struggle, in which the living God acts the part of superintendent, in which the Holy Ghost is your trainer, in which the prize is an eternal crown of angelic essence, citizenship in the heavens, glory everlasting. Therefore your Master, Jesus Christ, who has anointed you with His Spirit, and led you forth to the arena, has seen it good, before the day of conflict, to take you from a condition more pleasant in itself, and imposed on you a harder treatment, that your strength might be the greater. For the athletes, too, are set apart to a more stringent discipline, that they may have their physical powers built up. They are kept from luxury, from daintier meats, from more pleasant drinks; they are pressed, racked, worn out; the harder their labors in the preparatory training, the stronger is the hope of victory. "And they," says the apostle, "that they may obtain a corruptible crown." We, with the crown eternal in our eye, look upon the prison as our training ground, that at the goal of final judgment we may be brought forth well disciplined by many a trial; since virtue is built up by hardships, as by voluptuous indulgence it is overthrown.

From the saying of our Lord we know that the flesh is weak, the spirit willing. Let us not, withal, take delusive comfort from the Lord's acknowledgment of the weakness of the flesh. For precisely on this account He first declared the spirit willing, that He might show which of the two ought to be subject to the other — that the flesh might yield obedience to the spirit — the weaker to the stronger; the former thus from the latter getting strength. Let the spirit hold converse with the flesh about the common salvation, thinking no longer of the troubles of the prison, but of the wrestle and conflict for which they are the preparation. The flesh, perhaps, will dread the merciless sword, and the lofty cross, and the rage of the wild beasts, and that punishment of the flames, of all most terrible, and all the skill of the executioner in torture. But, on the other side, let the spirit set clearly forth before itself

and the flesh, how these things, though exceeding painful, have yet been calmly endured by many, — nay, have even been desired for the sake of fame and glory; and this not only in the case of men, but of women too, that you, O holy women, may be worthy of your sex. It would take me too long to enumerate one by one the men who at their own self-impulse have put an end to themselves. As to women, there is a famous case at hand: the violated Lucretia, in the presence of her kinsfolk, plunged the knife into herself, that she might have glory for her chastity. Mucius burned his right hand on an altar, that this deed of his might dwell in fame. The philosophers have been outstripped, — for instance Heraclitus, who, smeared with cow dung, burned himself; and Empedocles, who leapt down into the fires of Etna; and Peregrinus, who not long ago threw himself on the funeral pile. For women even have despised the flames. Dido did so, lest, after the death of a husband very dear to her, she should be compelled to marry again; and so did the wife of Hasdrubal, who, Carthage now on fire, that she might not behold her husband suppliant at Scipio's feet, rushed with her children into the conflagration, in which her native city was destroyed. Regulus, a Roman general, who had been taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, declined to be exchanged for a large number of Carthaginian captives, choosing rather to be given back to the enemy. He was crammed into a sort of chest; and, everywhere pierced by nails driven from the outside, he endured so many crucifixions. Woman has voluntarily sought the wild beasts, and even asps, those serpents worse than bear or bull, which Cleopatra applied to herself, that she might not fall into the hands of her enemy. But the fear of death is not so great as the fear of torture. And so the Athenian courtesan succumbed to the executioner, when subjected to torture by the tyrant for having taken part in a conspiracy, still making no betrayal of her confederates, she at last bit off her tongue and spat it in the tyrant's face, that he might be convinced of the uselessness of his torments, however long they should be continued. Everybody knows what to this day is the great Lacedæmonian solemnity — the scourging; in which sacred rite the Spartan youths are beaten with scourges before the altar, their parents and kinsmen standing by and exhorting them to stand it bravely out. For it will be always counted more honorable and glorious that the soul rather than the

body has given itself to stripes. But if so high a value is put on the earthly glory, won by mental and bodily vigor, that men, for the praise of their fellows, I may say, despise the sword, the fire, the cross, the wild beasts, the torture; these surely are but trifling sufferings to obtain a celestial glory and a divine reward. If the bit of glass is so precious, what must the true pearl be worth? Are we not called on, then, most joyfully to lay out as much for the true as others do for the false?

I leave out of account now the motive of glory. All these same cruel and painful conflicts, a mere vanity you find among men — in fact, a sort of mental disease — has trampled under foot. How many ease-lovers does the conceit of arms give to the sword? They actually go down to meet the very wild beasts in vain ambition; and they fancy themselves more winsome from the bites and scars of the contest. Some have sold themselves to fires, to run a certain distance in a burning tunic. Others, with most enduring shoulders, have walked about under the hunters' whips. The Lord has given these things a place in the world, O blessed, not without some reason: for what reason, but now to animate us, and on that day to confound us if we have feared to suffer for the truth, that we might be saved, what others out of vanity have eagerly sought for to their ruin?

Passing, too, from examples of enduring constancy having such an origin as this, let us turn to a simple contemplation of man's estate in its ordinary conditions, that mayhap from things that happen to us whether we will or no, and which we must set our minds to bear, we may get instruction. How often then have fires consumed the living! How often have wild beasts torn men in pieces, it may be in their own forests, or it may be in the heart of cities, when they have chanced to escape from their dens! How many have fallen by the robber's sword! How many have suffered at the hands of enemies the death of the cross, after having been tortured first, yes, and treated with every sort of contumely! One may even suffer in the cause of a man what he hesitates to suffer in the cause of God. In reference to this, indeed, let the present times bear testimony, when so many persons of rank have met with death in a mere human being's cause, and that though from their birth and dignities and bodily condition and age such a fate seemed most unlikely; either suffering at his hands if they have taken part against him, or from his enemies if they have been his partisans.

THE FALL OF PALMYRA, A.D. 272.

By WILLIAM WARE.

(From "Zenobia.")

[WILLIAM WARE, an American clergyman and historical novelist, was born at Hingham, Mass., August 3, 1797. He studied theology under his father's direction; held pastorates of Unitarian churches in Brooklyn, Conn., Burlington, Vt., New York city (1821–1836), and in towns near Boston; and retired from the ministry on account of failing health. He was the author of the popular historical novels: "Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra," "Aurelian," and "Julian." Died at Cambridge, Mass., February 19, 1852.]

I WRITE again from Palmyra.

We arrived here after a day's hard travel. The sensation occasioned by the unexpected return of Gracchus seemed to cause a temporary forgetfulness of their calamities on the part of the citizens. As we entered the city at the close of the day, and they recognized their venerated friend, there were no bounds to the tumultuous expressions of their joy. The whole city was abroad. It were hard to say whether Fausta herself was more pained by excess of pleasure, than was each citizen who thronged the streets as we made our triumphal entry.

A general amnesty of the past having been proclaimed by Sandarion immediately after the departure of Aurelian with the prisoners whom he chose to select, we found Calpurnius already returned. At Fausta's side he received us as we dismounted in the palace yard. I need not tell you how we passed our first evening. Yet it was one of very mixed enjoyment. Fausta's eye, as it dwelt upon the beloved form of her father, seemed to express unalloyed happiness. But then, again, as it was withdrawn at those moments when his voice kept not her attention fixed upon himself, she fell back upon the past and the lost, and the shadows of a deep sadness would gather over her. So, in truth, was it with us all; especially when, at the urgency of the rest, I related to them the interviews I had had with Longinus, and described to them his behavior in the prison, and at the execution.

"I think," said Fausta, "that Aurelian, in the death of Longinus, has injured his fame far more than by the capture of Zenobia and the reduction of Palmyra he has added to it. Posterity will not readily forgive him for putting out, in its

meridian blaze, the very brightest light of the age. It surely was an unnecessary act."

"The destruction of prisoners, especially those of rank and influence, is," said I, "according to the savage usages of war; and Aurelian defends the death of Longinus by saying that in becoming the first adviser of Zenobia, he was no longer Longinus the philosopher, but Longinus the minister and rebel."

"That will be held," she replied, "as a poor piece of sophistry. He was still Longinus, and in killing Longinus the minister, he basely slew Longinus the renowned philosopher, the accomplished scholar, the man of letters and of taste, the greatest man of the age, — for you will not say that either in Rome or Greece there now lives his equal."

"Fausta," said Gracchus, "you are right. And had Aurelian been any more or higher than a soldier, he would not have dared to encounter the odium of the act; but in simple truth he was, I suppose, and is utterly insensible to the crime he has committed, not against an individual or Palmyra, but against the civilized world and posterity, — a crime that will grow in its magnitude as time rolls on, and will forever, and to the remotest times, blast the fame and the name of him who did it. Longinus belonged to all times and people, and by them will be avenged. Aurelian could not understand the greatness of his victim, and was ignorant that he was drawing upon himself a reproach greater than if he had sacrificed in his fury the queen herself and half the inhabitants of Palmyra. He will find it out when he reaches Rome. He will find himself as notorious there, as the murderer of Longinus, as he will be as conqueror of the East."

"There was one sentiment of Aurelian," I said, "which he expressed to me when I urged upon him the sparing of Longinus, to which you must allow some greatness to attach. I had said to him that it was greater to pardon than to punish, and that for that reason —— 'Ah!' he replied, interrupting me, 'I may not gain to myself the fame of magnanimity at the expense of Rome. As the chief enemy of Rome in this rebellion, Rome requires his punishment, and Rome is the party to be satisfied, not I.'"

"I grant that there is greatness in the sentiment. If he was sincere, all we can say is that he misjudged in supposing that Rome needed the sacrifice. She needed it not. There were enough heads like mine, of less worth, that would do for the soldiers, — for they are Rome in Aurelian's vocabulary."

"Men of humanity and of letters," I replied, "will, I suppose, decide upon this question one way, politicians and soldiers another."

"That, I believe," rejoined Gracchus, "is nearly the truth."

Then, wearied by a prolonged conversation, we sought the repose of our pillows, each one of us happier by a large and overflowing measure, than but two days before we had ever thought to be again.

The city is to all appearance tranquil and acquiescent under its bitter chastisement. The outward aspect is calm and peaceful. The gates are thrown open, and the merchants and traders are returning to the pursuits of traffic; the gentry and nobles are engaged in refitting and reëmbellishing their rifled palaces; and the common people have returned in quiet to the several channels of their industry.

I have made, however, some observations which lead me to believe that all is not so settled and secure as it seems to be, and that however the greater proportion of the citizens are content to sit down patiently under the rule of their new masters, others are not of their mind. I can perceive that Antiochus, who, under the general pardon proclaimed by Sandarion, has returned to the city, is the central point of a good deal of interest among a certain class of citizens. He is again at the head of the same licentious and desperate crew as before, — a set of men, like himself, large in their resources, lawless in their lives, and daring in the pursuit of whatever object they set before them. To one who knows the men, their habits and manners, it is not difficult to see that they are engaged in other plans than appear upon the surface. Yet are their movements so quietly ordered as to occasion no general observation or remark. Sandarion, ignorant whence danger might be expected to arise, appears not to indulge suspicions of one or another. Indeed, from the smallness of the garrison, from the whole manner both of the governor and those who are under him, soldiers and others, it is evident that no thought of a rising on the part of the populace has entered their minds.

A few days have passed, and Gracchus and Fausta, who inclined not to give much heed to my observations, both think with me; indeed, to Gracchus communication has been made of the existence of a plot to rescue the city from the hands of Rome, in which he has been solicited to join.

Antiochus himself has sought and obtained an interview with Gracchus.

Gracchus has not hesitated to reject all overtures from that quarter. We thus learn that the most desperate measures are in agitation, — weak and preposterous, too, as they are desperate, and must in the end prove ruinous. Antiochus, we doubt not, is a tool in the hands of others; but he stands out as the head and center of the conspiracy. There is a violent and a strong party, consisting chiefly of the disbanded soldiers, but of some drawn from every class of the inhabitants, whose object is, by a sudden attack, to snatch the city from the Roman garrison, and placing Antiochus on the throne, proclaim their independence again, and prepare themselves to maintain and defend it. They make use of Antiochus because of his connection with Zenobia, and the influence he would exert through that prejudice, and because of his sway over other families among the richest and most powerful, especially the two princes, Herennianus and Timolaus, and because of his foolhardiness. If they should fail, he, they imagine, will be the only or the chief sacrifice, and he can well be spared. If they succeed, it will be an easy matter afterwards to dispose of him, if his character or measures as their king should displease them, and exalt some other and worthier in his room.

"And what, father," said Fausta, "said you to Antiochus?"

"I told him," replied Gracchus, "what I thought, — that the plan struck me not only as frantic and wild, but foolish; that I for myself should engage in no plot of any kind, having in view any similar object, much less in such a one as he proposed. I told him that if Palmyra was destined ever to assert its supremacy and independence of Rome, it could not be for many years to come, and then by watching for some favorable juncture in the affairs of Rome in other parts of the world. It might very well happen, I thought, that in the process of years, and when Palmyra had wholly recruited her strength after her late and extreme sufferings, there might occur some period of revolution or inward commotion in the Roman empire, such as would leave her remote provinces in a comparatively unprotected state. Then would be the time for reasserting our independence; then we might spring upon our keepers with some good prospect of overpowering them, and taking again to ourselves our own government. But now, I tried to convince him, it was utter madness, or worse, stupidity, to dream of suc-

cess in such an enterprise. The Romans were already inflamed and angry, not half appeased by the bloody offering that had just been made; their strength was undiminished, — for what could diminish the strength of Rome, — and a rising could no sooner take place, than her legions would again be upon us, and our sufferings might be greater than ever. I entreated him to pause, and to dissuade those from action who were connected with him. I did not hesitate to set before him a lively picture of his own hazard in the affair, — that he, if failure ensued, would be the first victim. I urged, moreover, that a few, as I held this number to be, had no right to endanger, by any selfish and besotted conduct, the general welfare, the lives and property of the citizens; that not till he felt he had the voice of the people with him, ought he to dare to act; and that although I should not betray his counsels to Sandarion, I should to the people, unless I received from him ample assurance that no movement should be made without a full disclosure of the project to all the principal citizens, as representatives of the whole city."

"And how took he all that?" we asked.

"He was evidently troubled at the vision I raised of his own head borne aloft upon a Roman pike, and not a little disconcerted at what I labored to convince him were the rights of us all in the case. I obtained from him in the end a solemn promise that he would communicate what I had said to his companions, and that they would forbear all action till they had first obtained the concurrence of the greater part of the city. I assured him, however, that in no case, and under no conceivable circumstances, could he or any calculate upon any coöperation of mine. Upon any knowledge which I might obtain of intended action, I should withdraw from the city."

"It is a sad fate," said Fausta, "that having just escaped with our lives and the bare walls of our city and dwellings from the Romans, we are now to become the prey of a wicked faction among ourselves. But, can you trust the word of Antiochus that he will give you timely notice if they go on to prosecute the affair? Will they not now work in secret all the more, and veil themselves even from the scrutiny of citizens?"

"I hardly think they can escape the watchful eyes that will be fixed upon them," replied Gracchus; "nor do I believe that, however inclined Antiochus might be to deceive me, those who are of his party would agree to such baseness. There are honorable men, however deluded, in his company."

Several days have passed, and our fears are almost laid. Antiochus and the princes have been seen as usual frequenting the more public streets, lounging in the Portico, or at the places of amusement. And the evenings have been devoted to gayety and pleasure, — Sandarion himself, and the officers of his legion, being frequent visitors at the palace of Antiochus, and at that of the Cæsars, lately the palace of Zenobia.

During this interval we have celebrated, with all becoming rites, the marriage of Fausta and Calpurnius, hastened at the urgency of Gracchus, who, feeling still very insecure of life, and doubtful of the continued tranquillity of the city, wished to bestow upon Calpurnius the rights of a husband, and to secure to Fausta the protection of one. Gracchus seems happier and lighter of heart since this has been done, — so do we all. It was an occasion of joy, but as much of tears also. An event which we had hoped to have been graced by the presence of Zenobia, Julia, and Longinus, took place almost in solitude and silence. But of this I have written fully to Portia.

That which we have apprehended has happened. The blow has been struck, and Palmyra is again, in name at least, free and independent.

Early on the morning after the marriage of Fausta, we were alarmed by the sounds of strife and commotion in the streets, — by the cries of those who pursued, and of those who fled and fought. It was as yet hardly light. But it was not difficult to know the cause of the uproar or the parties engaged. We seized our arms, and prepared ourselves for defense, against whatever party, Roman or Palmyrene, should make an assault. The preparation was, however, needless, for the contest was already decided. The whole garrison, with the brave Sandarion at their head, has been massacred, and the power of Palmyra is in the hands of Antiochus and his adherents. There has been in truth no fighting, it has been the murder rather of unprepared and defenseless men. The garrison was cut off in detail while upon their watch, by overwhelming numbers. Sandarion was dispatched in his quarters, and in his bed, by the very inhuman wretches at whose tables he had just been feasted, from whom he had but a few hours before parted, giving and receiving the signs of friendship. The cowardly Antiochus it was who stabbed him as he sprang from his sleep, encumbered and disabled by his night clothes. Not a Roman has escaped with his life.

Antiochus is proclaimed king, and the streets of the city have resounded with the shouts of this deluded people, crying, "Long live Antiochus!" He has been borne in tumult to the great portico of the Temple of the Sun, where, with the ceremonies prescribed for the occasion, he has been crowned king of Palmyra and of the East.

While these things were in progress, — the new king entering upon his authority, and the government forming itself, — Gracchus chose and acted his part.

"There is little safety," he said, "for me now, I fear, anywhere, — but least of all here. But were I secure of life, Palmyra is now a desecrated and polluted place, and I would fain depart from it. I could not remain in it, though covered with honor, to see Antiochus in the seat of Zenobia, and Critias in the chair of Longinus. I must go, as I respect myself, and as I desire life. Antiochus will bear me no good will; and no sooner will he have become easy in his seat and secure of his power, than he will begin the work for which his nature alone fits him, of cold-blooded revenge, cruelty, and lust. I trust indeed that his reign will end before that day shall arrive; but it may not, and it will be best for me and for you, my children, to remove from his sight. If he sees us not, he may forget us."

We all gladly assented to the plan which he then proposed. It was to withdraw as privately as possible to one of his estates in the neighborhood of the city, and there await the unfolding of the scenes that remained yet to be enacted. The plan was at once carried into effect. The estate to which we retreated was about four Roman miles from the walls, situated upon an eminence, and overlooking the city and the surrounding plains. Soon as the shadows of the evening of the first day of the reign of Antiochus had fallen, we departed from Palmyra, and within an hour found ourselves upon a spot as wild and secluded as if it had been within the bosom of a wilderness. The building consists of a square tower of stone, large and lofty, built originally for purposes of war and defense, but now long occupied by those who have pursued the peaceful labors of husbandry. The wildness of the region, the solitariness of the place, the dark and frowning aspect of the impregnable tower, had pleased the fancy of both Gracchus and Fausta, and it has been used by them as an occasional retreat at those times when, wearied of the sound and sight of life, they have needed per-

fect repose. A few slaves are all that are required to constitute a sufficient household.

Here, Curtius, notwithstanding the troubled aspect of the times, have we passed a few days of no moderate enjoyment. Had there been no other, it would have been enough to sit and witness the happiness of Calpurnius and Fausta. But there have been and are other sources of satisfaction, as you will not doubt. We have now leisure to converse at such length as we please upon a thousand subjects which interest us. Seated upon the rocks at nightfall, or upon the lofty battlements of the tower, or at hot noon reclining beneath the shade of the terebinth or palm, we have tasted once again the calm delights we experienced at the queen's mountain palace. In this manner have we heard from Calpurnius accounts every way instructive and entertaining of his life while in Persia; of the character and acts of Sapor; of the condition of that empire, and its widespread population. Nothing seems to have escaped his notice and investigation. At these times and places too, do I amuse and enlighten the circle around me by reading such portions of your letters and of Portia's as relate to matters generally interesting; and thus too do we discuss the times, and speculate upon the events with which the future labors in relation to Palmyra.

In the mean time we learn that the city is given up to festivity and excess. Antiochus, himself possessing immense riches, is devoting these, and whatever the treasury of the kingdom places within his reach, to the entertainment of the people with shows and games after the Roman fashion, and seems really to have deluded the mass of the people so far as to have convinced them that their ancient prosperity has returned, and that he is the father of their country, a second Odenatus. He has succeeded in giving to his betrayal of the queen the character and merit of a patriotic act, at least with the creatures who uphold him; and there are no praises so false and gross that they are not heaped upon him, and imposed upon the people in proclamations and edicts. The ignorant — and where is it that they are not the greater part? — stand by, wonder, and believe. They cannot penetrate the wickedness of the game that has been played before them, and by the arts of the king and his minions have already been converted into friends and supporters.

The defense of the city is not, we understand, wholly

neglected. But having before their eyes some fear of retribution, troops are again levied and organized, and the walls beginning to be put into a state of preparation. But this is all of secondary interest, and is postponed to any object of more immediate and sensual gratification.

But there are large numbers of the late queen's truest friends who with Gracchus look on in grief, and terror even, at the order of things that has arisen, and prophesying with him a speedy end to it, either from interior and domestic revolution, or a return of the Roman armies, accompanied in either case of course by a widespread destruction, have with him also secretly withdrawn from the city, and fled either to some neighboring territory, or retreated to the fastnesses of the rural districts. Gracchus has not ceased to warn all whom he knows and chiefly esteems of the dangers to be apprehended, and urge upon them the duty of a timely escape.

Messengers have arrived from Antiochus to Gracchus, with whom they have held long and earnest conference, the object of which has been to induce him to return to the city, and resume his place at the head of the senate, the king well knowing that no act of his would so much strengthen his power as to be able to number Gracchus among his friends. But Gracchus has not so much as wavered in his purpose to keep aloof from Antiochus and all concern with his affairs. His contempt and abhorrence of the king would not however, he says, prevent his serving his country, were he not persuaded that in so short a time violence of some sort from without or within would prostrate king and government in the dust.

It was only a few days after the messengers from Antiochus had paid their visit to Gracchus, that as we were seated upon a shady rock not far from the tower, listening to Fausta as she read to us, we were alarmed by the sudden irruption of Milo upon our seclusion, breathless, except that he could just exclaim, "The Romans! the Romans!" As soon as he could command his speech, he said that the Roman army could plainly be discerned from the higher points of the land, rapidly approaching the city, of which we might satisfy ourselves by ascending the tower.

"Gods! can it be possible," exclaimed Gracchus, "that Aurelian can himself have returned? He must have been well on his way to the Hellespont ere the conspiracy broke out."

"I can easily believe it," I replied, as we hastened toward

the old tower, "from what I have known and witnessed of the promptness and miraculous celerity of his movements."

As we came forth upon the battlements of the tower, not a doubt remained that it was indeed the Romans pouring in again like a flood upon the plains of the now devoted city. Far as the eye could reach to the west, clouds of dust indicated the line of the Roman march, while the van was already within a mile of the very gates. The roads leading to the capital, in every direction, seemed covered with those who, at the last moment, ere the gates were shut, had fled and were flying to escape the impending desolation. All bore the appearance of a city taken by surprise and utterly unprepared, — as we doubted not was the case from what we had observed of its actual state, and from the suddenness of Aurelian's return and approach.

"Now," said Fausta, "I can believe that the last days of Palmyra have arrived. It is impossible that Antiochus can sustain the siege against what will now be the tenfold fury of Aurelian and his enraged soldiers."

A very few days will suffice for its reduction, if long before it be not again betrayed into the power of the assailants.

We have watched with intense curiosity and anxiety the scene that has been performing before our eyes. We are not so remote but what we can see with considerable distinctness whatever takes place, sometimes advancing and choosing our point of observation upon some nearer eminence.

After one day of preparation, and one of assault, the city has fallen, and Aurelian again entered in triumph, — this time in the spirit of revenge and retaliation. It is evident, as we look on horror-struck, that no quarter is given, but that a general massacre has been ordered, both of soldier and citizen. We can behold whole herds of the defenseless populace escaping from the gates or over the walls, only to be pursued, hunted, and slaughtered by the remorseless soldiers. And thousands upon thousands have we seen driven over the walls, or hurled from the battlements of the lofty towers, to perish, dashed upon the rocks below. Fausta cannot endure these sights of horror, but retires and hides herself in her apartments.

No sooner had the evening of this fatal day set in, than a new scene of terrific sublimity opened before us, as we beheld flames beginning to ascend from every part of the city. They grew and spread till they presently appeared to wrap all objects alike in one vast sheet of fire. Towers, pinnacles, and domes,

after glittering awhile in the fierce blaze, one after another fell and disappeared in the general ruin. The Temple of the Sun stood long untouched, shining almost with the brightness of the sun itself, its polished shafts and sides reflecting the surrounding fire with an intense brilliancy. We hoped that it might escape, and were certain that it would, unless fired from within, — as from its insulated position the flames from the neighboring buildings could not reach it. But we watched not long ere from its western extremity the fire broke forth, and warned us that that peerless monument of human genius, like all else, would soon crumble to the ground. To our amazement, however, and joy, the flames, after having made great progress, were suddenly arrested, and by some cause extinguished; and the vast pile stood towering in the center of the desolation, of double size, as it seemed, from the fall and disappearance of so many of the surrounding structures.

"This," said Fausta, "is the act of a rash and passionate man. Aurelian, before to-morrow's sun has set, will himself repent it. What a single night has destroyed, a century could not restore. This blighted and ruined capital, as long as its crumbling remains shall attract the gaze of the traveler, will utter a blasting malediction upon the name and memory of Aurelian. Hereafter he will be known, not as conqueror of the East, and the restorer of the Roman empire, but as the executioner of Longinus and the ruthless destroyer of Palmyra."

"I fear that you prophesy with too much truth," I replied. "Rage and revenge have ruled the hour, and have committed horrors which no reason and no policy, either of the present or of any age, will justify."

"It is a result ever to be expected," said Gracchus, "so long as mankind will prefer an ignorant, unlettered soldier as their ruler. They can look for nothing different from one whose ideas have been formed by the camp alone, — whose vulgar mind has never been illuminated by study and the knowledge of antiquity. Such a one feels no reverence for the arts, for learning, for philosophy, or for man as man; he knows not what these mean; power is all he can comprehend, and all he worships. As long as the army furnishes Rome with her emperors, so long may she know that her name will, by acts like these, be handed down to posterity covered with the infamy that belongs to the polished savage, the civilized barbarian. Come, Fausta, let us now in

and hide ourselves from this sight, too sad and sorrowful to gaze upon."

"I can look now, father, without emotion," she replied; "a little sorrow opens all the fountains of grief, too much seals them. I have wept till I can weep no more. My sensibility is, I believe, by this succession of calamities, dulled till it is dead."

Aurelian, we learn, long before the fire had completed its work of destruction, recalled the orders he had given, and labored to arrest the progress of the flames. In this he to a considerable extent succeeded, and it was owing to this that the great temple was saved, and others among the most costly and beautiful structures.

On the third day after the capture of the city and the massacre of the inhabitants, the army of the "conqueror and destroyer" withdrew from the scene of its glory, and again disappeared beyond the desert. I sought not the presence of Aurelian while before the city; for I cared not to meet him drenched in the blood of women and children. But as soon as he and his legions were departed, we turned toward the city, as children to visit the dead body of a parent.

No language which I can use, my Curtius, can give you any just conception of the horrors which met our view on the way to the walls, and in the city itself. For more than a mile before we reached the gates, the roads, and the fields on either hand, were strewed with the bodies of those who, in their attempts to escape, had been overtaken by the enemy and slain. Many a group of bodies did we notice, evidently those of a family, the parents and the children, who, hoping to reach in company some place of security, had all — and without resistance apparently — fallen a sacrifice to the relentless fury of their pursuers. Immediately in the vicinity of the walls, and under them, the earth was concealed from the eye by the multitudes of the slain, and all objects were stained with the one hue of blood. Upon passing the gates, and entering within those walls which I had been accustomed to regard as embracing in their wide and graceful sweep the most beautiful city of the world, my eye met naught but black and smoking ruins, fallen houses and temples, the streets choked with piles of still blazing timbers and the half-burned bodies of the dead. As I penetrated farther into the heart of the city, and to its better-built and more spacious quarters, I found the destruction to be less,

— that the principal streets were standing, and many of the more distinguished structures. But everywhere, — in the streets, upon the porticoes of private and public dwellings, upon the steps and within the very walls of the temples of every faith, — in all places, the most sacred as well as the most common, lay the mangled carcasses of the wretched inhabitants. None, apparently, had been spared. The aged were there, with their bald or silvered heads, little children and infants, women, the young, the beautiful, the good, — all were there, slaughtered in every imaginable way, and presenting to the eye spectacles of horror and of grief enough to break the heart and craze the brain. For one could not but go back to the day and the hour when they died, and suffer with these innocent thousands a part of what they suffered, when, the gates of the city giving way, the infuriated soldiery poured in, and with death written in their faces and clamoring on their tongues, their quiet houses were invaded, and, resisting or unresisting, they all fell together beneath the murderous knives of the savage foe. What shrieks then rent and filled the air; what prayers of agony went up to the gods for life to those whose ears on mercy's side were adders'; what piercing supplications that life might be taken and honor spared! The apartments of the rich and the noble presented the most harrowing spectacles, where the inmates, delicately nurtured, and knowing of danger, evil, and wrong only by name and report, had first endured all that nature most abhors, and then there, where their souls had died, were slain by their brutal violators with every circumstance of most demoniac cruelty. Happy for those, who, like Gracchus, foresaw the tempest and fled. These calamities have fallen chiefly upon the adherents of Antiochus; but among them, alas! were some of the noblest and most honored families of the capital. Their bodies now lie blackened and bloated upon their doorstones; their own halls have become their tombs.

We sought together the house of Gracchus. We found it partly consumed, partly standing and uninjured. The offices and one of the rear wings were burned and level with the ground, but there the flames had been arrested, and the remainder, comprising all the principal apartments, stands as it stood before. The palace of Zenobia has escaped without harm; its lofty walls and insulated position were its protection. The Long Portico, with its columns, monuments, and inscriptions,

remains also untouched by the flames, and unprofaned by any violence from the wanton soldiery. The fire has fed upon the poorer quarters of the city, where the buildings were composed in greater proportion of wood, and spared most of the great thoroughfares, principal avenues, and squares of the capital, which, being constructed in the most solid manner of stone, resisted effectually all progress of the flames; and though frequently set on fire for the purpose of their destruction, the fire perished from a want of material, or it consumed but the single edifice where it was kindled.

The silence of death and of ruin rests over this once and but so lately populous city. As I stood upon a high point which overlooked a large extent of it, I could discern no signs of life except here and there a detachment of the Roman guard dragging forth the bodies of the slaughtered citizens, and bearing them to be burned or buried. This whole people is extinct. In a single day these hundred thousands have found a common grave. Not one remains to bewail or bury the dead. Where are the anxious crowds, who, when their dwellings have been burned, eagerly rush in as the flames have spent themselves, to sorrow over their smoking altars, and pry with busy search among the hot ashes, if perchance they may yet rescue some lamented treasure, or bear away, at least, the bones of a parent or a child buried beneath the ruins? They are not here. It is broad day, and the sun shines brightly; but not a living form is seen lingering about these desolated streets and squares. Birds of prey are already hovering round, and alighting, without apprehension of disturbance, wherever the banquet invites them; and soon as the shadows of evening shall fall, the hyena of the desert will be here to gorge himself upon what they have left, having scented afar off upon the tainted breeze the fumes of the rich feast here spread for him. These Roman gravediggers from the legion of Bassus are alone upon the ground to contend with them for their prize. O miserable condition of humanity! Why is it that to man have been given passions which he cannot tame, and which sink him below the brute? Why is it that a few ambitious are permitted by the Great Ruler, in the selfish pursuit of their own aggrandizement, to scatter in ruin, desolation, and death whole kingdoms, — making misery and destruction the steps by which they mount up to their seats of pride! O gentle doctrine of Christ! — doctrine of love and of peace, when shall it be that I and all mankind

shall know thy truth, and the world smile with a new happiness under thy life-giving reign!

Fausta, as she has wandered with us through this wilderness of woe, has uttered scarce a word. This appalling and afflicting sight of her beloved Palmyra — her pride and hope, in whose glory her very life was wrapped up — so soon become a blackened heap of ruins; its power departed; its busy multitudes dead, and their dwellings empty or consumed, — has deprived her of all but tears. She has only wept. The sensibility which she feared was dead, she finds endued with life enough, — with too much for either her peace or safety.

As soon as it became known in the neighboring districts that the army of Aurelian was withdrawn, and that the troops left in the camp and upon the walls were no longer commissioned to destroy, they who had succeeded in effecting their escape, or who had early retreated from the scene of danger, began to venture back. These were accompanied by great numbers of the country people, who now poured in either to witness with their own eyes the great horror of the times, or to seek for the bodies of children or friends, who, dwelling in the city for the purposes of trade or labor, or as soldiers, had fallen in the common ruin. For many days might the streets and walls and ruins be seen covered with crowds of men and women who, weeping, sought among the piles of the yet unburied and decaying dead, dear relatives or friends or lovers, for whom they hoped to perform the last offices of unfailing affection, — a hope that was, perhaps, in scarce a single instance fulfilled. And how could any but those in whom love had swallowed up reason, once imagine that where the dead were heaped fathoms deep, mangled by every shocking mode of death, and now defaced yet more by the processes of corruption, they could identify the forms which they last saw beautiful in all the bloom of health? But love is love; it feels, but cannot reason.

Cerronius Bassus, the lieutenant of Aurelian, has with a humane violence laid hold upon this curious and gazing multitude, and changed them all into buriers of the dead they came to seek and bewail. To save the country from pestilence, himself and his soldiers, he hastens the necessary work of interment. The plains are trenched, and into them the bodies of the citizens are indiscriminately thrown. There now lie in narrow space the multitudes of Palmyra.

The mangled bodies of Antiochus, Herennianus, and Timolaus have been found among the slain.

We go no longer to the city, but remain at our solitary tower, — now, however, populous as the city itself. We converse of the past and the future, but most of my speedy departure for Rome.

It is the purpose of Gracchus to continue for a season yet in the quiet retreat where he now is. He then will return to the capital, and become one of those to lay again the foundations of another prosperity.

"Nature," he says, "has given to our city a position and resources which, it seems to me, no power of man can deprive her of, nor prevent their always creating and sustaining, upon this same spot, a large population. Circumstances like the present may oppress and overwhelm for a time, but time again will revive, and rebuild, and embellish. I will not for one sit down in inactivity or useless grief, but if Aurelian does not hinder, shall apply the remainder of my days to the restoration of Palmyra. In Calpurnius and Fausta I shall look to find my lieutenants, prompt to execute the commissions intrusted to them by their commander."

"We shall fall behind," said Calpurnius, "I warrant you, in no quality of affection or zeal in the great task."

"Fausta," continued Gracchus, "has as yet no heart but for the dead and the lost. But, Lucius, when you shall have been not long in Rome, you will hear that she lives then but among the living, and runs before me and Calpurnius in every labor that promises advantage to Palmyra."

"It may be so," replied Fausta, "but I have no faith that it will. We have witnessed the death of our country; we have attended the funeral obsequies. I have no belief in any rising again from the dead."

"Give not way, my child," said Gracchus, "to grief and despair. These are among the worst enemies of man. They are the true doubters and deniers of the gods and their providence who want a spirit of trust and hope. Hope and confidence are the best religion, and the truest worship. I, who do not believe in the existence of the gods, am therefore to be commended for my religion more than many of the stanchest defenders of Pagan, Christian, or Jewish superstitions, who too often, it seems to me, feel and act as if the world were abandoned of all divine care, and its affairs and events the sport

of a blind chance. What is best for man and the condition of the world must be most agreeable to the gods, — to the Creator and the possessor of the world, — be they one or many. Can we doubt which is best for the remaining inhabitants of Palmyra, and the provinces around which are dependent upon her trade, — to leave her in her ruin finally and utterly to perish, or apply every energy to her restoration? Is it better that the sands of the desert should within a few years heap themselves over these remaining walls and dwellings, or that we who survive should cleanse, and repair, and rebuild, in the confident hope, before we in our turn are called to disappear, to behold our beloved city again thronged with its thousands of busy and laborious inhabitants? Carthage is again populous as in the days of Hamilcar. You, Fausta, may live to see Palmyra what she was in the days of Zenobia."

"The gods grant it may be so!" exclaimed Fausta, and a bright smile at the vision her father had raised up before her illuminated her features. She looked for a moment as if the reality had been suddenly revealed to her, and had stood forth in all its glory.

"I do not despair," continued Gracchus, "of the Romans themselves doing something toward the restoration of that which they have wantonly and foolishly destroyed."

"But they cannot give life to the dead; and therefore it is but little they can do at best," said Fausta. "They may indeed rebuild the Temple of the Sun, but they cannot give us back the godlike form of Longinus, and kindle within it that intellect that shed light over the world; they may raise again the walls of the citizen's humble dwelling, but they cannot reanimate the bodies of the slaughtered multitudes, and call them out from their trenches to people again the silent streets."

"They cannot, indeed," rejoined Gracchus; "they cannot do everything; they may not do anything. But I think they will, and that the emperor himself, when reason returns, will himself set the example. And from you, Lucius, when once more in Rome, shall I look for substantial aid in disposing favorably the mind both of Aurelian and the senate."

"I can never be more happily employed," I replied, "than in serving either you or Palmyra. You will have a powerful advocate also in Zenobia."

"Yes," said Gracchus, "if her life be spared, which must for some time be still quite uncertain. After gracing the

triumph of Aurelian, she, like Longinus, may be offered as a new largess to the still hungering legions."

"Nay, there, I think, Gracchus, you do Aurelian hardly justice. Although he has bound himself by no oath, yet virtually is he sworn to spare Zenobia; and his least word is true as his sword."

Thus have we passed the last days and hours of my residence here. I should in vain attempt, my Curtius, to tell you how strongly I am bound to this place, to this kingdom and city, and above all, to those who survive this destruction. No Palmyrene can lament with more sincerity than I the whirlwind of desolation that has passed over them, obliterating almost their place and name; nor from any one do there ascend more fervent prayers that prosperity may yet return, and these widespread ruins again rise and glow in their ancient beauty. Rome has by former acts of unparalleled barbarism covered her name with reproach; but by none has she so drenched it in guilt as by this wanton annihilation — for so do I regard it — of one of the fairest cities and kingdoms of the earth. The day of Aurelian's triumph may be a day of triumph to him, but to Rome it will be a day of never-forgotten infamy.

A Roman Triumph.

I trust that you have safely received the letter which, as we entered the Tiber, I was fortunate enough to place on board a vessel bound directly to Berytus. In that I have told you of my journey and voyage, and have said many other things of more consequence still, both to you, Gracchus, and myself.

I now write to you from my own dwelling upon the Cælian, where I have been these many days that have intervened since the date of my former letter. If you have waited impatiently to hear from me again, I hope now I shall atone for what may seem a too long delay, by telling you of those concerning whom you wish chiefly to hear and know, — Zenobia and Julia.

But first let me say that I have found Portia in health, and as happy as she could be after her bitter disappointment in Calpurnius. This has proved a misfortune, less only than the loss of our father himself. That a Piso should live, and be other than a Roman; that he should live and bear arms against his country, — this has been to her one of those inexplicable mysteries in the providence of the gods that has tasked her

piety to the utmost. In vain has she scrutinized her life to discover what fault has drawn down upon her and her house this heavy retribution. Yet her grief is lightened by what I have told her of the conduct of Calpurnius at Antioch and Emesa. At such times, when I have related the events of those great days, and the part which my brother took, the pride of the Roman has yielded to that of the mother, and she has not been able to conceal her satisfaction. "Ah," she would say, "my brave boy!" "That was like him!" "I warrant Zabdas himself was not greater!" "What might he not be, were he but in Rome!"

Portia is never weary with inquiring into everything relating to yourself and Gracchus. My letters, many and minute as they have been, so far from satisfying her, serve only as themes for new and endless conversations, in which, as well as I am able, I set before her my whole life while in Palmyra, and every event, from the conversation at the table or in the porticoes, to the fall of the city and the death of Longinus. So great is her desire to know all concerning the "hero Fausta," and so unsatisfying is the all that I can say, that I shall not wonder if, after the ceremony of the triumph, she should herself propose a journey to Palmyra, to see you once more with her own eyes, and once more fold you in her arms. You will rejoice to be told that she bewails, even with tears, the ruin of the city, and the cruel massacre of its inhabitants. She condemns the emperor in language as strong as you and I should use. The slaughter of Sandarion and his troops she will by no means allow to be a sufficient justification of the act. And of her opinion are all the chief citizens of Rome.

I have found Curtius and Lucilia also in health. They are at their villa upon the Tiber. The first to greet me there were Laco and Cælia. Their gratitude was affecting and oppressive. Indeed, there is no duty so hard as to receive with grace the thanks of those whom you have obliged. Curtius is for once satisfied that I have performed with fidelity the part of a correspondent. He even wonders at my diligence. The advantage is, I believe for the first time, fairly on my side, — though you can yourself bear testimony, having heard all his epistles, how many he wrote, and with what vividness and exactness he made Rome to pass before us. I think he will not be prevented from writing to you by anything I can say. He drops in every day, Lucilia sometimes with him, and never leaves us till he

has exhausted his prepared questions concerning you and the great events which have taken place, — there remaining innumerable points to a man of his exact turn of mind, about which he must insist upon fuller and more careful information. I think he will draw up a history of the war. I hope he will; no one could do it better.

Aurelian, you will have heard, upon leaving Palmyra, instead of continuing on the route which he set out, toward Emesa and Antioch, turned aside to Egypt, in order to put down, by one of his sudden movements, the Egyptian merchant Firmus, who, with a genius for war greater than for traffic, had placed himself at the head of the people, and proclaimed their independence of Rome. As the friend and ally of Zenobia — although he could render her, during the siege, no assistance — I must pity his misfortunes and his end. News has just reached us that his armies have been defeated, he himself taken and put to death, and his new-made kingdom reduced again to the condition of a Roman province. We now every hour look to hear of the arrival of the emperor and his armies.

Although there has been observed some secrecy concerning the progress and places of residence of Zenobia, yet we learn with a good degree of certainty that she is now at Brundusium, awaiting the further orders of Aurelian, having gone overland from Byzantium to Apollonia, and there crossing the Adriatic. I have not been much disturbed by the reports which have prevailed, because I thought I knew too much of the queen to think them well grounded. Yet I confess I have suffered somewhat, when, upon resorting to the Capitol or the baths, I have found the principal topic to be the death of Zenobia, — according to some, of grief, on her way from Antioch to Byzantium; or, as others had it, of hunger, she having resolutely refused all nourishment. I have given no credit to the rumor; yet as all stories of this kind are a mixture of truth and error, so in this case I can conceive easily that it has some foundation in reality, and I am led to believe from it that the sufferings of the queen have been great. How, indeed, could they be otherwise? A feebler spirit than Zenobia's, and a feebler frame, would necessarily have been destroyed. With what impatience do I wait the hour that shall see her in Rome! I am happily already relieved of all anxiety as to her treatment by Aurelian; no fear need be entertained for her safety. Desirous as far as may be to atone for the rash severity of his orders in Syria, he

will distinguish with every possible mark of honor the queen, her family, and such other of the inhabitants of Palmyra as have been reserved to grace his triumph.

For this august ceremony the preparations are already making. It is the sole topic of conversation, and the single object toward which seem to be bent the whole genius and industry of the capital. It is intended to surpass in magnificence all that has been done by former emperors or generals. The materials for it are collecting from every part of the empire, and the remotest regions of Asia and Africa. Every day there arrive cargoes either of wild beasts, or of prisoners destined to the amphitheater. Illustrious captives also from Asia, Germany, and Gaul, among whom are Tetricus and his son. The Tiber is crowded with vessels bringing in the treasures drawn from Palmyra, — her silver and gold, her statuary and works of art, and every object of curiosity and taste that was susceptible of transportation across the desert and the ocean.

It is now certain that the queen has advanced as far as Tusculum, where with Julia, Livia, Faustula, and Vabalathus, she will remain — at a villa of Aurelian's, it is said — till the day of triumph. Separation seems the more painful as they approach nearer. Although knowing that they would be scrupulously prohibited from all intercourse with any beyond the precincts of the villa itself, I have not been restrained from going again and again to Tusculum, and passing through it and around it in the hope to obtain were it but a distant glimpse of persons to whom I am bound more closely than to any others on earth. But it has been all in vain. I shall not see them till I behold them a part of the triumphal procession of their conqueror.

Aurelian has arrived; the long-expected day has come and is gone. His triumph has been celebrated, and with a magnificence and a pomp greater than the traditionary glories of those of Pompey, Trajan, Titus, or even the secular games of Philip.

I have seen Zenobia!

The sun of Italy never poured a flood of more golden light upon the great capital and its surrounding plains than on the day of Aurelian's triumph. The airs of Palmyra were never more soft. The whole city was early abroad; and added to our overgrown population, there were the inhabitants of all the neighboring towns and cities, and strangers from all parts of the

empire, so that it was with difficulty and labor only, and no little danger too, that the spectacle could be seen. I obtained a position opposite the Capitol, from which I could observe the whole of this proud display of the power and greatness of Rome.

A long train of elephants opened the show, their huge sides and limbs hung with cloth of gold and scarlet, some having upon their backs military towers or other fanciful structures, which were filled with the natives of Asia or Africa, all arrayed in the richest costumes of their countries. These were followed by wild animals, and those remarkable for their beauty, from every part of the world, either led, as in the case of lions, tigers, leopards, by those who from long management of them possessed the same power over them as the groom over his horse, or else drawn along upon low platforms, upon which they were made to perform a thousand antic tricks for the amusement of the gaping and wondering crowds. Then came not many fewer than two thousand gladiators in pairs, all arranged in such a manner as to display to the greatest advantage their well-knit joints, and projecting and swollen muscles. Of these a great number have already perished on the arena of the Flavian, and in the sea fights in Domitian's theater. Next, upon gilded wagons, and arrayed so as to produce the most dazzling effect, came the spoils of the wars of Aurelian, — treasures of art, rich cloths and embroideries, utensils of gold and silver, pictures, statues, and works in brass, from the cities of Gaul, from Asia, and from Egypt. Conspicuous here over all were the rich and gorgeous contents of the palace of Zenobia. The huge wains groaned under the weight of vessels of gold and silver, of ivory, and the most precious woods of India. The jeweled wine cups, vases, and golden statuary of Demetrius attracted the gaze and excited the admiration of every beholder. Immediately after these came a crowd of youths richly habited in the costumes of a thousand different tribes, bearing in their hands, upon cushions of silk, crowns of gold and precious stones, the offerings of the cities and kingdoms of all the world, as it were, to the power and fame of Aurelian. Following these, came the ambassadors of all nations, sumptuously arrayed in the habits of their respective countries. Then an innumerable train of captives, showing plainly, in their downcast eyes, in their fixed and melancholy gaze, that hope had taken its departure from their breasts. Among these were many women from the shores of the Danube, taken in arms

fighting for their country, of enormous stature, and clothed in the warlike costume of their tribes.

But why do I detain you with these things, when it is of one only that you wish to hear? I cannot tell you with what impatience I waited for that part of the procession to approach where were Zenobia and Julia. I thought its line would stretch on forever. And it was the ninth hour before the alternate shouts and deep silence of the multitudes announced that the conqueror was drawing near the Capitol. As the first shout arose, I turned toward the quarter whence it came, and beheld, not Aurelian as I expected, but the Gallic emperor Tetricus — yet slave of his army and of Victoria — accompanied by the prince his son, and followed by other illustrious captives from Gaul. All eyes were turned with pity upon him, and with indignation too that Aurelian should thus treat a Roman, and once a senator. But sympathy for him was instantly lost in a stronger feeling of the same kind for Zenobia, who came immediately after. You can imagine, Fausta, better than I can describe them, my sensations, when I saw our beloved friend — her whom I had seen treated never otherwise than as a sovereign queen and with all the imposing pomp of the Persian ceremonial — now on foot, and exposed to the rude gaze of the Roman populace, — toiling beneath the rays of a hot sun, and the weight of jewels such as, both for richness and beauty, were never before seen in Rome, and of chains of gold, which first passing around her neck and arms, were then borne up by attendant slaves. I could have wept to see her so — yes, and did. My impulse was to break through the crowd and support her almost fainting form; but I well knew that my life would answer for the rashness on the spot. I could only, therefore, like the rest, wonder and gaze. And never did she seem to me, not even in the midst of her own court, to blaze forth with such transcendent beauty, yet touched with grief. Her look was not that of dejection, of one who was broken and crushed by misfortune; there was no blush of shame. It was rather one of profound, heartbreaking melancholy. Her full eyes looked as if privacy only was wanted for them to overflow with floods of tears; but they fell not. Her gaze was fixed on vacancy, or else cast toward the ground. She seemed like one unobservant of all around her, and buried in thoughts to which all else were strangers, and had nothing in common with. They were in Palmyra, and with her slaughtered multitudes.

Yet though she wept not, others did; and one could see all along, wherever she moved, the Roman hardness yielding to pity, and melting down before the all-subduing presence of this wonderful woman. The most touching phrases of compassion fell constantly upon my ear. And ever and anon, as in the road there would happen some rough or damp place, the kind souls would throw down upon it whatever of their garments they could quickest divest themselves of, that those feet, little used to such encounters, might receive no harm. And, as when other parts of the procession were passing by, shouts of triumph and vulgar joy frequently arose from the motley crowds, yet when Zenobia appeared, a deathlike silence prevailed, or it was interrupted only by exclamations of admiration or pity, or of indignation at Aurelian for so using her. But this happened not long; for when the emperor's pride had been sufficiently gratified, and just there where he came over against the steps of the Capitol, he himself, crowned as he was with the diadem of universal empire, descended from his chariot, and unlocking the chains of gold that bound the limbs of the queen, led and placed her in her own chariot — that chariot in which she had hoped herself to enter Rome in triumph — between Julia and Livia. Upon this, the air was rent with the grateful acclamations of the countless multitudes. The queen's countenance brightened for a moment as if with the expressive sentiment, "The gods bless you!" and was then buried in the folds of her robe. And when, after the lapse of many minutes, it was again raised and turned toward the people, every one might see that tears burning hot had coursed her cheeks, and relieved a heart which else might well have burst with its restrained emotion. Soon as the chariot which held her had disappeared upon the other side of the Capitol, I extricated myself from the crowd, and returned home. It was not till the shades of evening had fallen that the last of the procession had passed the front of the Capitol, and the emperor reposed within the walls of his palace.

THE ART OF COMPOSITION.

By LONGINUS.

[Dionysius Cassius Longinus, the foremost rhetorician, critic, and philosophic expositor of his age, pronounced by some the best critic of all antiquity, was born probably in Syria, A.D. 213. He studied under Origen at Alexandria, and settled as teacher of oratory and composition at Athens, gaining immense reputation not only for learning, as a "walking library," but for taste and insight. He became in his latter years tutor to Zenobia's children at Palmyra, and her chief political counselor; and on her overthrow by Aurelian, was executed for treason.]

But since the sentiments and the language of compositions are generally best explained by the light they throw upon one another, let us in the next place consider what it is that remains to be said concerning the "Diction." And here, that a judicious *choice* of proper and magnificent terms has wonderful effects in winning upon and entertaining an audience, cannot, I think, be denied. For it is from hence that the greatest writers derive with indefatigable care the grandeur, the beauty, the solemnity, the weight, the strength, and the energy of their expressions. This clothes a composition in the most beautiful dress, makes it shine like a picture in all the gayety of color, and, in a word, it animates our thoughts and inspires them with a kind of vocal life. But it is needless to dwell upon these particulars before persons of so much taste and experience. Fine words are indeed the peculiar light in which our thoughts must shine. But then it is by no means proper that they should everywhere swell and look big. For dressing up a trifling subject in grand, exalted expressions makes the same ridiculous appearance as the enormous mask of a tragedian would do upon the diminutive face of an infant.

. . . [The beginning of this Section is lost.] . . . In this verse of "Anacreon," the terms are *vulgar*, yet there is a simplicity in it which pleases, because it is natural:

Nor shall this Thracian vex me more!

And for this reason, that celebrated expression of Theopompus seems to me the most significant of any I ever met with, though Cecilius has found something to blame in it:

"Philip" (says he) "was used to swallow affronts, in compliance with the exigencies of his affairs."

Vulgar terms are sometimes much more significant than the most ornamental could possibly be. They are easily understood, because borrowed from common life; and what is most familiar to us, soonest engages our belief. Therefore, when a person, to promote his ambitious designs, bears ill-treatment and reproaches not only with patience, but a seeming pleasure, to say that *he swallows affronts* is as happy and expressive a phrase as could possibly be invented. The following passage from "Herodotus" in my opinion comes very near it. "Cleomenes," (says he) "being seized with madness, with a little knife that he had, cut his flesh into small pieces, till, having entirely mangled his body, he expired." And again, "Pythes remaining still in the ship, fought courageously, till he was hacked in pieces." These expressions approach near to the *vulgar*, but are far from having vulgar significations.

As to a proper number of Metaphors, Cecilius has gone into their opinion, who have settled it at *two* or *three* at most, in expressing the same object. But in this also let Demosthenes be observed as our model and guide; and by him we shall find that the proper time to apply them is when the passions are so much worked up as to hurry on like a torrent, and unavoidably carry along with them a whole crowd of metaphors. "Those prostituted souls, those cringing traitors, those furies of the commonwealth, who have combined to wound and mangle their country, who have drunk up its liberty in healths, to Philip once and since to Alexander, measuring their happiness by their belly and their lust. As for these generous principles of honor and that maxim *never to endure a master*, which to our brave forefathers were the high ambition of life and the standard of felicity, — these they have quite subverted." Here, by means of this multitude of Tropes, the orator bursts out upon the traitors in the warmest indignation. It is, however, the precept of Aristotle and Theophrastus that bold Metaphors ought to be introduced with some small alleviations; such as, *if it may be so expressed*, and *as it were*, and *if I may speak with so much boldness*. For this excuse, say they, very much palliates the hardness of the figures.

Such a rule hath a general use, and therefore I admit it; yet still I maintain what I advanced before in regard to

Figures: that bold Metaphors, and those, too, in good plenty, are very seasonable in a noble composition, where they are always mitigated and softened by the vehement Pathetic and generous Sublime dispersed through the whole. For as it is the nature of the Pathetic and Sublime to run rapidly along and carry all before them, so they require the figures they are worked up in to be strong and forcible, and do not so much as give leisure to a hearer to cavil at their number, because they immediately strike his imagination and inflame him with all the warmth and fire of the speaker.

But let us for once admit the possibility of a faultless and consummate writer; and then will it not be worth while to consider at large that important question, Whether, in poetry or prose, what is truly grand in the midst of some faults be not preferable to that which has nothing extraordinary in its best parts, correct, however, throughout and faultless? And further, Whether the excellence of fine writing consists in the number of its beauties or in the grandeur of its strokes? For these points, being peculiar to the Sublime, demand an illustration.

I readily allow that writers of a lofty and towering genius are by no means pure and correct, since whatever is neat and accurate throughout must be exceedingly liable to flatness. In the Sublime, as in great affluence of fortune, some minuter articles will unavoidably escape observation. But it is almost impossible for a low and groveling genius to be guilty of error, since he never endangers himself by soaring on high, or aiming at eminence, but still goes on in the same uniform secure track, whilst its very height and grandeur exposes the Sublime to sudden falls. Nor am I ignorant indeed of another thing, which will no doubt be urged, that in passing our judgment upon the works of an author, we always muster his imperfections, so that the remembrance of his faults sticks indelibly fast in the mind, whereas that of his excellencies is quickly worn out. For my part, I have taken notice of no inconsiderable number of faults in Homer, and some other of the greatest authors, and cannot by any means be blind or partial to them; however, I judge them not to be voluntary faults, so much as accidental slips incurred through inadvertence; such as, when the mind is intent upon things of a higher nature, will creep insensibly into compositions. And for this reason I give it as my real opinion,

that the great and noble flights, though they cannot everywhere boast an equality of perfection, yet ought to carry off the prize, by the sole merit of their own intrinsic grandeur.

Apollonius, author of the "Argonautics," was a writer without blemish; and no one ever succeeded better in Pastoral than Theocritus, excepting some pieces where he has quitted his own province. But yet, would you choose to be Apollonius or Theocritus rather than Homer? Is the poet Eratosthenes, whose "Erigone" is a complete and delicate performance, and not chargeable with one fault, to be esteemed a superior poet to Archilochus, who flies off into many and brave irregularities, a godlike spirit bearing him forward in the noblest career, such spirit as will not bend to rule, or easily brook control? In "Lyrics," would you sooner be Bacchylides than Pindar, or Io the Chian than the great Sophocles? Bacchylides and Io have written smoothly, delicately, and correctly, they have left nothing without the nicest decoration; but in Pindar and Sophocles, who carry fire along with them through the violence of their motion, that very fire is many times unseasonably quenched, and then they drop most unfortunately down. But yet no one, I am certain, who has the least discernment, will scruple to prefer the single "Œdipus" of Sophocles before all that Io ever composed.

If the beauties of writers are to be estimated by their number, and not by their quality or grandeur, then Hyperides will prove far superior to Demosthenes. He has more harmony and a finer cadence, he has a greater number of beauties, and those in a degree almost next to excellent. He resembles a champion who, professing himself master of the five exercises, in each of them severally must yield the superiority to others, but in all together stands alone and unrivaled. For Hyperides has in every point, except the structure of his words, imitated all the virtues of Demosthenes, and has abundantly added the graces and beauties of Lysias. When his subject demands simplicity, his style is exquisitely smooth; nor does he utter everything with one emphatical air of vehemence, like Demosthenes. His thoughts are always just and proper, tempered with most delicious sweetness and the softest harmony of words. His turns of wit are inexpressibly fine. He raises a laugh with the greatest art, and is prodigiously dexterous at irony or sneer. His strokes of raillery are far from ungenteel; by no means

far-fetched, like those of the depraved imitators of Attic neatness, but apposite and proper. How skillful at evading an argument! With what humor does he ridicule, and with what dexterity does he sting in the midst of a smile! In a word, there are inimitable graces in all he says. Never did any one more artfully excite compassion; never was any one more diffuse in narration; never any more dexterous at quitting and resuming his subject with such easy address, and such pliant activity. This plainly appears in his little poetical fables of "Latona"; and besides, he has composed a funeral oration with such pomp and ornament as I believe never will or can be equaled.

Demosthenes, on the other side, has been unsuccessful in representing the humors and characters of men; he was a stranger to diffusive eloquence; awkward in his address; void of all pomp and show in his language; and, in a word, for the most part deficient in all the qualities ascribed to Hyperides. Where his subject compels him to be merry or facetious, he makes people laugh, but it is at himself. And the more he endeavors at raillery, the more distant he is from it. Had he ever attempted an oration for a Phryne or an Athenogenes, he would in such attempts have only served as a foil to Hyperides.

Yet, after all, in my opinion, the numerous beauties of Hyperides are far from having any inherent greatness. They show the sedateness and sobriety of the author's genius, but have not force enough to enliven or to warm an audience. No one that reads him is ever sensible of extraordinary emotion. Whereas Demosthenes, adding to a continued vein of grandeur and to magnificence of diction (the greatest qualifications requisite in an orator), such lively strokes of passion, such copiousness of words, such address, and such rapidity of speech; and, what is his masterpiece, such force and vehemence, as the greatest writers besides durst never aspire to: being, I say, abundantly furnished with all these divine (it would be sin to call them human) abilities, he excels all before him in the beauties which are really his own; and, to atone for deficiencies in those he has not, overthrows all opponents with the irresistible force and the glittering blaze of his lightning. For it is much easier to behold with steadfast and undazzled eyes the flashing lightning, than those ardent strokes of the Pathetic, which come so thick, one upon another, in his orations.

that the great and noble flights, though they cannot everywhere boast an equality of perfection, yet ought to carry off the prize, by the sole merit of their own intrinsic grandeur.

Apollonius, author of the "Argonautics," was a writer without blemish; and no one ever succeeded better in Pastoral than Theocritus, excepting some pieces where he has quitted his own province. But yet, would you choose to be Apollonius or Theocritus rather than Homer? Is the poet Eratosthenes, whose "Erigone" is a complete and delicate performance, and not chargeable with one fault, to be esteemed a superior poet to Archilochus, who flies off into many and brave irregularities, a godlike spirit bearing him forward in the noblest career, such spirit as will not bend to rule, or easily brook control? In "Lyrics," would you sooner be Bacchylides than Pindar, or Io the Chian than the great Sophocles? Bacchylides and Io have written smoothly, delicately, and correctly, they have left nothing without the nicest decoration; but in Pindar and Sophocles, who carry fire along with them through the violence of their motion, that very fire is many times unseasonably quenched, and then they drop most unfortunately down. But yet no one, I am certain, who has the least discernment, will scruple to prefer the single "Œdipus" of Sophocles before all that Io ever composed.

If the beauties of writers are to be estimated by their number, and not by their quality or grandeur, then Hyperides will prove far superior to Demosthenes. He has more harmony and a finer cadence, he has a greater number of beauties, and those in a degree almost next to excellent. He resembles a champion who, professing himself master of the five exercises, in each of them severally must yield the superiority to others, but in all together stands alone and unrivaled. For Hyperides has in every point, except the structure of his words, imitated all the virtues of Demosthenes, and has abundantly added the graces and beauties of Lysias. When his subject demands simplicity, his style is exquisitely smooth; nor does he utter everything with one emphatical air of vehemence, like Demosthenes. His thoughts are always just and proper, tempered with most delicious sweetness and the softest harmony of words. His turns of wit are inexpressibly fine. He raises a laugh with the greatest art, and is prodigiously dexterous at irony or sneer. His strokes of raillery are far from ungenteel; by no means

far-fetched, like those of the depraved imitators of Attic neatness, but apposite and proper. How skillful at evading an argument! With what humor does he ridicule, and with what dexterity does he sting in the midst of a smile! In a word, there are inimitable graces in all he says. Never did any one more artfully excite compassion; never was any one more diffuse in narration; never any more dexterous at quitting and resuming his subject with such easy address, and such pliant activity. This plainly appears in his little poetical fables of "Latona"; and besides, he has composed a funeral oration with such pomp and ornament as I believe never will or can be equaled.

Demosthenes, on the other side, has been unsuccessful in representing the humors and characters of men; he was a stranger to diffusive eloquence; awkward in his address; void of all pomp and show in his language; and, in a word, for the most part deficient in all the qualities ascribed to Hyperides. Where his subject compels him to be merry or facetious, he makes people laugh, but it is at himself. And the more he endeavors at raillery, the more distant he is from it. Had he ever attempted an oration for a Phryne or an Athenogenes, he would in such attempts have only served as a foil to Hyperides.

Yet, after all, in my opinion, the numerous beauties of Hyperides are far from having any inherent greatness. They show the sedateness and sobriety of the author's genius, but have not force enough to enliven or to warm an audience. No one that reads him is ever sensible of extraordinary emotion. Whereas Demosthenes, adding to a continued vein of grandeur and to magnificence of diction (the greatest qualifications requisite in an orator), such lively strokes of passion, such copiousness of words, such address, and such rapidity of speech; and, what is his masterpiece, such force and vehemence, as the greatest writers besides durst never aspire to: being, I say, abundantly furnished with all these divine (it would be sin to call them human) abilities, he excels all before him in the beauties which are really his own; and, to atone for deficiencies in those he has not, overthrows all opponents with the irresistible force and the glittering blaze of his lightning. For it is much easier to behold with steadfast and undazzled eyes the flashing lightning, than those ardent strokes of the Pathetic, which come so thick, one upon another, in his orations.

The parallel between Plato and his opponents must be drawn in a different light. For Lysias not only falls short of him in the excellence, but in the number of his beauties. And what is more, he not only falls short of him in the number of his beauties, but exceeds him vastly in the number of his faults.

What, then, can we suppose that those godlike writers had in view, who labored so much in raising their compositions to the highest pitch of the Sublime, and looked down with contempt upon accuracy and correctness? Amongst others, let this reason be accepted. Nature never designed man to be a groveling and ungenerous animal, but brought him into life, and placed him in the world, as in a crowded theater, not to be an idle spectator, but, spurred on by an eager thirst of excelling, ardently to contend in the pursuit of glory. For this purpose she implanted in his soul an invincible love of grandeur, and a constant emulation of whatever seems to approach nearer to divinity than himself. Hence it is that the whole universe is not sufficient for the extensive reach and piercing speculation of the human understanding. It passes the bounds of the material world, and launches forth at pleasure into endless space. Let any one take an exact survey of a life which, in its every scene, is conspicuous on account of excellence, grandeur, and beauty, and he will soon discern for what noble ends we were born. Thus the impulse of nature inclines us to admire, not a little, clear, transparent rivulet that ministers to our necessities, but the Nile, the Ister, the Rhine, or still much more, the Ocean. We are never surprised at the sight of a small fire that burns clear and blazes out on our own private hearth, but view with amaze the celestial fires, though they are often obscured by vapors and eclipses. Nor do we reckon anything in nature more wonderful than the boiling furnaces of Ætna, which cast up stones, and sometimes whole rocks, from their laboring abyss, and pour out whole rivers of liquid and unmingled flame. And from hence we may infer that whatever is useful and necessary to man lies level to his abilities, and is easily acquired; but whatever exceeds the common size is always great and always amazing.

With regard, therefore, to those sublime writers whose flight, however exalted, never fails of its use and advantage, we must add another consideration. Those other inferior beauties show their authors to be men, but the Sublime makes

near approaches to the height of God. What is correct and faultless comes off barely without censure, but the grand and lofty command admiration. What can I add further? One exalted and sublime sentiment in those noble authors makes ample amends for all their defects. And what is more remarkable, were the errors of Homer, Demosthenes, Plato, and the rest of the most celebrated authors to be culled carefully out and thrown together, they would not bear the least proportion to those infinite, those inimitable excellencies which are so conspicuous in these heroes of antiquity. And for this reason has every age and every generation, unmoved by partiality and unbiased by envy, awarded the laurels to these great masters, which flourish still green and unfading on their brows, and will flourish,

> As long as streams in silver marges rove,
> Or Spring with annual green renews the grove.
> (— Fenton.)

A certain writer objects here that an ill-wrought Colossus cannot be set upon the level with a little faultless statue; for instance, the little soldier of Polyclitus; but the answer to this is very obvious. In the works of art we have regard to exact proportion; in those of nature to grandeur and magnificence. Now speech is a gift bestowed upon us by nature. As, therefore, resemblance and proportion to the originals is required in statues, so in the noble faculty of discourse there should be something extraordinary, something more than humanly great. . . .

. . . [The beginning of this section on Hyperbole is lost.] As this Hyperbole, for instance, is exceedingly bad, "If you carry not your brains in the soles of your feet and tread upon them." One consideration, therefore, must always be attended to, "How far the thought can properly be carried." For overshooting the mark often spoils an Hyperbole; and whatever is overstretched loses its tone and immediately relaxes; nay, sometimes produces an effect contrary to that for which it was intended. Thus Isocrates, childishly desirous of saying nothing without enlargement, has fallen into a shameful puerility. The end and design of his "Panegyric" is to prove that the Athenians had done greater service to the united body of Greece than the Lacedæmonians; and this is his beginning: "The virtue and

efficacy of eloquence is so great as to be able to render great things contemptible, to dress up trifling subjects in pomp and show, to clothe what is old and obsolete in a new dress, and put off new occurrences in an air of antiquity." And will it not be immediately demanded, Is this what you are going to practice with regard to the affairs of the Athenians and Lacedæmonians? For this ill-timed encomium of eloquence is an inadvertent admonition to the audience not to listen or give credit to what he says.

Those Hyperboles, in short, are the best (as I have before observed of Figures) which have neither the appearance nor air of Hyperboles. And this never fails to be the state of those which in the heat of a passion flow out in the midst of some grand circumstance. Thus Thucydides has dexterously applied one to his countrymen that perished in Sicily. "The Syracusans," says he, "came down upon them and made a slaughter chiefly of those who were in the river. The water was immediately discolored with blood. But the stream polluted with mud and gore deterred them not from drinking it greedily, nor many of them from fighting desperately for a draught of it." A circumstance so uncommon and affecting gives those expressions of *drinking mud and gore* and *fighting desperately for it* an air of probability.

Hyperboles literally are impossibilities, and therefore can only then be reasonable or productive of sublimity where the circumstances may be stretched beyond their proper size, that they may appear without fail important and great.

Herodotus has used a like Hyperbole concerning those warriors who fell at Thermopylæ: "In this place they defended themselves with the weapons that were left, and with their hands and teeth, till they were buried under the arrows of barbarians." Is it possible, you will say, for men to defend themselves with their teeth against the fury and violence of armed assailants? Is it possible that men could be buried under arrows? Notwithstanding all this, there is a seeming probability in it. For the circumstance does not appear to have been fitted to the Hyperbole, but the Hyperbole seems to be the necessary production of the circumstance. For applying these strong Figures only where the heat of action or impetuosity of passion demands them (a point I shall never cease to insist upon) very much softens and mitigates the boldness of too daring expressions. So in comedy circumstances wholly absurd

and incredible pass off very well, because they answer their end and raise a laugh. As in this passage: "He was owner of a piece of ground not so large as a Lacedæmonian letter." For laughter is a passion arising from some inward pleasure.

But Hyperboles equally serve two purposes; they *enlarge* and they *lessen*. Stretching anything beyond its natural size is the property of both. And the Diasyrm (the other species of the Hyperbole) increases the lowness of anything, or renders trifles more trifling.

THE VIGIL OF VENUS.

(Translated by Thomas Stanley.)

[Author unknown; date perhaps about third or fourth century A.D.]

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

The spring appears, in which the earth
Receives a new harmonious birth;
When all things mutual love unites;
When birds perform their nuptial rites;
And fruitful by her watery lover,
Each grove its tresses doth recover.
Love's Queen to-morrow, in the shade,
Which by these verdant trees is made,
Their sprouting tops in wreaths shall bind,
And myrtles into arbors wind;
To-morrow, raised on a high throne,
Dione shall her laws make known.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

Then the round ocean's foaming flood
Immingled with celestial blood,
'Mongst the blue purple of the main,
And horses whom two feet sustain,
Rising Dione did beget
With fruitful waters dropping wet.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

With flowery jewels everywhere
She paints the purple-colored year;
She, when the rising bud receives
Favonius' breath, thrusts forth the leaves,
The naked roof with these t' adorn;
She the transparent dew o' th' morn,
Which the thick air of night still uses
To leave behind, in rain diffuses;
These tears with orient brightness shine,
Whilst they with trembling weight decline,
Whose every drop, into a small
Clear orb distilled, sustain its fall.
Pregnant with these the bashful rose
Her purple blushes doth disclose.
The drops of falling dew that are
Shed in calm nights by every star,
She in her humid mantle holds,
And then her virgin leaves unfolds.
I' th' morn, by her command, each maid
With dewy roses is arrayed;
Which from Cythera's crimson blood,
From the soft kisses Love bestowed,
From jewels, from the radiant flame,
And the sun's purple luster, came.
She to her spouse shall married be
To-morrow; not ashamed that he
Should with a single knot untie
Her fiery garment's purple dye.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

The goddess bade the nymphs remove
Unto the shady myrtle grove;
The boy goes with the maids, yet none
Will trust, or think Love tame is grown,
If they perceive that anywhere
He arrows doth about him bear.
Go fearless, nymphs, for Love hath laid
Aside his arms, and tame is made.
His weapons by command resigned,
Naked to go he is enjoined,

Lest he hurt any by his craft,
Either with flame, or bow, or shaft.
But yet take heed, young nymphs, beware
You trust him not, for Cupid's fair,
Lest by his beauty you be harmed;
Love naked is completely armed.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

Fair Venus virgins sends to thee,
Indued with equal modesty:
One only thing we thee desire,
Chaste Delia, for a while retire;
That the wide forest, that the wood,
May be unstained with savage blood.
She would with prayers herself attend thee,
But that she knew she could not bend thee;
She would thyself to come have prayed,
Did these delights beseem a maid.
Now might'st thou see with solemn rites
The Chorus celebrate three nights;
'Mongst troops whom equal pleasure crowns,
To play and sport upon thy downs;
'Mongst garlands made of various flowers,
'Mongst ever verdant myrtle bowers.
Ceres nor Bacchus absent be,
Nor yet the poet's deity.
All night we wholly must employ
In vigils, and in songs of joy;
None but Dione must bear sway
Amongst the woods; Delia, give way.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

She the tribunal did command
Decked with Hyblæan flowers should stand;
She will in judgment sit; the Graces
On either side shall have their places;
Hybla, thy flowers pour forth, whate'er
Was brought thee by the welcome year;
Hybla, thy flowery garment spread,
Wide as is Enna's fruitful mead;
Maids of the country here will be;
Maids of the mountain come to see;

Hither resort all such as dwell
Either in grove, or wood, or well.
The wing'd boy's mother every one
Commands in order to sit down;
Charging the virgins that they must
In nothing Love, though naked, trust.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

Let the fresh covert of a shade
Be by these early flowers displayed,
To-morrow (which with sports and play
We keep) was Æther's wedding day;
When first the father of the spring
Did out of clouds the young year bring.
The husband Shower then courts his spouse,
And in her sacred bosom flows,
That all which that vast body bred
By this defluxion may be fed:
Produced within, she all there sways
By a hid spirit, which by ways
Unknown diffused through soul and veins,
All things both governs and sustains.
Piercing through the unsounded sea,
And earth, and highest heaven, she
All places with her power doth fill,
Which through each part she doth distill;
And to the world the mystic ways
Of all production open lays.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

She to the Latins did transfer
The Trojan nephews; and by her
Was the Laurentian virgin won,
And joined in marriage to her son.
By her assistance did Mars gain
A votaress from Vesta's fane.
To marriage Romulus betrayed
The Sabine women, by her aid,
(Of Romans the widespreading stem,)
And in the long descent of them
In whom that offspring was dilated,
Cæsar her nephew she created.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

The fields are fruitful made by pleasure;
The fields are rich in Venus' treasure;
And Love, Dione's son, fame yields
For truth, his birth had in the fields;
As soon as born the field relieved him,
Into its bosom first received him,
She bred him from his infant hours
With the sweet kisses of the flowers.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

See how the bulls their sides distend,
And broomstalks with the burthen bend;
Now every one doth safely lie
Confined within his marriage tie;
See, with their husbands here are laid
The bleating flocks beneath the shade.
The warbling birds on every tree
The goddess wills not silent be.
The vocal swans on every lake,
With their hoarse voice a harsh sound make;
And Tereus' hapless maid beneath
The poplar's shade her song doth breathe;
Such as might well persuade thee, love,
Doth in those trembling accents move;
Not that the sister in those strains
Of the inhuman spouse complains.
We silent are whilst she doth sing,
How long in coming is my spring?
When will the time arrive, that I
May swallow-like my voice untie?
My muse for being silent flies me,
And Phœbus will no longer prize me:
So did Amiclæ once, whilst all
Silence observed, through silence fall.

Love he to-morrow, who loved never;
To-morrow, who hath loved, persever.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

By AUSONIUS.

[Decimus Magnus Ausonius, a Roman man of letters, now remembered only as a poet; was born at Burdigala (Bordeaux) about 310, son of a noted physician, was a classical scholar of distinction, practised law, taught grammar, became professor of rhetoric, and attained such reputation that Valentinian appointed him tutor to his son Gratian, besides making him quæstor. Gratian after his accession made him prefect of Latium, Libya, and Gaul, and consul. He was converted to Christianity, and probably died about 394. His fame rests chiefly on a collection of miscellaneous poems called "Silvæ."]

(Translated by Thomas Dale.)

Four letters now, my friend, thou hast,
Each more complaining than the last,
And though I lack new phrase to tell
How long I've loved thee, and how well,—
And thus, so gently, jog thy sloth,
Still to reply, I find thee loath,
As if thou had'st no time to spend
Upon the letter of a friend.

Have I deserved, Paulinus, say,
This thankless and unkind delay,
Or dust thou curb thy wishes in,
Remorseful for some secret sin,
Determined to continue dumb,
As penance, for a year to come?

This between friends? — Why, even foes
Are civil till they get to blows,
And, often ere they come to fight,
Will say "good morning," or "good night";
For why should Mars unfurl his banners
Against well-breeding and good manners?
Nay e'en the very stocks and stones,
Paulinus, have respondent tones,
And if you bid a cave "good by,"
A civil echo makes reply.
As for the groves, they are what folk call,
Who like find words, "exceeding vocal";
Your seashore rocks, too, are great gabblers,
And streamlets are notorious babblers.

I've heard a buzzing hold, for hours,
With busy-body bees and flowers,
And Midas, that half-witted Vandal,
Found reeds a good deal prone to scandal;
As for the wind and pines, they'll sing
And quaver, too, like anything.
Ay! puzzle some that have reliance
Both on their voices and their science.
— Take this, in short, Paulinus, from me,
"Nature throughout, abhors a *dummy*."
Beasts, birds, and bats, are proofs of this,
The very serpent has his hiss;
The proverb goes, that fish are mute,
But wise philosophers dispute,
And tell you, with a knowing wink,
"Not so mute, maybe, as you think."
The hoarse tragedian, if he fears
His bawling may not split your ears,
Stamps when he thinks his voice is wanting,
And gets the boards to help his ranting.
I pass your cymbals and your trumpet,
And drum that grumbles when you thump it;
And, quite as garrulous, I pass
Your timbrels of the noisy brass,
That at Dodona still cry clang,
Nor take, in peace, one single bang.

Paulinus, you have grown so dumb,
That those who know not whence you come
Will all agree to think it likely
You are a burgher of Amyclæ!
If, like Sigalion, Egypt's god,
You'll only wink, or sign, or nod,
And give a sinecure to tongue,
Can folks but wonder why 'twas hung?

Come, come, — I know you're sorry; — shame
At once both feels and causes blame;
The more your sluggishness you see
The longer it is like to be, —
But can't you send a word or two
Just barely to say, "how d' ye do?" —
They shall pass freely for a letter, a
"Health to my friend," and "yours, etc.";
I ask you not to fill the sheet,
Talk, like love cyphers, short and sweet.

It never was my way, God knows,
To like a friend because he'd prose,
Nor did I think it less a curse
Because my friend can prose in verse.
Write for the prize in pithy brevity,
And, ten to one, but we shall give it you;
E'en try to rival the gruff Spartans
Who played so dextrously their part once,
And capped a tedious king's long scrawl
With but one letter — that was all,
Strive like Pythagoras to teach,
Who never wasted time in speech,
But sent all syllogisms to pot,
With "this is so," and "this is not";
A golden rule to disentangle
An argument that's grown a wrangle.
A way for all it may not suit
To get the worst in a dispute.

His affability is small
Who never says a word at all,
But he who cuts his speeches short,
We like him all the better for 't;
And take my word, Paulinus, would ye,
To be a genial fav'rite, study,
I do believe the secret lies
Midway, between two contraries,
And that the keystone of the matter,
Is neither to be dumb nor chatter.
'Tis plain (you'll tell me) that I show
A road I never mean to go; —
How nearly the extremes will touch
Of saying nothing and too much.
You cannot into speech be wrung,
Nor I compelled to hold my tongue;
Yet these varieties, we see,
But serve to pester you and me.

Still, — let no snowy Pyrenees,
Paulinus, thus your kindness freeze,
Nor all the shades that round you lie
Make you forget our friendly sky.
Would all the plagues e'er pestered Spain
Might rise and pester her again;

Depend on't I'd feel no objection
Should Carthage make a resurrection,
And set once more, to rouse your fears,
Old Hannibal about your ears —
Believe me, I should think it glorious
To hear that the old rogue Sertorius
Again on earth his nose had thrust,
Resolved upon another dust.

Your country's honor, and mine own,
Prop of the Senate and the throne,
Shall rocky Calagorris have —
Or Bilboa — your forgotten grave, —
Shall parched Perdia refuge give,
Whose thirsty river scarce can live?
— Your country saw your early rise,
And let her close your dying eyes,
Nor the hot sands of distant Spain
These honored bones, at last, contain.
Oh! may he, who could recommend
Unsocial silence to my friend,
Ingrate, ne'er have it in his choice,
For any good to use his voice;
Grant Heav'n he never may be found,
To share the joys that spring from sound.
For him may poet raise no strain —
For him no nightingale complain —
No groves resound — no breezes sigh —
No echoes liquidly reply —
Deserted — poor — may he be placed
Upon some lonely, barren waste,
Or 'mid untrodden mountains, where
No sound disturbs the savage air,
Sad, voiceless may he wander on,
As did, of old, Bellerophon. —
But I have done; — and now, extend
Indulgence to thy chyming friend; —
And oh! Paulinus, he would fain
That his rough-hewn Bœotian strain
Might have the fortune to recall
A real poet to us all.

JULIAN, CONSTANTIUS, AND THE PERSIAN WAR.

By AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS.

[AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS, the most valuable of Roman historians after the time of Dion Cassius, was born in Antioch about 320–325, of a noble pagan family, and served in the army till middle age, winning credit as a cavalryman on several expeditions during the reign of Constantius II., and accompanying the emperor Julian on his fatal Persian campaign (363). Retiring to Rome, he wrote — not in his natural Greek, but in unnatural Latin — a history of the empire from the accession of Nerva (96) to the death of Valens (378). Contrary to the frequent fate of such histories, the contemporary and most valuable part has survived, and is highly valued for its accuracy and impartiality. The date of his death is unknown.]

CAPTURE OF AMIDA AND ESCAPE OF AMMIANUS.

THE enemy surrounded the city with a line of heavy-armed soldiers five deep; and at the beginning of the third day the brilliant squadrons filled every spot as far as the eye could see in every direction, and the ranks, marching slowly, took up the positions appointed to each by lot.

When we saw these countless hosts thus deliberately collected for the conflagration of the Roman world, and directed to our own immediate destruction, we despaired of safety, and sought only how to end our lives gloriously, as we all desired.

From the rising of the sun to its setting, the enemy's lines stood immovable, as if rooted to the ground, without changing a step or uttering a sound; nor was even the neigh of a horse heard; and the men having withdrawn in the same order as they had advanced, after refreshing themselves with food and sleep, even before the dawn, returned, led by the clang of brazen trumpets, to surround the city, as if fated to fall with their terrible ring.

And scarcely had Grumbates, like a Roman fecial, hurled at us a spear stained with blood, according to his native fashion, than the whole army, rattling their arms, mounted up to the walls, and instantly the tumult of war grew fierce, while all the squadrons hastened with speed and alacrity to the attack, and our men on their side opposed them with equal fierceness and resolution.

Soon many of the enemy fell, with their heads crushed by vast stones hurled from scorpions, some were pierced with arrows,

others were transfixed with javelins, and strewed the ground with their bodies; others, wounded, fled back in haste to their comrades.

Nor was there less grief or less slaughter in the city, where the cloud of arrows obscured the air, and the vast engines, of which the Persians had got possession when they took Singra, scattered wounds everywhere.

For the garrison, collecting all their forces, returning in constant reliefs to the combat in their eagerness to defend the city, fell wounded, to the hindrance of their comrades, or, being sadly torn as they fell, threw down those who stood near them, or if still alive, sought the aid of those skillful in extracting darts which had become fixed in their bodies.

So slaughter was met by slaughter, and lasted till the close of day, being scarcely stopped by the darkness of evening, so great was the obstinacy with which both sides fought.

And the watches of the night were passed under arms, and the hills resounded with the shouts raised on both sides, while our men extolled the valor of Constantius Cæsar as lord of the empire and of the world, and the Persians styled Sapor Saansas and Pyroses, which appellation means king of kings, and conqueror in wars.

The next morning, before daybreak, the trumpet gave the signal, and countless numbers from all sides flocked like birds to a contest of similar violence; and in every direction, as far as the eye could reach, nothing could be seen in the plains and valleys but the glittering arms of these savage nations.

And presently a shout was raised, and as the enemy rushed forward all at once, they were met by a dense shower of missiles from the walls; and as may be conjectured, none were hurled in vain, falling as they did among so dense a crowd. For while so many evils surrounded us, we fought, as I have said before, with the hope, not of procuring safety, but of dying bravely. . . .

At the dawn of the next morning we saw from the citadel an innumerable multitude, which, after the capture of the fort called Ziata, was being led to the enemy's camp. For a promiscuous multitude had taken refuge in Ziata on account of its size and strength; it being a place ten furlongs in circumference.

In those days many other fortresses also were stormed and burnt, and many thousands of men and women carried off from

them into slavery; among whom were many men and women enfeebled by age, who, fainting from different causes, broke down under the length of the journey, gave up all desire of life, and were hamstrung and left behind.

The Gallic soldiers beholding these wretched crowds, demanded by a natural but unseasonable impulse to be led against the forces of the enemy, threatening their tribunes and principal centurions with death if they refused them leave.

And as wild beasts kept in cages, being rendered more savage by the smell of blood, dash themselves against their movable bars in the hope of escaping, so these men smote the gates, which we have already spoken of as being blockaded, with their swords; being very anxious not to be involved in the destruction of the city till they had done some gallant exploit; or if they ultimately escaped from their dangers, not to be spoken of as having done nothing worth speaking of, or worthy of their Gallic courage. Although when they had sallied out before, as they had often done, and had inflicted some loss on the raisers of the mounds, they had always experienced equal loss themselves.

We, at a loss what to do, and not knowing what resistance to oppose to these furious men, at length, having with some difficulty won their consent thereto, decided, since the evil could be endured no longer, to allow them to attack the Persian advanced guard, which was not much beyond bowshot; and then, if they could force their line, they might push their advance farther. For it was plain that if they succeeded in this, they would cause a great slaughter of the enemy.

And while the preparations for this sally were being made, the walls were still gallantly defended with unmitigated labor and watching, and planting engines for shooting stones and darts in every direction.

In the meantime the Gallic troops, impatient of delay, armed with their axes and swords, went forth from the open postern gate, taking advantage of a dark and moonless night. And imploring the Deity to be propitious, and repressing even their breath when they got near the enemy, they advanced with quick step and in close order, slew some of the watch at the outposts, and the outer sentinels of the camp (who were asleep, fearing no such event), and entertained secret hopes of penetrating even to the king's tent if fortune assisted them.

But some noise, though slight, was made by them in their

march, and the groans of the slain aroused many from sleep; and while each separately raised the cry "to arms," our soldiers halted and stood firm, not venturing to move any farther forward. For it would not have been prudent, now that those whom they sought to surprise were awakened, to hasten into open danger, while the bands of Persians were now heard to be flocking to battle from all quarters.

Nevertheless the Gallic troops, with undiminished strength and boldness, continued to hew down their foes with their swords, though some of their own men were also slain, pierced by the arrows which were flying from all quarters; and they still stood firm, when they saw the whole danger collected into one point, and the bands of the enemy coming on with speed; yet no one turned his back: and they withdrew, retiring slowly as if in time to music, and gradually fell behind the pales of the camp, being unable to sustain the weight of the battalions pressing close upon them, and being deafened by the clang of the Persian trumpets.

And while many trumpets in turn poured out their clang from the city, the gates were opened to receive our men, if they should be able to reach them: and the engines for missiles creaked, though no javelins were shot from them, in order that the captains of the advanced guard of the Persians, ignorant of the slaughter of their comrades, might be terrified by the noise into falling back, and so allowing our gallant troops to be admitted in safety.

And owing to this maneuver, the Gauls about daybreak entered the gate, although with diminished numbers; many of them severely and others slightly wounded. They lost four hundred men this night, when if they had not been hindered by more formidable obstacles, they would have slain in his very tent not Rhesus nor Thracians sleeping before the walls of Troy, but the king of Persia, surrounded by 100,000 armed men.

When the next day showed the slaughter which had been made, nobles and satraps were found lying amongst the corpses, and all kinds of dissonant cries and tears indicated the changed posture of the Persian host: everywhere was heard wailing; and great indignation was expressed by the princes, who thought that the Romans had forced their way through the sentries in front of the walls. A truce was made for three days by the common consent of both armies, and we gladly accepted a little respite in which to take breath. . . .

And now, the necessary preparations having been completed by the universal alacrity, at the rising of the day-star all kinds of structures and iron towers were brought up to the walls; on the lofty summits of which ballistæ were fitted, which beat down the garrison who were placed on lower ground.

And when day broke the iron coverings of the bodies of the foe darkened the whole heaven, and the dense lines advanced without any skirmishers in front, and not in an irregular manner as before, but to the regular and soft music of trumpets; protected by the roofs of the engines, and holding before them wicker shields.

And when they came within reach of our missiles, the Persian infantry, holding their shields in front of them, and even then having difficulty in avoiding the arrows which were shot from the engines on the walls, for scarcely any kind of weapon found an empty space, they broke their line a little; and even the cuirassiers were checked and began to retreat, which raised the spirits of our men.

Still the ballistæ of the enemy, placed on their iron towers, and pouring down missiles with great power from their high ground on those in a lower position, spread a great deal of slaughter in our ranks. At last, when evening came on, both sides retired to rest, and the greater part of the night was spent by us in considering what device could be adopted to resist the formidable engines of the enemy.

At length, after we had considered many plans, we determined on one which the rapidity with which it could be executed made the safest — to oppose four scorpions to the four ballistæ; which were carefully moved (a very difficult operation) from the place in which they were; but before this work was finished, day arrived, bringing us a mournful sight, inasmuch as it showed us the formidable battalions of the Persians, with their trains of elephants, the noise and size of which animals are such that nothing more terrible can be presented to the mind of man.

And while we were pressed on all sides with the vast masses of arms, and works, and beasts, still our scorpions were kept at work with their iron slings, hurling huge round stones from the battlements, by which the towers of the enemy were crushed and the ballistæ and those who worked them were dashed to the ground, so that many were desperately injured, and many crushed by the weight of the falling structures.

And the elephants were driven back with violence, and, surrounded by the flames which we poured forth against them, the moment that they were wounded retired, and could not be restrained by their riders. The works were all burnt, but still there was no cessation from the conflict.

For the king of the Persians himself, who is never expected to mingle in the fight, being indignant at these disasters, adopting a new and unprecedented mode of action, sprang forth like a common soldier among his own dense columns; and as the very number of his guards made him the more conspicuous to us who looked from afar on the scene, he was assailed by numerous missiles, and was forced to retire after he had lost many of his escort, while his troops fell back by echelons; and at the end of the day, though frightened neither by the sad sight of the slaughter nor of the wounds, he at length allowed a short period to be given to rest.

Night had put an end to the combat; and when a slight rest had been procured from sleep, the moment that the dawn, looked for as the harbinger of better fortune, appeared, Sapor, full of rage and indignation, and perfectly reckless, called forth his people to attack us. And as his works were all burnt, as we have related, and the attack had to be conducted by means of their lofty mounds raised close to our walls, we also from mounds within the walls, as fast as we could raise them, struggled in spite of all our difficulties, with all our might, and with equal courage, against our assailants.

And long did the bloody conflict last, nor was any one of the garrison driven by fear of death from his resolution to defend the city. The conflict was prolonged, till at last, while the fortune of the two sides was still undecided, the structure raised by our men, having been long assailed and shaken, at last fell, as if by an earthquake.

And the whole space which was between the wall and the external mound being made level as if by a causeway or a bridge, opened a passage to the enemy, which was no longer embarrassed by any obstacles; and numbers of our men, being crushed or enfeebled by their wounds, gave up the struggle. Still men flocked from all quarters to repel so imminent a danger, but from their eager haste they got in one another's way, while the boldness of the enemy increased with their success.

By the command of the king all his troops now hastened

[illegible] and a hand to hand engagement ensued. Blood [illegible] from the vast slaughter on both sides: the ditches [illegible] with corpses, and thus a wider path was opened for [illegible] And the city, being now filled with the eager [illegible] its way in, all hope of defense or of escape [illegible] armed and unarmed without any distinction of [illegible] slaughtered like sheep.

[illegible] when, though fortune had proved [illegible] of our troops was still fighting in good order: [illegible] myself with two companions in an [illegible] of the city, now under cover of darkness made [illegible] a postern gate where there was no guard: and [illegible] knowledge of the country and by the speed [illegible] I at last reached the tenth milestone from [illegible]

[illegible] lightly refreshed ourselves, I tried to proceed, [illegible] a noble unaccustomed to such toil, over- [illegible] of the march. I happened to fall in, however, [illegible] a most unsightly object, was to me, com- [illegible] a most seasonable relief.

A [illegible] riding a runaway horse, barebacked and without [illegible] his falling had knotted the halter [illegible] guiding him tightly to his left hand, and [illegible] and unable to break the knot, he was [illegible] as he was dragged over the rough ground and through the bushes, till at last the weight of his dead body stopped the tired beast; I caught him, and mounting him, availed myself of his services at a most seasonable moment, and after much suffering arrived with my companions at some sulphurous springs of naturally hot water.

On account of the heat we had suffered greatly from thirst, and had been crawling about for some time in search of water; and now when we came to this well it was so deep that we could not descend into it, nor had we any ropes; but taught by extreme necessity, we tore up the linen clothes which we wore into long rags, which we made into one great rope, and fastened to the end of it a cap which one of us wore beneath his helmet; and letting that down by the rope, and drawing up water in it like a sponge, we easily quenched our thirst.

From hence we proceeded rapidly to the Euphrates, intending to cross to the other side in the boat which long custom had stationed in that quarter, to convey men and cattle across.

When lo! we see at a distance a Roman force with cavalry standards, scattered and pursued by a division of Persians, though we did not know from what quarter it had come so suddenly on them in their march.

This example showed us that what men call indigenous people are not sprung from the bowels of the earth, but merely appear unexpectedly by reason of the speed of their movements: and because they were seen unexpectedly in various places, they got the name of Sparti, and were believed to have sprung from the ground, antiquity exaggerating their renown in a fabulous manner, as it does that of other things.

Roused by this sight, since our only hope of safety lay in our speed, we drew off through the thickets and woods to the high mountains; and from thence we went to Melitina, a town of the Lesser Armenia, where we found our chief just on the point of setting off, in whose company we went on to Antioch.

How Julian was forced into Revolt.

Even while he was hastening to lead succors to the East, which, as the concurrent testimony of both spies and deserters assured him, was on the point of being invaded by the Persians, Constantius was greatly disturbed by the virtues of Julian, which were now becoming renowned among all nations, so highly did fame extol his great labors, achievements, and victories, in having conquered several kingdoms of the Alemanni, and recovered several towns in Gaul which had been plundered and destroyed by the barbarians, and having compelled the barbarians themselves to become subjects and tributaries of the empire.

Influenced by these considerations, and fearing lest Julian's influence should become greater, at the instigation, as it is said, of the prefect Florentius, he sent Decentius, the tribune and secretary, to bring away at once the auxiliary troops of the Heruli and Batavi, and the Celtæ, and the legion called Petulantes, and three hundred picked men from the other forces; enjoining him to make all speed on the plea that their presence was required with the army which it was intended to march at the beginning of spring against the Parthians.

Also, Lupicinus was directed to come as commander of these auxiliary troops with the three hundred picked men, and to lose no time, as it was not known that he had crossed over

into action, and a hand-to-hand engagement ensued. Blood ran down from the vast slaughter on both sides; the ditches were filled with corpses, and thus a wider path was opened for the besiegers. And the city, being now filled with the eager crowd which forced its way in, all hope of defense or of escape was cut off, and armed and unarmed without any distinction of age or sex were slaughtered like sheep.

It was full evening when, though fortune had proved adverse, the bulk of our troops was still fighting in good order; and I, having concealed myself with two companions in an obscure corner of the city, now under cover of darkness made my escape by a postern gate where there was no guard; and aided by my own knowledge of the country and by the speed of my companions, I at last reached the tenth milestone from the city.

Here, having lightly refreshed ourselves, I tried to proceed, but found myself, as a noble unaccustomed to such toil, overcome by fatigue of the march. I happened to fall in, however, with what, though a most unsightly object, was to me, completely tired out, a most seasonable relief.

A groom riding a runaway horse, barebacked and without a bridle, in order to prevent his falling had knotted the halter by which he was guiding him tightly to his left hand, and presently, being thrown, and unable to break the knot, he was torn to pieces as he was dragged over the rough ground and through the bushes, till at last the weight of his dead body stopped the tired beast; I caught him, and mounting him, availed myself of his services at a most seasonable moment, and after much suffering arrived with my companions at some sulphurous springs of naturally hot water.

On account of the heat we had suffered greatly from thirst, and had been crawling about for some time in search of water; and now when we came to this well it was so deep that we could not descend into it, nor had we any ropes; but taught by extreme necessity, we tore up the linen clothes which we wore into long rags, which we made into one great rope, and fastened to the end of it a cap which one of us wore beneath his helmet; and letting that down by the rope, and drawing up water in it like a sponge, we easily quenched our thirst.

From hence we proceeded rapidly to the Euphrates, intending to cross to the other side in the boat which long custom had stationed in that quarter, to convey men and cattle across.

When lo! we see at a distance a Roman force with cavalry standards, scattered and pursued by a division of Persians, though we did not know from what quarter it had come so suddenly on them in their march.

This example showed us that what men call indigenous people are not sprung from the bowels of the earth, but merely appear unexpectedly by reason of the speed of their movements: and because they were seen unexpectedly in various places, they got the name of Sparti, and were believed to have sprung from the ground, antiquity exaggerating their renown in a fabulous manner, as it does that of other things.

Roused by this sight, since our only hope of safety lay in our speed, we drew off through the thickets and woods to the high mountains; and from thence we went to Melitina, a town of the Lesser Armenia, where we found our chief just on the point of setting off, in whose company we went on to Antioch.

How Julian was forced into Revolt.

Even while he was hastening to lead succors to the East, which, as the concurrent testimony of both spies and deserters assured him, was on the point of being invaded by the Persians, Constantius was greatly disturbed by the virtues of Julian, which were now becoming renowned among all nations, so highly did fame extol his great labors, achievements, and victories, in having conquered several kingdoms of the Alemanni, and recovered several towns in Gaul which had been plundered and destroyed by the barbarians, and having compelled the barbarians themselves to become subjects and tributaries of the empire.

Influenced by these considerations, and fearing lest Julian's influence should become greater, at the instigation, as it is said, of the prefect Florentius, he sent Decentius, the tribune and secretary, to bring away at once the auxiliary troops of the Heruli and Batavi, and the Celtæ, and the legion called Petulantes, and three hundred picked men from the other forces; enjoining him to make all speed on the plea that their presence was required with the army which it was intended to march at the beginning of spring against the Parthians.

Also, Lupicinus was directed to come as commander of these auxiliary troops with the three hundred picked men, and to lose no time, as it was not known that he had crossed over

to Britain; and Sintula, at that time the superintendent of Julian's stables, was ordered to select the best men of the Scutarii and Gentiles, and to bring them also to join the emperor.

Julian made no remonstrance, but obeyed these orders, yielding in all respects to the will of the emperor. But on one point he could not conceal his feelings nor keep silence; but entreated that those men might be spared from this hardship who had left their homes on the other side of the Rhine, and had joined his army on condition of never being moved into any country beyond the Alps, urging that if this were known, it might be feared that other volunteers of the barbarian nations, who had often enlisted in our service on similar conditions, would be prevented from doing so in future. But he argued in vain.

For the tribune, disregarding his complaints, carried out the commands of the emperor, and having chosen out a band suited for forced marches, of preëminent vigor and activity, set out with them full of hope of promotion.

And as Julian, being in doubt what to do about the rest of the troops whom he was ordered to send, and revolving all kinds of plans in his mind, considered that the matter ought to be managed with great care, as there was on one side the fierceness of the barbarians, and on the other the authority of the orders he had received (his perplexity being further increased by the absence of the commander of the cavalry), he urged the prefect, who had gone some time before to Vienne under the pretence of procuring corn, but in reality to escape from military troubles, to return to him.

For the prefect bore in mind the substance of a report which he was suspected to have sent some time before, and which recommended the withdrawing from the defense of Gaul those troops so renowned for their valor, and already objects of dread to the barbarians.

The prefect, as soon as he had received Julian's letters, informing him of what had happened, and entreating him to come speedily to him to aid the republic with his counsels, positively refused, being alarmed because the letters expressly declared that in any crisis of danger the prefect ought never to be absent from the general. And it was added that if he declined to give his aid, Julian would, of his own accord, renounce the emblems of authority, thinking it better to die,

if so it was fated, than to have the ruin of the provinces attributed to him. But the obstinacy of the prefect prevailed, and he resolutely refused to comply with the wishes thus reasonably expressed and enforced.

But during the delay which arose from the absence of Lupicinus and of any military movement on the part of the alarmed prefect, Julian, deprived of all assistance in the way of advice, and being greatly perplexed, thought it best to hasten the departure of all his troops from the stations in which they were passing the winter, and to let them begin their march.

When this was known, some one privily threw down a bitter libel near the standard of the Petulantes legion, which, among other things, contained these words: "We are being driven to the farthest parts of the earth like condemned criminals, and our relations will become slaves to the Alemanni after we have delivered them from that first captivity by desperate battles."

When this writing was taken to headquarters and read, Julian, considering the reasonableness of the complaint, ordered that their families should go to the East with them, and allowed them the use of the public wagons for the purpose of moving them. And as it was for some time doubted which road they should take, he decided, at the suggestion of the secretary Decentius, that they should go by Paris, where he himself still was, not having moved.

And so it was done, and when they arrived in the suburbs, the prince, according to his custom, met them, praising those whom he recognized, and reminding individuals of their gallant deeds, he congratulated them with courteous words, encouraging them to go cheerfully to join the emperor, as they would reap the most worthy rewards of their exertions where power was the greatest and most extensive.

And to do them the more honor, as they were going to a great distance, he invited their chiefs to a supper, when he bade them ask whatever they desired. And they, having been treated with such liberality, departed, anxious and sorrowful on two accounts, because cruel fortune was separating them at once from so kind a ruler and from their native land. And with this sorrowful feeling they retired to their camp.

But when night came on they broke out into open discontent, and their minds being excited, as his own griefs pressed

upon each individual, they had recourse to force, and took up arms, and with a great outcry thronged to the palace, and surrounding it so as to prevent any one from escaping, they saluted Julian as emperor with loud vociferations, insisting vehemently on his coming forth to them; and though they were compelled to wait till daylight, still, as they would not depart, at last he did come forth. And when he appeared, they saluted him emperor with redoubled and unanimous cheers.

But he steadily resisted them individually and collectively, at one time showing himself indignant, at another holding out his hands and entreating and beseeching them not to sully their numerous victories with anything unbecoming and not to let unseasonable rashness and precipitation awaken materials for discord. At last he appeased them, and having addressed them mildly, he added: —

"I beseech you let your anger depart for a while: without any dissension or attempt at revolution what you wish will easily be obtained. Since you are so strongly bound by love of your country, and fear strange lands to which you are unaccustomed, return now to your homes, certain that you shall not cross the Alps, since you dislike it. And I will explain the matter to the full satisfaction of the emperor, who is a man of great wisdom, and will listen to reason."

Nevertheless, after his speech was ended, the cries were repeated with as much vigor and unanimity as ever; and so vehement was the uproar and zeal, which did not even spare reproaches and threats, that Julian was compelled to consent. And being lifted up on the shield of an infantry soldier, and raised up in sight of all, he was saluted as Augustus with one universal acclamation, and was ordered to produce a diadem. And when he said that he had never had one, his wife's coronet or necklace was demanded.

And when he protested that it was not fitting for him at his first accession to be adorned with female ornaments, the frontlet of a horse was sought for, so that being crowned therewith, he might have some badge, however obscure, of supreme power. But when he insisted that that also would be unbecoming, a man named Maurus, afterwards a count, the same who was defeated in the defile of the Succi, but who was then only one of the front-rank men of the Petulantes, tore a chain off his own neck, which he wore in his quality of standard bearer,

and placed it boldly on Julian's head, who, being thus brought under extreme compulsion, and seeing that he could not escape the most imminent danger to his life if he persisted in his resistance, consented to their wishes, and promised a largess of five pieces of gold and a pound of silver to every man.

After this Julian felt more anxiety than ever; and, keenly alive to the future consequences, neither wore his diadem or appeared in public, nor would he even transact the serious business which pressed upon his attention, but sought retirement, being full of consternation at the strangeness of the recent events. This continued till one of the decurions of the palace (which is an office of dignity) came in great haste to the standards of the Petulantes and of the Celtic legion, and in a violent manner exclaimed that it was a monstrous thing that he who had the day before been by their will declared emperor should have been privily assassinated.

When this was heard, the soldiers, as readily excited by what they did not know as by what they did, began to brandish their javelins, and draw their swords, and (as is usual at times of sudden tumult) to flock from every quarter in haste and disorder to the palace. The sentinels were alarmed at the uproar, as were the tribunes and the captain of the guard, and suspecting some treachery from the fickle soldiery, they fled, fearing sudden death to themselves.

When all before them seemed tranquil, the soldiers stood quietly awhile; and on being asked what was the cause of their sudden and precipitate movement, they at first hesitated, and then avowing their alarm for the safety of the emperor, declared they would not retire till they had been admitted into the council chamber and had seen him safe in his imperial robes. . . .

Julian, considering to what great internal divisions his conduct had given rise, and that nothing is so advantageous for the success of sudden enterprise as celerity of action, saw with his usual sagacity that if he openly avowed his revolt from the emperor, he should be safer; and feeling uncertain of the fidelity of the soldiers, having offered secret propitiatory sacrifices to Bellona, he summoned the army by sound of trumpet to an assembly, and standing on a tribune built of stone, with every appearance of confidence in his manner, he spoke thus: . . .

The emperor's speech was approved as though it had been the voice of an oracle, and the whole assembly was greatly

excited, and being eager for a change, they all with one consent raised a tremendous shout, and beat their shields with a violent crash, calling him a great and noble general, and, as had been proved, a fortunate conqueror and king.

And being all ordered solemnly to swear fidelity to him, they put their swords to their throats with terrible curses, and took the oath in the prescribed form, that for him they would undergo every kind of suffering, and even death itself, if necessity should require it; and their officers and all the friends of the prince gave a similar pledge with the same forms.

Nebridius the prefect alone, boldly and unshakenly refused, declaring that he could not possibly bind himself by an oath hostile to Constantius, from whom he had received many and great obligations.

When these words of his were heard, the soldiers who were nearest to him were greatly enraged, and wished to kill him; but he threw himself at the feet of Julian, who shielded him with his cloak. Presently, when he returned to the palace, Nebridius appeared before him, threw himself at his feet as a suppliant, and entreated him to relieve his fears by giving him his right hand. Julian replied, "Will there be any conspicuous favor reserved for my own friends if you are allowed to touch my hand? However, depart in peace as you will." On receiving this answer, Nebridius retired in safety to his own house in Tuscany.

By these preliminary measures, Julian having learnt, as the importance of the affair required, what great influence promptness and being beforehand has in a tumultuous state of affairs, gave the signal to march towards Pannonia, and advancing his standard and his camp, boldly committed himself to fickle fortune.

Death and Character of Constantius.

Constantius having hastened to Antioch, according to his wont, at the first movement of a civil war which he was eager to encounter, as soon as he had made all his preparations, was in amazing haste to march, though many of his court were so unwilling as even to proceed to murmurs. For no one dared openly to remonstrate or object to his plan.

He set forth towards the end of autumn; and when he reached the suburb called Hippocephalus, which is about three miles from the town, as soon as it was daylight he saw on his

right the corpse of a man who had been murdered, lying with his head torn off from the body, stretched out towards the west — and though alarmed at the omen, which seemed as if the Fates were preparing his end, he went on more resolutely, and came to Tarsus, where he caught a slight fever; and thinking that the motion of his journey would remove the distemper, he went on by bad roads; directing his course by Mopsucrenæ, the farthest station in Cilicia for those who travel from hence, at the foot of Mount Taurus.

But when he attempted to proceed the next day he was prevented by the increasing violence of his disorder, and the fever began gradually to inflame his veins, so that his body felt like a little fire, and could scarcely be touched; and as all remedies failed, he began in the last extremity to bewail his death; and while his mental faculties were still entire, he is said to have indicated Julian as the successor to his power. Presently the last struggle of death came on, and he lost the power of speech. And after long and painful agony he died on the fifth of October, having lived and reigned forty years and a few months.

In accurately distinguishing the virtues and vices of Constantius, it will be well to take the virtues first. Always preserving the dignity of the imperial authority, he proudly and magnanimously disdained popularity. In conferring the higher dignities he was very sparing, and allowed very few changes to be made in the administration of the finances. Nor did he ever encourage the arrogance of the soldiers.

Nor under him was any general promoted to the title of most illustrious. For there was also, as we have already mentioned, the title of most perfect. Nor had the governor of a province occasion to court a commander of cavalry; as Constantius never allowed those officers to meddle with civil affairs. But all officers, both military and civil, were, according to the respectful usages of old, inferior to that of the prefect of the prætorium, which was the most honorable of all.

In taking care of the soldiers he was very cautious, an examiner into their merits, sometimes over scrupulous, giving dignities about the palace as if with scales. Under him no one who was not well known to him, or who was favored merely by some sudden impulse, ever received any high appointment in the palace. But only such as had served ten years in some capacity or other could look for such appointments as master

of the ceremonies or treasurer. The successful candidates could always be known beforehand; and it very seldom happened that any military officer was transferred to a civil office; while on the other hand none but veteran soldiers were appointed to command troops.

He was a diligent cultivator of learning, but, as his blunted talent was not suited to rhetoric, he devoted himself to versification; in which, however, he did nothing worth speaking of.

In his way of life he was economical and temperate, and by moderation in eating and drinking he preserved such robust health that he was rarely ill, though when ill dangerously so. For repeated experience and proof has shown that this is the case with persons who avoid licentiousness and luxury.

He was contented with very little sleep, which he took when time and season allowed; and throughout his long life he was so extremely chaste that no suspicion was ever cast on him in this respect, though it is a charge which, even when it can find no ground, malignity is apt to fasten on princes.

In riding and throwing the javelin, in shooting with the bow, and in all the accomplishments of military exercises, he was admirably skillful. That he never blew his nose in public, never spat, never was seen to change countenance, and that he never in all his life ate any fruit I pass over, as what has been often related before.

Having now briefly enumerated his good qualities with which we have been able to become acquainted, let us now proceed to speak of his vices. In other respects he was equal to average princes, but if he had the slightest reason (even if founded on wholly false information) for suspecting any one of aiming at supreme power, he would at once institute the most rigorous inquiry, trampling down right and wrong alike, and outdo the cruelty of Caligula, Domitian, or Commodus, whose barbarity he rivaled at the very beginning of his reign, when he shamefully put to death his own connections and relations.

And his cruelty and morose suspicions, which were directed against everything of the kind, were a cruel addition to the sufferings of the unhappy persons who were accused of sedition or treason.

And if anything of the kind got wind, he instituted investigations of a more terrible nature than the law sanctioned, ap-

pointing men of known cruelty as judges in such cases; and in punishing offenders he endeavored to protract their deaths as long as nature would allow, being in such cases more savage than even Gallienus. For he, though assailed by incessant and real plots of rebels, such as Aureolus, Posthumus, Ingenuus, and Valens who was surnamed the Thessalonian, and many others, often mitigated the penalty of crimes liable to sentence of death; while Constantius caused facts which were really unquestionable to be looked upon as doubtful by the excessive inhumanity of his tortures.

In such cases he had a mortal hatred of justice, even though his great object was to be accounted just and merciful: and as sparks flying from a dry wood, by a mere breath of wind are sometimes carried on with unrestrained course to the danger of the country villages around, so he also from the most trivial causes kindled heaps of evils, being very unlike that wise emperor Marcus Aurelius, who, when Cassius in Syria aspired to the supreme power, and when a bundle of letters which he had written to his accomplices was taken with their bearer, and brought to him, ordered them at once to be burned, while he was still in Illyricum, in order that he might not know who had plotted against him, and so against his will be obliged to consider some persons as his enemies.

And, as some right thinking people are of opinion, it was rather an indication of great virtue in Constantius to have quelled the empire without shedding more blood, than to have revenged himself with such cruelty.

As Cicero also teaches us, when in one of his letters to Nepos he accuses Cæsar of cruelty, "For," says he, "felicity is nothing else but success in what is honorable; or to define it in another way, Felicity is fortune assisting good counsels, and he who is not guided by such cannot be happy. Therefore in wicked and impious designs such as those of Cæsar there could be no felicity; and in my judgment Camillus when in exile was happier than Manlius at the same time, even if Manlius had been able to make himself king, as he wished."

The same is the language of Heraclitus of Ephesus, when he remarks that men of eminent capacity and virtue, through the caprice of fortune, have often been overcome by men destitute of either talent or energy. But that glory is the best when power, existing with high rank, forces, as it were, its inclinations to be angry and cruel and oppressive under the yoke,

and so erects a glorious trophy in the citadel of its victorious mind.

But as in his foreign wars this emperor was unsuccessful and unfortunate, on the other hand in his civil contests he was successful; and in all those domestic calamities he covered himself with the horrid blood of the enemies of the republic and of himself; and yielding to his elation at these triumphs in a way neither right nor usual, he erected at a vast expense triumphal arches in Gaul and the two Pannonias, to record his triumphs over his own provinces; engraving on them the titles of his exploits . . . as long as they should last, to those who read the inscriptions.

He was preposterously addicted to listening to his wives, and to the thin voices of his eunuchs, and some of his courtiers, who applauded all his words, and watched everything he said, whether in approval or disapproval, in order to agree with it.

The misery of these times was further increased by the insatiable covetousness of his tax-collectors, who brought him more odium than money; and to many persons this seemed the more intolerable, because he never listened to any excuse, never took any measures for relief of the provinces when oppressed by the multiplicity of taxes and imposts; and in addition to all this he was very apt to take back any exemptions which he had granted.

He confused the Christian religion, which is plain and simple, with old women's superstitions; in investigating which he preferred perplexing himself to settling its questions with dignity, so that he excited much dissension; which he further encouraged by diffuse wordy explanations: he ruined the establishment of public conveyances by devoting them to the service of crowds of priests, who went to and fro to different synods, as they call the meetings at which they endeavor to settle everything according to their own fancy.

As to his personal appearance and stature, he was of a dark complexion with prominent eyes; of keen sight, soft hair, with his cheeks carefully shaved, and bright looking. From his waist to his neck he was rather long, his legs were very short and crooked, which made him a good leaper and runner.

THE CÆSARS.

BY THE EMPEROR JULIAN.

[FLAVIUS CLAUDIUS JULIANUS, Roman emperor, nephew of Constantine the Great, was born A.D. 331. He and his half-brother Gallus were the only survivors of the family massacre wrought by his cousin Constantius II., son of Constantine, who had him educated as a Christian; but that faith being repugnant to his intellect, and detestable as being that of the assassin, he only accepted it from compulsion and repudiated it as soon as he had the power. The schools of philosophy at Athens taught him a symbolism in mythology which enchanted him, and determined him to reintroduce the old worship which Constantine had abandoned. In 355 Constantius made him Cæsar, married him to his own daughter Helena, and gave him the government of Gaul, Spain, and Britain, with headquarters at Paris; he was very successful against the barbarians, and the troops, who hated the gloomy tyrant Constantius, revolted, and gave him the choice of empire or death. He marched on Constantinople; Constantius died while advancing to meet him, and he was left emperor without dispute, A.D. 361. He at once proclaimed his renunciation of Christianity, and an edict of universal toleration. In 363 he began a campaign against Persia to revive the glories of Trajan, and was killed while conducting a retreat.]

Julian — It is the season of the Saturnalia; the god, therefore, allows us to be merry; but as I have no talent for the ludicrous, I am inclined, my friend, to blend wisdom with mirth.

Friend — Can any one, Cæsar, be so absurd as to joke seriously? I always thought that this was intended only for relaxation, and to alleviate care.

Julian — You are in the right; but that is by no means my disposition; as I have never been addicted to scoffs, satire, or ridicule. In order, however, to comply with the ordinance of the god, shall I, by way of amusement, repeat to you a fable, which you will not, perhaps, be displeased to hear?

Friend — You will oblige me. For I am so far from despising fables, that I value those which have a moral tendency, being of the same opinion with you and your (or rather our) Plato, who has discussed many serious subjects in fictions.

Julian — True.

Friend — But what and whose shall it be?

Julian — Not an ancient one, like those of Æsop, but a fiction from Mercury. This I will repeat to you as I received it from that god; and whether it contain truth, or falsehood blended with truth, I will leave you to judge when you have heard it.

Friend — Enough, and more than enough, of preface. One would think that you were going to deliver an oration rather than a fable. Now then, proceed to the discourse itself.

Julian — Attend.

Romulus, sacrificing at the Saturnalia, invited all the gods, and Cæsars also, to a banquet. Couches were prepared for the reception of the gods on the summit of heaven, on Olympus, the firm mansion of the Immortals.

Thither, it is said, like Hercules, Quirinus ascended. For thus, in compliance with the rumor of his divinity, we must style Romulus. Below the moon, in the highest region of the air, a repast was given to the Cæsars. Thither they were wafted, and there they were buoyed up, by the lightness of the bodies with which they were invested, and the revolution of the moon. Four couches, of exquisite workmanship, were spread for the superior deities. That of Saturn was formed of polished ebony, which reflected such a divine luster as was insupportable. For, on viewing this ebony, the eye was as much dazzled by the excess of light, as it is by gazing steadfastly on the sun. That of Jupiter was more splendid than silver, and too white to be gold; but whether this should be called electrum, or what other name should be given it, Mercury, though he had inquired of the metallists, could not precisely inform me.

On each side of them, sat on golden thrones the mother and the daughter, Juno near Jupiter, Rhea near Saturn. On the beauty of the gods, Mercury did not descant; as that, he said, transcended my faculties, and was impossible for them to express. For no terms level to my comprehension, however eloquent, could sufficiently extol or do justice to the inimitable beauty of the gods.

Thrones or couches were prepared for all the other deities, according to their seniority. As to this, there was no disagreement; for, as Homer — instructed, no doubt, by the Muses themselves — observes, "each god has his own throne assigned him, where he is firmly and immovably fixed."

When, therefore, they rise at the entrance of their father, they never confound or change their seats, or infringe on those of others. Every one knows his proper station.

Thus, all the gods being seated in a circle, Silenus fondly placed himself near young and beautiful Bacchus (who was close to his father Jupiter), as his foster-father and governor;

diverting the god, who is a lover of mirth and laughter, with his facetious and sarcastic sayings.

As soon as the table was spread for the Cæsars, the first who appeared was Julius Cæsar. Such was his passion for glory, that he seemed willing to contend for dominion with Jupiter himself. Silenus, observing him, said: "Behold, Jupiter, one who has ambition enough to endeavor to dethrone you. He is, you see, strong and handsome, and if he resembles me in nothing else, his head, at least, is certainly the fellow of mine."

Amidst these jokes of Silenus, to which the gods paid little attention, Octavianus entered. He assumed, like a chameleon, various colors, at first appearing pale, then black, dark, and cloudy, and at last exhibiting the charms of Venus and the Graces. In the luster of his eyes he seemed willing to rival the sun; nor could any one encounter his looks. "Strange!" cried Silenus; "what a changeable creature is this! what mischief will he do us?"

"Cease trifling," said Apollo: "after I have consigned him to Zeno, I will exhibit him to you pure as gold. Hark ye," added he to that philosopher. "Zeno, undertake the care of my pupil." He, in obedience, suggesting to him a very few precepts, as if he had muttered the incantations of Zamolxis, soon rendered him wise and virtuous.

The third who approached was Tiberius, with a grave but fierce aspect, appearing at once both wise and martial. As he turned to sit down, his back displayed several scars, some cauteries and sores, severe stripes and bruises, scabs and tumors, imprinted by lust and intemperance. Silenus then saying: —

"Far different now thou seemest than before,"

in a much more serious tone, "Why so grave, my dear?" said Bacchus. "That old satyr," replied he, "has terrified me, and made me inadvertently quote a line of Homer." "Take care that he does not also pull your ears," said Bacchus; "for thus, it is said, he treated a certain grammarian." "He had better," returned Silenus, "bemoan himself in his solitary island [Capreæ], and tear the face of some miserable fisherman."

While they were thus joking, a dreadful monster [Caligula] appeared. The gods averting their eyes, Nemesis delivered him to the avenging Furies, who immediately threw him into

Tartarus, without allowing Silenus to accost him. But on the approach of Claudius, Silenus began to sing the beginning of the part of Demosthenes in the Knights of Aristophanes, cajoling Claudius. Then turning to Quirinus, "You are unjust," said he, "to invite your descendant without his freedmen, Narcissus and Pallas. But besides them, you should also send for his wife Messalina; for without them he appears like guards in a tragedy, mute and inanimate."

While Silenus was speaking, Nero entered, playing on his harp and crowned with laurel. Silenus then turned to Apollo and said, "This man makes you his model." "I shall soon uncrown him," replied Apollo: "he did not imitate me in everything, and when he did, he was a bad imitator." Cocytus, therefore, instantly swept him away, divested of his crown.

After him, seeing many come crowding together, — Vindex, Otho, Galba, Vitellius, — Silenus exclaimed: "Where, ye gods, have you found such a multitude of monarchs? We are suffocated with smoke; for beasts of this kind spare not even the temples of the gods." Jupiter then looked at his brother Serapis, and said, pointing to Vespasian: "Send this miser, as soon as possible, out of Egypt, to extinguish these flames. Bid his eldest son [Titus] solace himself with a prostitute, but chain his younger son [Domitian] near the Sicilian tiger."

Then came an old man [Nerva], of a beautiful aspect (for even old age is sometimes beautiful), in his manners most gentle, and in his administration mild. With him Silenus was so delighted that he remained silent. "What!" said Mercury, "have you nothing to say of this man?" "Yes, by Jupiter," he replied; "for I charge you all with partiality, in suffering that bloodthirsty monster [Domitian] to reign fifteen years, but this man scarce a whole year." "Do not complain," answered Jupiter: "many good princes shall succeed him."

Trajan immediately entered, bearing on his shoulders the Getic and Parthian trophies. Silenus, observing him, said in a low voice, but loud enough to be heard, "Our lord Jupiter must now be careful, or he will not be able to keep Ganymede to himself." After him advanced a venerable sage [Hadrian], with a long beard, an adept in music, gazing frequently on the heavens, and curiously investigating the abstrusest subjects. "What," said Silenus, "think you of this Sophist? Is he looking for Antinous? If so, one of you may tell him that the youth is not here, and thus check his madness and folly." To these

succeeded a man of moderation, not in amorous but political pursuits [Antoninus Pius]. Silenus, on seeing him, exclaimed, "Strange! how important is he in trifles! This old man seems to me one of those who would harangue about a pin's point."

At the entrance of two brothers, Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, Silenus contracted his brow, as he could by no means jeer or deride them. Marcus, in particular, though he strictly scrutinized his conduct with regard to his son and his wife; as to her, in his immoderate grief for her death, though she little deserved it; as to him, in hazarding the ruin of the empire by preferring him to a discreet son-in-law, who would have made a better prince, and studied the advantage of his son more than he did himself.

Notwithstanding these failings, Silenus could not but admire his exalted virtue. Thinking his son [Commodus] unworthy of any stroke of wit, he silently dismissed him. And he, not being able to support himself or associate with the heroes, fell down to the earth.

Pertinax then approached, still lamenting the mortal wound that he received at a banquet. This excited the compassion of Nemesis, who said: "The authors of this deed shall not long exult; but, Pertinax, you were culpable in being privy to the conspiracy that destroyed the son of Marcus." He was succeeded by Severus, a prince inexorable in punishing. "Of him," said Silenus, "I have nothing to say; for I am terrified by his stern and implacable looks." His sons would have accompanied him, but Minos prevented them, and kept them at a distance. With a prudent distinction, however, he dismissed the youngest [Geta], and ordered the eldest [Caracalla] to be punished for his crimes.

That crafty murderer, Macrinus, and the youth of Emesa [Elagabalus] were driven from the sacred inclosure. But Alexander the Syrian, being placed in the hinder ranks, bewailed his misfortune. Silenus added, "O thou fool and madman! highly exalted as thou wert, thou didst not govern for thyself, but gavest thy wealth to thy mother, and couldst not be persuaded that it was much better to bestow it on thy friends than to hoard it."

"All, however," said Nemesis, "who were accessory to his death I will deliver to the tormentors." And thus the youth was dismissed.

Gallienus then entered with his father [Valerian], the latter

dragging the chain of his captivity, the other effeminate both in his dress and behavior. Silenus thus ridiculed the father: —

"—— By those snowy plumes distinguished,
Before the ranks who marches in the van."

And to the son he said: —

"Him gold adorns, all dainty as a bride."

Jupiter ordered them both to depart from the banquet.

They were succeeded by Claudius, on whom all the gods fixed their eyes, admiring his magnanimity, and granted the empire to his descendants, thinking it just that the posterity of such a lover of his country should enjoy the sovereignty as long as possible.

After him entered Aurelian, as if to escape those who were accusing him before Minos; for many charges of murder, which he could not palliate or excuse, were brought against him. But my lord the Sun, who had patronized him on other occasions, assisted him also on this, by informing the gods that the Delphic oracle —

That he who evil does, should evil suffer, is righteous judgment,

had been fulfilled.

The next was Probus, who, in less than seven years rebuilt seventy cities, and also enacted many wise laws. Having suffered unjustly, he was honored by the gods, and his death was revenged by the punishment of his murderers. Silenus, nevertheless, endeavored in like manner to ridicule him; and many of the gods urging him to be silent: "Let those who shall follow," said he, "grow wiser by his example. Dost thou not know, O Probus, that physicians make bitter potions palatable, by infusing them in mead? But thou, who wert always so severe and cruel that none could equal thee, hast suffered, however unjustly, in like manner. For no one can govern brutes, much less men, but by sometimes gratifying and indulging them; as physicians humor their patients in trifles, that they may insure their compliance in things essential." "What! dear father," said Bacchus; "do you now play the philosopher upon us?" "Why not?" replied Silenus. "Were not you too, my son, instructed by me in philosophy? Know you not

that Socrates also held, like me, the first rank in philosophy among his contemporaries, if you credit the oracle of Delphi? Allow me, therefore, to speak not always jocosely, but sometimes seriously."

While they were thus talking, Carus with his sons [Carinus and Numerian] would have entered, had not Nemesis repulsed them. Diocletian, accompanied by the two Maximians and my grandfather Constantius, then approached, magnificently dressed. These, though they held each other by the hand, did not walk on a line with Diocletian. Three others also surrounded him in the manner of a chorus; but when, like harbingers, they would have preceded him, he forbade them, not thinking himself entitled to any distinction. Transferring only to them a burthen which he had borne on his own shoulders, he walked with much greater ease. Admiring their union, the gods assigned them a seat superior to any. But Maximian behaving with imprudence and haughtiness, Silenus, though he did not think him worthy of ridicule, would not admit him into the society of the emperors. And, besides, he was not only addicted to all kinds of lasciviousness, but by his impertinent officiousness and perfidy often interrupted the harmonious concert. Nemesis, therefore, soon banished him, and whither he went I know not, as I forgot to ask Mercury.

To this most melodious tetrachord, a harsh, disagreeable, and discordant sound succeeded. Two of the candidates Nemesis would not suffer to approach even the door of the assembly. Licinius came thus far, but having been guilty of many crimes, he was repulsed by Minos. Constantine entered, and sat some time; and near him sat his sons. As for Magnentius, he was refused admittance, because he had never done anything laudable, though many of his actions might appear brilliant. But the gods, perceiving that they did not flow from a good principle, dismissed him much afflicted.

In this manner was the banquet prepared. At the table of the gods nothing was wanting, for all things are theirs. But that of the heroes Mercury thought imperfect, and Jupiter was of the same opinion. Quirinus had long requested to introduce another of his descendants. But Hercules said: "I will not suffer it, Quirinus. For why have you not invited my Alexander also to the feast? If, therefore, Jupiter, you intend to enroll any of the heroes among us, send, I entreat you, for Alexander. When we are canvassing the merits of men, why

should the bravest be omitted?" What the son of Alcmena proposed was approved by Jupiter. Alexander, therefore, entered the assembly of heroes; but neither Cæsar nor any one else rose up to him; so that he was obliged to take the seat which the eldest son of Severus had left vacant, he, for his fratricide, having been expelled. Silenus, then scoffing at Quirinus, said, "Take care, or this one Greek will excel all your Romans." "By Jove," replied Quirinus, "I think that many of them are, in every respect, his equals. My posterity indeed have so much admired him that of foreign generals they style and think him only great; not that they deem him superior to their countrymen, or are void of national prejudice. But that we shall soon determine when we have brought their merits to the test!"

Saying this, Quirinus blushed, and seemed evidently anxious for his descendants.

After this, Jupiter asked the gods whether all should enter the lists, or whether they should adopt the practice observed in wrestling, where whoever conquers him who has gained the most victories is deemed the only victor, even of those who have been vanquished by his antagonist, though they have not been his competitors? This was generally approved, as a just determination. Mercury then proclaimed that Cæsar should advance first, Octavianus next, and Trajan third, those being the greatest warriors. Silence being commanded, Saturn, turning to Jupiter, expressed his surprise at seeing martial emperors summoned to this contest, but no philosophers. "These," he said, "are equally dear to me. Call, therefore, and introduce Marcus [Aurelius]." He being summoned, advanced with a serious aspect, occasioned by the labors of his mind. His eyes were hollow, his brow was contracted, and his whole form displayed unstudied beauty; for his hair was uncombed, his beard was long, his dress simple and economical, and by scanty nourishment his body was transparent and shining, like the purest light. When he was admitted within the sacred inclosure, Bacchus said, "King Saturn and Father Jupiter, can anything imperfect be allowed among the gods?" No answer being returned, "Let us send, then," proceeded he, "for some lover of pleasure." "But," replied Jupiter, "it is not lawful for any one to be admitted here who does not worship us." "Let judgment, therefore," said Bacchus, "be pronounced on him in the vestibule. We will call, with your leave, a prince,

not indeed unwarlike, but softened by pleasure and enjoyment. Let Constantine come as far as the vestibule."

This being allowed (the mode of their contention having been previously settled), Mercury advised that every one should severally speak for himself, and that the gods should then give their votes. But of this Apollo disapproved, insisting that the truth only, and not eloquence or the charms of oratory, ought to be discussed and examined by the gods. Jupiter, wishing to oblige all, and at the same time desirous to prolong the assembly, replied, "There can be no inconvenience in directing each of them to speak by a certain measure of water, and afterwards we may interrogate them and scrutinize their thoughts." Silenus jocosely added, "Take care, Neptune, or Trajan and Alexander, mistaking the water for nectar, will swallow it all, and so leave none for the rest."

Neptune answered: "They were much more fond of your draughts, Silenus, than of mine. It behooves you, therefore, to be rather afraid of your own vines than of my springs." Silenus was chagrined, and made no reply, but afterwards attended solely to the disputants. Mercury then proclaimed: —

"The arbiter of prizes due
To signal merit now begins.
Delay no longer, Time exhorts,
But lend your ears to what the voice
Of herald Mercury proclaims.
Ye kings, to whose superior sway
Of old submissive nations bowed,
Who launched in fight the hostile spear,
Advance, contend, with prudent minds
Oppose your rivals, and await
The just, the impartial will of Heaven!
Wisdom these think the end of life,
Those, vengeance on their foes to wreak,
And serve their friends: of life, of toil,
Pleasure some make the single view,
Feasts, nuptials, all that feeds their eyes:
From dainty ornaments of dress,
Or rings, with precious gems adorned,
Others superior bliss derive.
Jove will the victory decree."

Mercury having made this proclamation, the combatants drew lots: and the lot happened to concur with the love of

preëminence habitual to Cæsar. This augmented his pride and arrogance; so that Alexander would have declined the contest, had he not been encouraged and persuaded by Hercules. Alexander obtained the next turn of speaking after Cæsar. When all the rest had had their proper turns assigned them, Cæsar thus began: —

"It was my good fortune, O Jupiter and ye gods, to be born, after many heroes, in that illustrious city which has extended her dominion farther than any other; so that they all may be satisfied if they obtain the second place. For what other city, deducing its origin from three thousand men, has in less than six hundred years carried its conquests to the utmost extremities of the earth? What other nation has produced so many distinguished warriors and legislators, or such devout worshipers of the gods? Born in a city so renowned, I surpassed, by my actions, not only my contemporaries, but all the heroes that ever lived. Of my own countrymen I know not one that will deny me the superiority. But as this Grecian is so presumptuous, which of his actions will he pretend to put in competition with mine? His Persian trophies perhaps, as if he knew not how many I won from Pompey. And who was the most experienced general, Pompey or Darius? Which of them commanded the bravest troops? Instead of the refuse of mankind, Pompey had in his army more warlike nations than were ever subject to Darius; of Europeans, those who had often routed the hostile Asiatics, and of them the most valiant: Italians, Illyrians, and Gauls. Having mentioned the Gauls, can the Getic exploits of Alexander be compared with my conquest of Gaul! He passed the Danube once; I twice passed the Rhine; and of my German victories no one can dispute the glory. I fought with Ariovistus. I was the first Roman who dared to cross the German Ocean. Though it was a wonderful achievement, however it may be admired, more glorious was my intrepidity in being the first who leaped on shore. Of the Helvetic and Hibernian nations I say nothing; nor have I mentioned my actions in Gaul, where I took above three hundred towns and defeated two millions of men. Great as these actions were, that which followed was greater and more illustrious. Being obliged to wage war with my fellow-citizens, I vanquished the unconquered and invincible Romans. If we should be judged by the number of our battles, I fought

thrice as many as are ascribed to Alexander by his greatest panegyrists; if by the number of towns taken, not in Asia only, but also in Europe, I reduced more. Alexander saw and revered Egypt; I, while I feasted there, subdued it. Will you also compare the clemency of each of us, when victorious? I pardoned my enemies, and received from them such a return as Nemesis has revenged. He never spared his enemies nor even his friends. In particular, as you dispute the pre-eminence, and will not immediately yield to me, like the rest, you compel me to mention your cruel behavior to the Thebans. On the contrary, how great was my humanity to the Helvetii! The cities of the former were burnt by you; the cities of the latter, burnt by their own inhabitants, were rebuilt by me. Which, in short, was most illustrious; your defeating ten thousand Greeks, or my repulsing the attacks of a hundred and fifty thousand Romans? Much more could I add, both of Alexander and myself; but as I never had leisure to study the art of oratory, you must excuse me, and, forming a just and impartial judgment both from what I have said and what I have omitted, will, I doubt not, give me the superiority."

Cæsar thus concluded; but seeming desirous of saying still more. Alexander, who before had with difficulty restrained himself, could refrain no longer, but with much anxiety and emotion, thus began: —

"How long, O Jupiter and ye gods, shall I silently bear the insolence of this boaster! He sets no bounds, you see, to his praise of himself or to his abuse of me. Much better would it have become him to have abstained equally from both, as both are alike intolerable, but chiefly that of depreciating my conduct, which he made the example of his own. Such is his assurance that he has dared to ridicule his own model. You should have recollected, Cæsar, the tears which you shed on hearing of the memorials that were raised in honor of my deeds. But you afterwards owed your elevation to Pompey, who, though he was really insignificant, was idolized by his countrymen. As to his African triumph, no great exploit, his fame was owing to the weakness and inactivity of the consuls. The Servile War was not waged with men, but with the most abandoned slaves, and it was conducted by Crassus and Lucius, though Pompey had the name and the

reputation. Armenia and the neighboring provinces were conquered by Lucullus; yet for these also Pompey triumphed. He was then flattered by his fellow-citizens, and named the Great. But than whom of his predecessors was he greater? Which of his actions is comparable to those of Marius, or of the two Scipios? or of Camillus, who was almost as much the founder of Rome as this Quirinus, having rebuilt his city when it was almost falling? For they did not arrogate to themselves the works of others, as is usual in buildings founded and finished at the public expense, where the magistrate who has only plastered the walls, on completing the edifice inscribes the foundation stone. But these heroes, as public artificers and architects, have justly immortalized their own names. It is no wonder, therefore, that you vanquished Pompey, scratching his head and more resembling a fox than a lion. When he was deserted by fortune, who had long favored him, you easily conquered him single. But that your success was owing to no superior abilities is evident; for being in want of provisions (which, you know, is no small fault of a general), you fought and were defeated. And if Pompey, by his imprudence or folly, or because he could not govern his army, when he should have protracted the war, gave battle, and did not pursue his victory, his failure was the consequence of his own misconduct, not of your military skill. The Persians, on the contrary, though in every respect well prepared and amply provided, submitted to my dominion. And as it becomes a good man and a wise prince to act not only with moderation, but with justice, I took arms to revenge the Greeks on the Persians and to free Greece from civil war. Nor was it ever my intention to ravage Greece, but those only who would have prevented my march against Persia I chastised. You, after subduing the Gauls and Germans, turned your arms against your own country. What can be worse, what more infamous?

"You have mentioned, with a sneer, 'my defeating ten thousand Greeks.' That you yourself sprang from the Greeks, and that the Greeks inhabited the greatest part of Italy, I well know; but on this I will not insist. With a small nation of them, the Ætolians, your neighbors, you thought it of great consequence to make an alliance; but after they had fought for you, why did you reduce them, and that not easily, to subjection? If then, in the old age, as it has been called, of Greece,

you could scarce reduce, not the whole, but one small nation, which was scarce known when Greece was in her vigor, what would have been the event if you had been obliged to contend with Greece when flourishing and united? How much you were alarmed by the invasion of Pyrrhus, you need not be reminded. As you think the conquest of Persia such a trifle, and depreciate an enterprise so glorious, tell me why, after a war of above two thousand years [*sic*], you have never subdued a small province beyond the Tigris, subject to the Parthians? Shall I inform you? The darts of the Persians prevented you. Antony, who served under your command, can give you an account of them. But in less than ten years I conquered both Persia and India. After this, do you dare to contend with me, who, trained to war from my childhood, performed such deeds that the remembrance of them, though they have not been sufficiently celebrated by historians, will live for ever, like those of the invincible Hercules, of whom I was the follower and imitator? I rivaled, in short, my ancestor Achilles; and, admiring Hercules, I trod in his steps as nearly as a mortal can follow a god. Thus much, O ye gods, it was necessary for me to say in my own defense against an opponent whom, perhaps, it might have been better to have silently despised. If I was guilty of any cruelties, the innocent were not the objects, but such as had frequently and notoriously offended, and had made no proper use of their opportunities. And my offenses even against them were followed by Repentance, a very wise goddess, and the preserver of those who have erred. As for my chastising the ambitious, who always hated and had often injured me, in that I thought myself excusable."

This military harangue being concluded, the attendant of Neptune gave the hourglass to Octavianus, measuring to him a very small quantity of water, and at the same time reminding him of his insolence to that deity. On which, having reflected with his usual sagacity, omitting to say anything of others, he thus began: —

"Instead of depreciating the actions of others, O Jupiter and ye gods, I will confine my whole speech to what concerns myself. In my youth I had the government of my native city, like this illustrious Alexander. The German wars, like my father Cæsar, I happily concluded. Involved in civil dissensions, I subdued Egypt at Actium in a sea-fight. I defeated

Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, and I made the son of Pompey contribute to my glory. Such, however, was my attachment to philosophy, that instead of being disgusted at the freedom assumed by Athenodorus, I pleaded with it, and revered him as a preceptor, or rather as a parent. Areus also was my friend and confidant. And, upon the whole, I was never guilty of the least offense against philosophy. As Rome, I saw, had been frequently reduced to the last extremity by intestine divisions, I so rëestablished her affairs as to render them, by your assistance, O ye gods, firm and adamantine. Without indulging an insatiable ambition, I studiously endeavored to enlarge her dominions; but I concurred with nature in fixing the rivers Danube and Euphrates as their boundaries. After having subdued the Scythians and Thracians, I did not employ the long reign with which you indulged me in meditating war after war, but devoted my leisure to the correction of the evils which war had occasioned, and to legislation, in which, I apprehend, I did not consult the public welfare less than my predecessors; nay, if I must boldly speak the truth, I consulted it more than any who have governed such an empire. For some who have commanded armies, when they might at length have rested in peace, have made one war the pretense for another, as the litigious contrive lawsuits. Others, when forced into a war, have been immersed in pleasure, and have preferred the most infamous pursuits, not only to their glory, but even to their lives. Well weighing all these things, I do not think myself entitled to the lowest place. But it becomes me to acquiesce in whatever you, O ye gods, may please to determine."

Trajan was appointed to harangue next. Though he had a talent for speaking, such was his indolence, that he usually employed Sura to compose his orations. Bawling, rather than speaking, he displayed to the gods his Getic and Parthian trophies. He then lamented his old age, as if that had prevented him from extending his Parthian conquests. "You fool," said Silenus, "you reigned twenty years, and this Alexander only twelve. Why, then, do you not condemn your own indolence, instead of throwing the blame on want of time?" Provoked at this taunt, for he was not deficient in eloquence, though it was often blunted by intemperance, Trajan added: —

"O Jupiter and ye gods, when I assumed the reins of government, I found the empire in a torpid and divided state,

occasioned partly by the tyranny which had long prevailed at home, and partly by the insults of the Getes abroad. I did not hesitate, however, singly to attack the nations beyond the Danube. That of the Getes I subdued and extirpated; of all the most warlike, not only by their bodily strength, but by the courage with which they are inspired by the doctrine of their renowned Zamolxis. For the firm persuasion that they shall not perish, but only change their place of abode, makes them always prepared as for a journey. This enterprise I completed in less than five years. Of all the emperors who preceded me, not one was so mild to his subjects, nor can that be contested with me even with this Cæsar, before unrivaled in clemency, nor by any other. The Parthians, till they insulted me, I thought it unjust to attack; but after they had insulted me, neither my age nor the laws which allowed me to quit the service prevented my invading them. Thus circumstanced, am not I, who was eminently mild to my subjects and formidable to my enemies, and who revered my divine daughter, Philosophy, justly entitled to superior honors, and even to the first rank?"

Trajan having concluded, it was allowed that he excelled all in clemency, a virtue particularly pleasing to the gods.

Marcus Aurelius then beginning to speak, Silenus said, in a low voice to Bacchus, "Let us hear which of his wonderful paradoxes and aphorisms this Stoic will produce." But he, fixing his eyes on Jupiter and the other gods, thus addressed them:—

"I have no occasion, O Jupiter and ye gods, to harangue or dispute. If you were ignorant of my actions, it would be proper for me to acquaint you with them, but as you are privy to them, and nothing is concealed from you, you will honor me as I deserve."

Thus Marcus, as in everything else, seemed worthy of admiration for his extraordinary prudence in the knowing when to speak and when to be silent.

Constantine was then summoned to speak. He entered the lists with confidence; but when he reflected on the actions of his competitors, his own seemed trivial and inconsiderable. He defeated, it is true, two tyrants; one of them unwarlike and pusillanimous, the other unfortunate and advanced in years, and both of them odious to gods and men. As for his exploits

against the barbarians, they were ridiculous. For he, in a manner, paid them tribute, to indulge his love of pleasure. He stood, therefore, at a distance from the gods, near the entrance of the moon, of whom he was enamored, and gazing only on her, was regardless of victory.

However, as it was necessary for him to speak: "In these particulars," said he, "I am superior to my opponents; to the Macedonian, in having fought against the Romans, Germans, and Scythians, instead of Asiatic barbarians; to Cæsar and Octavianus, in not having vanquished, like them, good and virtuous citizens, but the most cruel and wicked tyrants. To Trajan, also, for my strenuous exertions against tyrants, I deserve no less to be preferred. To recover the province which he conquered seems to me equally meritorious; perhaps to regain is more laudable than to gain. As to this Marcus, he, by saying nothing for himself, yields us all the precedency."

"But, Constantine," said Silenus, "why do you not mention, among your great works, the gardens of Adonis?" "What mean you," replied Constantine, "by the gardens of Adonis?" "Pots," answered Silenus, "filled with earth, in which women sow herbs in honor of that lover of Venus. They flourish for a short time, but soon fade." At this Constantine blushed, knowing it to be intended as a sarcasm on his own actions.

Silence being proclaimed, it was expected that the gods would immediately have determined the preëminence by their votes. But they thought it proper first to examine the intentions of the candidates, and not merely to collect them from their actions, in which Fortune had the greatest share; and that goddess being present, loudly reproached them all, Octavianus alone excepted, who, she said, had always been grateful to her. Of this the gods apprised Mercury, and commanded him to begin with asking Alexander "what he thought the highest excellence, and what was his principal view in all the great actions and labors of his life?" He replied, "Universal conquest." "And in this," said Mercury, "did you think you succeeded?" "Certainly," answered Alexander. Silenus added, with a sneering laugh, "You forgot that you were often conquered by my daughters," meaning vines; and ridiculing Alexander for his intemperance. Alexander, well versed in Peripatetic aphorisms, replied, "Things inanimate cannot conquer. There can be no contention with them, but only with men or animals."

At this, Silenus ironically expressing his admiration, exclaimed: "Alas! how great are the subterfuges of logicians! But in what class will you rank yourself, — among things inanimate, or among the animate and living?" Alexander, with some displeasure, replied: "Be less severe: such was my magnanimity that I was convinced that I should be, nay, that I was, a god." "You allow, then," said Silenus, "that you were often conquered by yourself, when anger, grief, or some other passion debased and debilitated your mind." "But," answered Alexander, "for any one to conquer himself, and to be conquered by himself, are synonymous. I am talking of my victories over others." "Fie upon your logic!" returned Silenus, "how it detects my sophistry! But when you were wounded in India, and Peucestes lay near you, and you, almost breathless, were carried out of the city, were you conquered by him who wounded you, or did you conquer him?" "I not only conquered him," replied Alexander, "but I also destroyed the city." "Not you, indeed, you immortal," said Silenus; "you lay like Homer's Hector, languid, and almost expiring; others fought and conquered." "True," answered Alexander, "but under my command." "How could they obey you," said Silenus, "who were carried out almost dead?"

He then sung these verses of Euripides: —

> "Unjust the Grecian reckoning: the troops
> The battle gain, their chiefs the victory."

"Say no more, my dear father," said Bacchus, "lest he should treat you as he treated Clitus." At this Alexander blushed, wept, and was silent.

This discourse ended, Mercury thus interrogated Cæsar, "What, Cæsar, was the principal view of your life?" "To excel my contemporaries," he replied, "and neither to be, or to be thought, second to any." "This," said Mercury, "is not quite clear. In what did you particularly wish to excel, — in wisdom or eloquence, in military skill or political abilities?" "In everything," answered Cæsar. "I was desirous of being the first of men; but as that was impossible, I endeavored to be the most powerful of my fellow-citizens." "And had you much power among them?" said Silenus. "Certainly," replied Cæsar, "for I became their governor." "That," returned Silenus, "you

might be; but you could never gain their love, though for that purpose you dissembled much humanity, acting a part like a player, and meanly flattering all men." "What!" said Cæsar: "was I not loved by the people who persecuted Brutus and Cassius?" "That," replied Silenus, "was not because they had murdered you; for on that account the people made them consuls: but for the sake of your money, and finding that no small reward was given to those who should be their enemies."

This discourse also being concluded, Mercury thus accosted Octavianus: "Will you also tell us what was your principal view?" He replied, "To reign well." "What means that?" said Silenus. "Explain, Augustus, as this is pretended even by the wicked. Even Dionysius thought that he reigned well; and so did the still more abandoned Agathocles." "You know then," replied Octavianus, "ye gods, that when I parted with my grandson, I prayed you to give him the courage of Cæsar, the conduct of Pompey, and my good fortune." "Many statues of gods," said Silenus, "most curiously carved, of gods of great merit, have been sent us by this statuary." "Why," answered Octavianus, "do you give me that ridiculous appellation?" "As nymphs are carved," he replied, "have not you formed gods, one of whom, and the principal, is this Cæsar?" Octavianus blushed and said no more.

Mercury then, addressing himself to Trajan, asked what end his actions had in view. "The same," he replied, "as those of Alexander, but with more moderation." "So you were conquered," said Silenus, "by more ignoble passions. He was frequently subdued by anger, you by the vilest and most disgraceful pleasures." "Plague on you!" said Bacchus; "your sarcasms prevent them speaking for themselves. A truce with your jokes, and consider now what you can find reprehensible in Marcus; for he seems to me, in the sense of Simonides, perfect and faultless." Then Mercury, turning toward Marcus, said, "And what, O sage, did you think the greatest happiness?" With a low voice and with great diffidence, he replied, "To imitate the gods." This answer was immediately deemed highly noble and praiseworthy. Nor would Mercury question him any further, convinced that Marcus would always answer with equal propriety. In this opinion all the other gods concurred. Silenus only exclaimed: "By Bacchus, I will not spare this sophist. Why did you formerly eat bread and drink wine, and not nectar and ambrosia, like us?" "Not in

order to imitate the gods," replied he, "but to nourish my body; from a persuasion, whether true or false, that your bodies also require being nourished by the fumes of sacrifices. I did not, however, think that you were to be imitated in this, but in your minds." Silenus, as much stunned at this as if he had been struck by a skillful boxer, replied: "This is somewhat plausible; but tell me now, in what did you formerly think that the imitation of the gods consisted?" Marcus answered, "In having as few wants and doing as much good as possible." "What! had you no wants?" said Silenus. "As to myself," replied Marcus, "I had none; but my body, perhaps, had a few." Marcus seeming in this also to have answered wisely, Silenus at last insisted on what he thought improper and unjust in the conduct of Marcus toward his wife and son, his enrolling her among the goddesses, and intrusting the empire to him. "In this also," said Marcus, "I imitated the gods, for I practiced that maxim of Homer: —

> 'The wife whom choice and passion both approve,
> Sure every wise and worthy man will love,'

And as to my son, I am justified in my behavior by that of Jupiter himself. I should long ago," said he to Mars, "have transfixed thee with a thunderbolt, if I had not loved thee because thou art my son. Besides, I never imagined that Commodus would have proved so profligate. And though his youth, assailed on all sides by strong temptations, was hurried away by the worst, I intrusted the government to one not yet corrupted. Afterwards, indeed, he became wicked. My tenderness, therefore, to my wife was copied from the example of the divine Achilles, and that to my son was in imitation of the supreme Jupiter; and, besides, in both these I was guilty of no innovation. It is the general custom for sons to succeed to the inheritance of their fathers, and this is also the wish of all. Nor was I the first who decreed divine honors to a wife, there being many precedents. To have introduced it might, perhaps, have been unreasonable; but to prevent the nearest relations from following the custom established by others, would be unjust. But I forget myself, and have been prolix in my apology to you, O Jupiter and ye gods, who know all things. Pardon me this indiscretion."

When Marcus had finished his speech, Mercury interrogated Constantine, and asked him what good end he had in view.

"Having amassed great riches," he replied, "to disburse them liberally in the gratification of my own desires, and those of my friends." At this, Silenus burst into a fit of long laughter, and said: "You now wish to pass for a banker; but how can you forget your living like a cook or a hairdresser? This your hair and looks formerly proved, but now your words demonstrate." Thus severely sarcastic was Silenus.

Silence being proclaimed, the gods gave their votes privately. Most were in favor of Marcus, but Jupiter, after discoursing apart with his father, ordered Mercury to make the following proclamation: "All you who have engaged in this contest, know that, by our laws and decrees, the victor is allowed to rejoice, but not to insult the vanquished. Depart, then, wherever you please, under the patronage of the gods, and, for the future, residing here, let every one choose some guardian and protector."

Alexander immediately hastened to Hercules, and Octavianus to Apollo; but Marcus attached himself closely both to Jupiter and Saturn. Cæsar wandered about, and ran here and there, till Mars and Venus, moved with compassion, called him to them. Trajan joined Alexander, as if he would seat himself in the same place. But Constantine, not finding among the gods the model of his actions, and perceiving the Goddess of Pleasure, repaired to her. She received him very courteously: embraced him, and then dressing him in a woman's variegated gown, and nicely curling his hair, led him away to Luxury. With her he found one of his sons, who loudly proclaimed: "Let all, whether they be libertines, or murderers, or whatever be their crimes, boldly advance, for by sprinkling them with water, I will immediately make them pure. And if they should relapse, they need only smite their breast, and beat their heads, and they will again be purified."

To this goddess Constantine gladly devoted himself, and with her conducted his sons out of the assembly of the gods. But the deities who punish atheism and bloodshed avenged on him and them the murder of their relations, till Jupiter, in favor of Claudius and Constantius, gave them some respite.

"As for you," said Mercury, addressing himself to me, "I have introduced you to the knowledge of your father the Sun; obey then his dictates, making him your guide and secure refuge, while you live; and when you leave the world, adopt him, with good hopes, for your tutelar god."

HOW DAPHNIS AND CHLOE FELL IN LOVE.

By LONGUS.

[Longus is supposed to have lived in the latter part of the fourth century A.D., under Theodosius the Great.]

In the island of Lesbos there is an extensive city called Mitylene, the appearance of which is beautiful; the sea intersects it by various canals, and it is adorned with bridges of polished white stone. You might imagine you beheld an island rather than a city.

About twenty-four miles from Mitylene, were the possessions of a rich man, which formed a very fine estate. The mountains abounded with game, the fields produced corn, the hills were thick with vines, the pastures with herds, and the sea-washed shore consisted of an extent of smooth sand.

As Lamon, a goatherd, was tending his herds upon the estate, he found a child suckled by a she-goat. The place where it was lying was an oak coppice and tangled thicket, with ivy winding about it, and soft grass beneath; thither the goat continually ran and disappeared from sight, leaving her own kid in order to remain near the child. Lamon watched her movements, being grieved to see the kid neglected, and one day when the sun was burning in his meridian heat he follows her steps and sees her standing over the infant with the utmost caution, lest her hoofs might injure it, while the child sucked copious draughts of her milk as if from its mother's breast. Struck with natural astonishment, he advances close to the spot and discovers a lusty and handsome male child, with far richer swathing clothes than suited its fortune in being thus exposed; for its little mantle was of fine purple, and fastened by a golden clasp, and it had a little sword with a hilt of ivory.

At first Lamon resolved to leave the infant to its fate, and to carry off only the tokens; but feeling afterwards ashamed at the reflection that, in doing so, he should be inferior in humanity even to a goat, he waited for the approach of night, and then carried home the infant with the tokens, and the she-goat herself, to Myrtale his wife.

Myrtale was astonished, and thought it strange if goats could produce children, upon which her husband recounts

every particular; how he found the infant exposed; how it was suckled; and how ashamed he felt at the idea of leaving it to perish. She shared his feelings, so they agreed to conceal the tokens, and adopt the child as their own, committing the rearing of it to the goat; and that the name also might be a pastoral one they determined to call it Daphnis.

Two years had now elapsed, when Dryas, a neighboring shepherd, tending his flock, found an infant under similar circumstances.

There was a grotto sacred to the Nymphs; it was a spacious rock, concave within, convex without. The statues of the Nymphs themselves were carved in stone. Their feet were bare, their arms naked to the shoulder, their hair falling disheveled upon their shoulders, their vests girt about the waist, a smile sat upon their brow; their whole semblance was that of a troop of dancers. The dome of the grotto rose over the middle of the rock. Water, springing from a fountain, formed a running stream, and a trim meadow stretched its soft and abundant herbage before the entrance, fed by the perpetual moisture. Within, milk pails, transverse flutes, flageolets, and pastoral pipes were suspended — the offerings of many an aged shepherd.

An ewe of Dryas's flock which had lately lambed had frequently resorted to this grotto, and raised apprehensions of her being lost. The shepherd, wishing to cure her of this habit, and to bring her back to her former way of grazing, twisted some green osiers into the form of a slipknot, and approached the rock with the view of seizing her. Upon arriving there, however, he beheld a sight far contrary to his expectation. He found his ewe affectionately offering from her udder copious draughts of milk to an infant, which, without any wailing, eagerly turned from one teat to the other its clean and glossy face, the animal licking it as soon as it had had its fill.

This child was a female: and had beside its swathing garments, by way of tokens, a headdress wrought with gold, gilt sandals, and golden anklets.

Dryas, imagining that this foundling was a gift from the Deity, and instructed by his sheep to pity and love the infant, raised her in his arms, placed the tokens in his scrip, and prayed the Nymphs that their favor might attend upon him in bringing up their suppliant; and when the time was come for

driving his cattle from their pasture, he returns to his cottage, relates what he has seen to his wife, exhibits what he had found, urges her to observe secrecy and to regard and rear the child as her own daughter.

Nape (for so his wife was called) immediately became a mother to the infant, and felt affection towards it, fearing perhaps to be outdone in tenderness by the ewe, and, to make appearances more probable, gave the child the pastoral name of Chloe.

The two children grew rapidly, and their personal appearance exceeded that of ordinary rustics. Daphnis was now fifteen and Chloe was his junior by two years, when on the same night Lamon and Dryas had the following dream. They thought that they beheld the Nymphs of the Grotto, in which the fountain was and where Dryas found the infant, presenting Daphnis and Chloe to a very saucy looking and handsome boy, who had wings upon his shoulders, and a little bow and arrows in his hand. He lightly touched them both with one of his shafts, and commanded them henceforth to follow a pastoral life. The boy was to tend goats, the girl was to have the charge of sheep.

The shepherd and goatherd, having had this dream, were grieved to think that these, their adopted children, were like themselves to have the care of flocks. Their dress had given promise of a better fortune, in consequence of which their fare had been more delicate, and their education and accomplishments superior to those of a country life.

It appeared to them, however, that in the case of children whom the gods had preserved, the will of the gods must be obeyed; so each having communicated to the other his dream, they offered a sacrifice to the "WINGED BOY, THE COMPANION OF THE NYMPHS" (for they were unacquainted with his name), and sent forth the young people to their pastoral employments, having first instructed them in their duties; how to pasture their hèrds before the noonday heat, and when it was abated; at what time to lead them to the stream, and afterwards to drive them home to the fold; which of their sheep and goats required the crook, and to which only the voice was necessary.

They, on their part, received the charge as if it had been some powerful sovereignty, and felt an affection for their sheep and goats beyond what is usual with shepherds: Chloe refer-

ring her preservation to a ewe, and Daphnis remembering that a she-goat had suckled him when he was exposed.

It was the beginning of spring, the flowers were in bloom throughout the woods, the meadows, and the mountains; there were the buzzings of the bee, the warblings of the songsters, the frolics of the lambs. The young of the flock were skipping on the mountains, the bees flew humming through the meadows, and the songs of the birds resounded through the bushes. Seeing all things pervaded with such universal joy, they, young and susceptible as they were, imitated whatever they saw or heard. Hearing the carol of the birds, they sang; seeing the sportive skipping of the lambs, they danced; and in imitation of the bees they gathered flowers. Some they placed in their bosoms, and others they wove into chaplets and carried them as offerings to the Nymphs.

They tended their flocks in company, and all their occupations were in common. Daphnis frequently collected the sheep which had strayed, and Chloe drove back from a precipice the goats which were too venturesome. Sometimes one would take the entire management both of goats and sheep, while the other was intent upon some amusement.

Their sports were of a pastoral and childish kind. Chloe sometimes neglected her flock and went in search of stalks of asphodel, with which she wove traps for locusts; while Daphnis devoted himself to playing till nightfall upon his pipe, which he had formed by cutting slender reeds, perforating the intervals between the joints, and compacting them together with soft wax. Sometimes they shared their milk and wine, and made a common meal upon the provision which they had brought from home; and sooner might you see one part of the flock divided from the other than Daphnis separate from Chloe.

While thus engaged in their amusements Love contrived an interruption of a serious nature. A she-wolf from the neighborhood had often carried off lambs from other shepherds' flocks, as she required a plentiful supply of food for her whelps. Upon this the villagers assembled by night and dug pits in the earth, six feet wide and twenty-four feet deep. The greater part of the loose earth, dug out of these pits, they carried to a distance and scattered about, spreading the remainder over some long dry sticks laid over the mouth of the pits, so as to resemble the natural surface of the ground. The sticks were weaker than straws, so that if even a hare ran over them

they would break and prove that instead of substance there was but a show of solid earth. The villagers dug many of these pits in the mountains and in the plains, but they could not succeed in capturing the wolf, which discovered the contrivance of the snare. They however caused the destruction of many of their own goats and sheep, and very nearly, as we shall see, that of Daphnis.

Two angry he-goats engaged in fight. The contest waxed more and more violent, until one of them having his horn broken ran away bellowing with pain. The victor followed in hot and close pursuit. Daphnis, vexed to see that his goat's horn was broken, and that the conqueror persevered in his vengeance, seized his club and crook, and pursued the pursuer. In consequence of the former hurrying on in wrath, and the latter flying in trepidation, neither of them observed what lay in their path, and both fell into a pit, the goat first, Daphnis afterwards. This was the means of preserving his life, the goat serving as a support in his descent. Poor Daphnis remained at the bottom lamenting his sad mishap with tears, and anxiously hoping that some one might pass by, and pull him out. Chloe, who had observed the accident, hastened to the spot, and finding that he was still alive, summoned a cowherd from an adjacent field to come to his assistance. He obeyed the call, but upon seeking for a rope long enough to draw Daphnis out, no rope was to be found: upon which Chloe, undoing her headband, gave it to the cowherd to let down; they then placed themselves at the brink of the pit, and held one end, while Daphnis grasped the other with both hands, and so got out.

They then extricated the unhappy goat, who had both his horns broken by the fall, and thus suffered a just punishment for his revenge towards his defeated fellow-combatant. They gave him to the herdsman as a reward for his assistance, and if the family at home inquired after him, were prepared to say that he had been destroyed by a wolf. After this they returned to see whether their flocks were safe, and finding both goats and sheep feeding quietly and orderly, they sat down on the trunk of a tree and began to examine whether Daphnis had received any wound. No hurt or blood was to be seen, but his hair and all the rest of his person were covered with mud and dirt. Daphnis thought it would be best to wash himself, before Lamon and Myrtale should find out what had

happened to him; proceeding with Chloe to the Grotto of the Nymphs, he gave her his tunic and scrip in charge.

He then approached the fountain, and washed his hair and his whole person. His hair was long and black, and his body sunburnt; one might have imagined that its hue was derived from the overshadowing of his locks. Chloe thought him beautiful, and because she had never done so before, attributed his beauty to the effects of the bath. As she was washing his back and shoulders his tender flesh yielded to her hand, so that, unobserved, she frequently touched her own skin, in order to ascertain which of the two was softer. The sun was now setting, so they drove home their flocks, the only wish in Chloe's mind being to see Daphnis bathe again.

The following day, upon returning to the accustomed pasture, Daphnis sat as usual under an oak, playing upon his pipe and surveying his goats lying down and apparently listening to his strains. Chloe, on her part, sitting near him, looked at her sheep, but more frequently turned her eyes upon Daphnis; again he appeared to her beautiful as he was playing upon his pipe, and she attributed his beauty to the melody, so that taking the pipe she played upon it, in order, if possible, to appear beautiful herself. She persuaded him to bathe again, she looked at him when in the bath, and while looking at him, touched his skin: after which, as she returned home, she mentally admired him, and this admiration was the beginning of love. She knew not the meaning of her feelings, young as she was, and brought up in the country, and never having heard from any one so much as the name of love. She felt an oppression at her heart, she could not restrain her eyes from gazing upon him, nor her mouth from often pronouncing his name. She took no food, she lay awake at night, she neglected her flock, she laughed and wept by turns; now she would doze, then suddenly start up; at one moment her face became pale, in another moment it burnt with blushes. Such irritation is not felt even by the breeze-stung heifer.

Upon one occasion, when alone, she thus reasoned with herself: "I am no doubt ill, but what my malady is I know not; I am in pain, and yet I have no wound; I feel grief, and yet I have lost none of my flock; I burn, and yet am sitting in the shade; how often have brambles torn my skin, without my shedding a single tear! how often have the bees stung me, yet I could still enjoy my meals! Whatever it is which now

wounds my heart must be sharper than either of these. Daphnis is beautiful, so are the flowers; his pipe breathes sweetly, so does the nightingale; yet I take no account either of birds or flowers. Would that I could become a pipe, that he might play upon me! or a goat, that I might pasture under his care! O cruel fountain, thou madest Daphnis alone beautiful; my bathing has been all in vain! Dear Nymphs, ye see me perishing, yet neither do ye endeavor to save the maiden brought up among you! Who will crown you with flowers when I am gone? Who will take care of my poor lambs? Who will attend to my chirping locust, which I caught with so much trouble, that its song might lull me to rest in the grotto; but now I am sleepless, because of Daphnis, and my locust chirps in vain!"

Such were the feelings, and such the words of Chloe, while as yet ignorant of the name of love. But Dorco the cowherd (the same who had drawn Daphnis and the goat out of the pit), a young fellow who already boasted of some beard upon his chin, and who knew not merely the name but the realities of love, had become enamored of Chloe, from the first time of meeting her. Feeling his passion increase day by day, and despising Daphnis, whom he looked upon as a mere boy, he determined to effect his purpose either by gifts or by dint of force. At first he made presents to them both; he gave Daphnis a shepherd's pipe, having its nine reeds connected with metal in lieu of wax. He presented Chloe with a fawnskin, spotted all over, such as is worn by the Bacchantes.

Having thus insinuated himself into their friendship, he by degrees neglected Daphnis, but every day brought something to Chloe, — either a delicate cheese, or a chaplet of flowers, or a ripe apple. On one occasion he brought her a mountain calf, a gilt drinking cup, and the nestlings of a wild bird. She, ignorant as she was of love's artifices, received his gifts with pleasure; chiefly pleased, however, at having something to give Daphnis. One day it happened that Dorco and he (for he likewise was destined to experience the pains and penalties of love) had an argument on the subject of their respective share of beauty. Chloe was to be umpire, and the victor's reward was to be a kiss from her. Dorco thus began: —

"Maiden," said he, "I am taller than Daphnis, I am also a cowherd, he, a goatherd, I therefore excel him as far as oxen are superior to goats; I am fair as milk, and my hair brown as

the ripe harvest field; moreover, I had a mother to bring me up, not a goat. He, on the other hand, is short, beardless as a woman, and has a skin as tawny as a wolf; while, from tending he-goats, he has contracted a goatish smell; he is also so poor, that he cannot afford to keep even a dog; and if it be true that a nanny gave him suck, he is no better than a nanny's son."

Such was Dorco's speech. It was next the turn of Daphnis: —

"It is true," said he, "that a she-goat suckled me, and so did a she-goat suckle Jove; I tend he-goats and will bring them into better condition than his oxen, but I smell of them no more than Pan does, who has in him more of a goat than anything else. I am content with cheese, coarse bread, and white wine, the food suitable for country folk. I am beardless, so is Bacchus; I am dark complexioned, so is the hyacinth; yet Bacchus is preferred before the satyr and the hyacinth before the lily. Now look at him: he is as sandy haired as a fox, bearded as a goat, and smock-faced as any city wench. If you have to bestow a kiss, it will be given to my mouth, whereas it will be thrown away upon his bristles. Remember also, maiden, that you owe *your* nurture to a sheep, and yet this has not marred your beauty."

Chloe could restrain herself no longer, but partly from pleasure at his praising her, partly from a desire of kissing him, she sprang forward and bestowed upon him the prize; an artless and unsophisticated kiss, but one well calculated to set his heart on fire. Upon this, Dorco, in great disgust, took himself off, determined to seek some other way of wooing. Daphnis, as though he had been stung instead of kissed, became suddenly grave, felt a shivering all over, and could not control the beating of his heart. He wished to gaze upon Chloe, but at the first glance his face was suffused with blushes. For the first time he admired her hair, because it was auburn; and her eyes, because they were large and brilliant; her countenance, because it was fairer than even the milk of his own she-goats. One might have supposed that he had just received the faculty of sight, having had till then "no speculation" in his eyes.

From this moment, he took no food beyond the merest morsel, no drink beyond what would just moisten his lips. Formerly more chattering than the locusts, he became mute; he was now dull and listless, whereas he had been more nimble

than the goats. His flock was neglected, his pipe was thrown aside; his face became paler than the summer-parched herbage. Chloe alone could rouse his powers of speech; whenever he was absent from her, he would thus fondly soliloquize: —

"What will be the result of this kiss of Chloe? her lips are softer than rosebuds, and her mouth is sweeter than the honeycomb, but this kiss has left a sting sharper than the sting of a bee! — I have frequently kissed the kids, and the young puppies, and the calf which Dorco gave me, but this kiss of Chloe is something quite new and wonderful! My breath is gone, my heart pants, my spirit sinks within me and dies away; and yet I wish to kiss again! My victory has been the source of sorrow and of a new disease, which I know not how to name. Could Chloe have tasted poison before she permitted me to kiss her? If so, how is it that she survives? How sweetly the nightingales sing, while my pipe is mute! How gayly the kids skip and play, while I sit listlessly by! The flowers are in full beauty, yet I weave no garlands! The violets and the hyacinths are blooming, while Daphnis droops and fades away. Alas! shall Dorco ever appear more beautiful in Chloe's eyes, than I do!"

Such were the sensations of the worthy Daphnis, and thus he vented his feelings. He now first felt the power, and now first uttered the language, of LOVE. . . .

When they met, they rejoiced; when they parted they were sad. They pined with grief. They wished for a something, but they knew not what. This only they were aware of, that the one had lost peace of mind by a kiss, the other by a bath.

The season, moreover, added fuel to their fire; it was now the end of spring; the summer had begun, and all things were in the height of their beauty. The trees were covered with fruit; the fields with corn. Charming was the chirp of the grasshoppers; sweet was the smell of the fruit; and the bleating of the flocks was delightful. You might fancy the rivers to be singing as they gently flowed along, the winds to be piping as they breathed through the pines; and the apples to be falling to the ground, sick of love; and that the sun, fond of gazing upon natural beauty, was forcing every one to throw off their garments. Daphnis felt all the warmth of the season, and plunged into the rivers; sometimes he only bathed himself; sometimes he amused himself with pursuing the fish,

which darted in circles around him; and sometimes he drank of the stream, as if to extinguish the flame which he felt within. Chloe, when she had milked the goats and the sheep, had great difficulty in setting her cream, for the flies were very troublesome, and if driven away, they would bite her; after her work was done, she washed her face, crowned herself with a garland of pine leaves, put on her girdle of fawnskin, and filled a pail with wine and milk as a beverage for herself and Daphnis. As midday heat came on, the eyes of both were fascinated; she, beholding the naked and faultless figure of Daphnis, was ready to melt with love; Daphnis, on the other hand, beholding Chloe in her fawnskin girdle and with a garland of pine leaves on her head, holding out the milk pail to him, fancied he beheld one of the Nymphs of the Grot, and taking the garland from her head he placed it on his own, first covering it with kisses; while she, after often kissing it, put on his dress, which he had stripped off in order to bathe. Sometimes they began in sport to pelt each other with apples, and amused themselves with adorning each other's hair, carefully dividing it. She compared the black hair of Daphnis to myrtle berries; while he likened her cheeks to apples, because the white was suffused with red. He then taught her to play on the pipe; — when she began to breathe into it, he snatched it from her, ran over the reeds with his own lips, and under pretense of correcting her mistakes, he in fact kissed her through the medium of his pipe.

While he was thus playing in the heat of the noonday, and their flocks around them were reposing in the shade, Chloe imperceptibly fell asleep. Daphnis laid down his pipe, and while gazing upon her whole person with insatiable eyes, there being no one to inspire him with shame; he thus murmured, directing his words to her: "What eyes are those, which are now closed in sleep! what a mouth is that, which breathes so sweetly! no apples, no thickets, exhale so delicious a scent! Ah! but I fear to kiss her! a kiss consumes me, and like new honey, maddens me! besides, a kiss would wake her! A plague upon those chirping grasshoppers, their shrill notes will disturb my Chloe! those vexatious goats, too, are clashing their horns together; surely the wolves are grown more cowardly than foxes, that they do not come and seize them!"

As he was thus soliloquizing, he was interrupted by a grasshopper, which in springing from a swallow which pursued it,

Daphnis and Chloe

Etched by Champollion after the painting by R. Collins

fell into Chloe's bosom. The swallow was unable to take its prey, but hovered over Chloe's cheek and touched it with its wings. The maiden screamed and started; but seeing the swallow still fluttering near her, and Daphnis laughing at her alarm, her fear vanished, and she rubbed her eyes, which were still disposed to sleep. The grasshopper chirped from her bosom, as if in gratitude for his deliverance. At the sound Chloe screamed again; at which Daphnis laughed, and availing himself of the opportunity, put his hand into her bosom and drew the happy chirper from its place, which did not cease its note even when in his hand; Chloe was pleased at seeing the innocent cause of her alarm, kissed it, and replaced it, still singing, in her bosom. . . .

Such were the delights of summer. Autumn was now advanced, and the black grapes were ripening; when some pirates of Tyre, in a light Carian bark, that they might not appear to be foreigners, touched at that coast and came on shore, armed with coats of mail and swords, and plundered everything which fell in their way. They carried off fragrant wine, corn in great plenty, honey in the comb. They also drove off some of Dorco's oxen, and seized Daphnis, who was musing in a melancholy mood, and rambling alone by the sea-shore. For Chloe, being but young, was afraid of the insults of some of the saucy shepherds, and therefore had not led out her flock so early from the fold of Dryas. When the pirates saw this stout and handsome youth, who, they knew, would be a prize of greater value than the plunder of the fields, they took no more trouble about the goats, nor did they proceed farther, but carried off the unlucky Daphnis to their vessel, weeping as he was hurried along, at a loss what to do, and calling loudly upon Chloe. When they had put him on board, they slipped their cable, and rowed from the shore. Chloe, in the meantime, who was still driving her flock, and carrying in her hand a new pipe as a present for Daphnis, when she saw the goats running about in confusion, and heard Daphnis calling out to her every moment in a louder voice, quitted her sheep, threw down the pipe, and ran to Dorco, beseeching him to assist her. He had been severely wounded by the pirates, and was lying upon the ground still breathing, the blood flowing from him in streams. At the sight of Chloe, reviving a little owing to the force of his former love, he exclaimed, "I shall shortly be no more, dear Chloe; I fought in defense of

my oxen, and some of the rascally pirates have beaten me as they would have done an ox. Save your beloved Daphnis, revenge me, and destroy them. I have taught my cows to follow the sound of this pipe, and to obey its melody, even if they be feeding at the greatest distance. Take this pipe; breathe in it those notes in which I once instructed Daphnis, and in which Daphnis instructed you. Do this, and leave the issue to the pipe and the cows. Moreover, I make you a present of the pipe; with it I have obtained the prize from many a shepherd and many a herdsman. In return give me but one kiss while I yet live; and when I am dead, shed a tear over me: and when you see another tending my flocks, remember Dorco."

Here he ceased, gave her a last kiss, and with the kiss resigned his breath. Chloe put the pipe to her lips, and blew with all her might. The cows began to low at hearing the well-known note, and leaped all at once into the sea. As they all plunged from the same side, and caused a mighty chasm in the waters, the vessel lurched, the waves closed over it, and it sank. The crew and Daphnis fell into the sea, but they had not equal chances for preservation. The pirates were incumbered with their swords, scaled breastplates, and greaves reaching to midleg; whereas Daphnis, who had been feeding his flocks in the plains, had not even his sandals on; and, the weather being still very warm, he was half naked. All swam for a little time, but their armor soon sunk the foreigners to the bottom. Daphnis easily threw off the garments which remained to incumber him, but, accustomed to swim only in rivers, buoyed himself up with great difficulty: at length, taught by necessity, he struck forward between two of the cows, grasped a horn of each of them, and was carried along as securely and as easily as if he had been riding in his own wain. Oxen, be it observed, are better swimmers than men, or indeed than any animals, except aquatic birds and fish, nor are they in any danger of drowning unless their hoofs become softened by the water. The fact of many places being still called *Ox-fords* will bear out the truth of my assertion.

Thus was Daphnis delivered from two perils — from the pirates and from shipwreck, and in a manner beyond all expectation. When he reached the shore, he found Chloe smiling through her tears: he fell on her bosom, and inquired what had led her to play that particular tune. She related every-

thing which had occurred — her running to Dorco — the habit of his cows — his ordering her to pipe that tune, and finally his death, but through a feeling of shame she said nothing of the kiss.

They now determined to pay the last honors to their benefactor; accordingly they came with the neighbors and relatives of the deceased and buried him. They then threw up over his grave a large pile of earth, and planted about it various trees, and suspended over it the emblems of their calling, in addition to which they poured libations of milk and of juice expressed from the grapes, and broke many pastoral pipes. Mournful lowings of the cattle were heard, accompanied with unwonted and disorderly movements, which the shepherds believed to be lamentations and tokens of sorrow on the part of the herd for their departed herdsman.

After the funeral of Dorco, Chloe led Daphnis to the Grotto of the Nymphs, where she washed him; and then, for the first time in his presence, bathed her own person, fair and radiant with beauty, and needing no bath to set off its comeliness. Then, after gathering the flowers which the season afforded, they crowned the statues with garlands, and suspended Dorco's pipe as a votive offering to the Nymphs. Having done this, they returned to look for their flocks, which they found lying on the ground neither feeding nor bleating, but looking about, as if waiting in suspense for their reappearance. When they came in view of them, and called to them in their usual manner, and sounded their pipes, the sheep got up, and began to feed, while the goats skipped about and bleated as if exulting at the safety of their herdsman. But Daphnis could not attune his soul to joy; after seeing Chloe unveiled, he felt an inward pain as though preyed upon by poison. His breath went and came as though he were flying from some pursuer; and then it failed, as though he were exhausted with running. Chloe had come from the bath with redoubled charms, and the bath was thus more fatal to Daphnis than the ocean. As for himself, he attributed his feelings to being, in fancy, still among the thieves, — rustic as he was, and as yet ignorant of the thievish tricks of love.

ARSACE'S LOVE AND CHARICLEA'S ESCAPE.

By HELIODORUS.

[Heliodorus was bishop of Tricca in Thessaly, about A.D. 400. A dubious authority says that he was deposed for writing this novel; also that he was a champion of clerical celibacy.]

Chariclea is the (not guiltily) white daughter of the black queen of Ethiopia; concealed and put in the wardship of others from fear of the king; she falls in with, loves, and goes off with Theagenes, from whom she is separated by various misadventures. He is just now one of a band (having been captured and forced into their service) besieging Memphis in Egypt to restore Thyamis, unjustly exiled.

The citizens of Memphis had just time to shut their gates, before the arrival of Thyamis and his robber band; a soldier from the army of Mithranes, who had escaped from the battle of Bessa having foreseen, and foretold, the attempt.

Thyamis having ordered his men to encamp under the walls, rested them after the fatigues of their march; and determined forthwith to besiege the city. They in the town who, surprised at first, expected the attack of a numerous army, when they saw from their walls the small number of their assailants, put themselves in motion, and collecting the few troops, archers, and cavalry, left for the defense of the place, and arming the citizens as best they could, were preparing to issue out of the gates, and attack their enemy in the field. But they were restrained by a man of some years and authority among them, who said, that although the Viceroy Oroöndates was absent in the Ethiopian war, it would be improper for them to take any step without the knowledge and direction of his wife, Arsace; and that the soldiers who were left would engage much more heartily in the cause, if fighting under her orders.

The multitude joined with him in opinion, and followed him to the palace which the viceroy inhabited in the absence of the sovereign. Arsace was beautiful, and tall; expert in business; haughty because of her birth, as being the sister of the Great King; extremely blamable, however, in her conduct, and given up to dissolute pleasure. She had, in a great measure, been the cause of the exile of Thyamis; for when Calasiris, on account of the oracle which he had received relative to his children, had withdrawn himself privately from Memphis, and on his disappearing, was thought to have perished, Thyamis, as his eldest son, was

called to the dignity of the priesthood, and performed his initiatory sacrifice in public. Arsace, as she entered the temple of Isis, encountered this blooming and graceful youth, dressed on the occasion with more than usual splendor. She cast wanton glances at him, and by her gestures gave plain intimation of her passion. He, naturally modest, and virtuously brought up, did not notice this, and had no suspicion of her meaning, nay, intent on the duties of his office, probably attributed her conduct to some quite different cause. But his brother Petosiris, who had viewed with jealous eyes his exaltation to the priesthood, and had observed the behavior of Arsace towards him, considered how he might make use of her irregular desires as a means of laying a snare for him whom he envied.

He went privately to Oroöndates, discovered to him his wife's inclinations, and basely and falsely affirmed that Thyamis complied with them. Oroöndates was easily persuaded of the truth of this intelligence, from his previous suspicions; but took no notice of it to her, being unable clearly to convict her; and dreading and respecting the royal race she sprang from, thought it best to conceal his real opinion. He did not, however, cease uttering threats of death against Thyamis, until he drove him into banishment; when Petosiris was appointed to the priesthood in his room.

These events happened some years before the time of which I am at present speaking. But now the multitude surrounded the palace of Arsace, informed her of the approach of an hostile army (of which however she was aware), and besought her to give orders to the soldiers to march out with them to attack the enemy.

She told them that she thought she ought not to comply with their request till she had made herself a little acquainted with the number of the enemy — who they were — from whence they came — and what was the cause of their expedition. That for that purpose she thought it would be proper for her first to ascend the walls, to take a survey from thence; and then having collected more troops, to determine, upon consideration, what was possible and expedient to be done.

The people acquiesced in what she said, and advanced at once towards the wall; where, by her command, they erected upon the ramparts a tent, adorned with purple and gold embroidered tapestry; and she, royally attired, placed herself under it, on a lofty throne, having around her her guards in arms,

glittering with gold; and holding up a herald's wand, the symbol of peace, invited the chiefs of the enemy to a conference under the walls.

Thyamis and Theagenes advanced before the rest, and presented themselves under the ramparts, in complete armor, their heads only uncovered; and the herald made proclamation: —

"Arsace, wife of the chief viceroy, and sister of the Great King, desires to know who you are — what are your demands — and why you presume to make incursions into the territory of Memphis?" They replied, that their followers were men of Bessa — Thyamis, moreover, explained who he was; how, being unjustly deprived of the priesthood of Memphis by the suspicions of Oroöndates and the arts of his brother Petosiris, he was come to claim it again at the head of these bands — that if they would restore him to his office, he asked no more; and his followers would withdraw in peace, without injuring any one; but if they refused this just demand, he must endeavor to do himself justice by force and arms — that it became Arsace to revenge herself upon Petosiris for his wicked calumnies against her; by which he had infused into the mind of her husband suspicions against her honor; and had driven him, his brother, into exile.

These words made a great impression upon the citizens: they well recollected Thyamis again; and now knowing the cause of his unexpected flight, of which they were ignorant before, they were very much disposed to believe that what he now alleged was truth. But Arsace was more disturbed than any one, and distracted by a tempest of different cares and thoughts. She was inflamed with anger against Petosiris, and calling to mind the past, resolved how she might best revenge herself upon him. She looked sometimes at Thyamis, and then again at Theagenes; and was alternately drawn by her desires towards both. Her old inclination to the former revived; towards the latter a new and stronger flame hurried her away; so that her emotion was very visible to all the bystanders. After some struggle, however, recovering herself, as if from convulsive seizure, she said, "What madness has engaged the inhabitants of Bessa in this expedition? and you, beautiful and graceful youths of noble birth, why should you expose yourselves to manifest destruction for a band of marauders, who, if they were to come to a battle, would not be able to sustain the first shock? for the troops of the Great King are not so

reduced as not to have left a sufficient force in the city to surround and overwhelm all of you, although the viceroy be absent in a foreign war. But since the pretext of this expedition is of a private nature, why should the people at large be sufferers in a quarrel in which they have no concern? Rather let the parties determine their dispute between themselves, and commit their cause to the justice and judgment of the gods. Let, then, the inhabitants both of Memphis and the men of Bessa remain at peace; nor causelessly wage war against each other. Let those who contend for the priesthood engage in single combat, and be the holy dignity the prize of the conqueror."

Arsace was heard by the inhabitants of Memphis with pleasure, and her proposal was received with their unanimous applause. They suspected the wickedness and treachery of Petosiris, and were pleased with the prospect of transferring to his single person the sudden danger which threatened the whole community. But the bands of Bessa did not so readily agree; they were at first very averse to expose their leader to peril in their behalf, until Thyamis at length persuaded them to consent; representing to them the weakness and unskillfulness of Petosiris, whereas he should engage in the combat with every possible advantage on his side. This reflection probably influenced Arsace in proposing the single combat. She hoped to obtain by it her real aim, revenge upon Petosiris, exposing him to fight with one so much his superior in skill and courage.

The preparations for the encounter were now made with all celerity; Thyamis, with the utmost alacrity, hastening to put on what still he wanted to complete his armor. Theagenes, encouraging him, securely buckled on his arms, and placed, lastly, a helmet on his head, flashing with gold, and with a lofty crest. . . .

"Have you any commands for me?" said Theagenes. "The combat I am going to engage in," said Thyamis, "is a mere trifle, fit to be despised; but since Fortune sometimes sports with mortals, and strange accidents happen, I will just say, that if I prove victor, you shall accompany me into the city, live with me, and partake equally with myself, of everything which my fortune and station can afford. But if, contrary to my expectation, I should be vanquished, you shall command the bands of Bessa, with whom you are in great favor, and shall lead for a time the life of a freebooter, till the Deity shall place you in more prosperous circumstances." Having said this, they

embraced each other with great affection; and Theagenes sat down to observe the issue of the fight.

In this situation he unconsciously afforded Arsace an opportunity of feeding herself upon his presence, as she surveyed his person, and gratified at least her eyes. . . .

Arsace at length departed, unwillingly, and often turning back, under pretense of greater respect to the goddess; at last, however, she did depart, casting back her eyes as long as possible upon Theagenes.

As soon as she arrived at her palace, she hurried to her chamber, and, throwing herself upon the bed, in the habit she had on, lay there a long time speechless. She was a woman ever inclined to passion; and was now inflamed above measure by the beauties and grace of Theagenes, which excelled any she had ever beheld. She continued restless and agitated all night, turning from one side to the other, fetching deep and frequent sighs; now rising up, and again falling back on her couch; now tearing off her clothes, and then again throwing herself upon her bed; calling in her maids without cause, and dismissing them without orders. In short, her unrestrained love would certainly have driven her into frenzy, had not an old crone, Cybele by name, her bedchamber woman, well acquainted with her secrets, and who had ministered to her amours, hurried into the chamber.

Nothing had escaped her notice, and she now came to add fuel to the flame; thus addressing her: "What ails you, my dear mistress? What new passion tortures you? Whose countenance has raised such a flame in my nursling's soul? Is there any one foolish or insolent enough to overlook or contemn advances from you? Can any mortal see your charms unmoved, and not esteem your favors as a most supreme felicity? Conceal nothing from me, my sweet child. He must be made of adamant, indeed, whom my arts cannot soften. Only tell me your wishes, and I will answer for the success of them. You have more than once made trial of my skill and fidelity." With these and such like insinuating persuasions, and falling at the feet of Arsace, she entreated her to disclose the cause of her sufferings and agitations. The princess at last, composing herself a little, said: —

"Good nurse! I have received a deeper wound than I have ever yet felt; and though I have frequently, on similar occasions, successfully experienced your abilities, I doubt whether they can avail me now. The war which threatened our walls

yesterday has ended without bloodshed, and has settled into peace; but it has been the cause of raising a more cruel war within my bosom, and of inflicting a deep wound, not on any part of my body, but on my very soul, by offering to my view, in a luckless hour, that foreign youth who ran near Thyamis during the single combat. You must know whom I mean, for his beauty shone so transcendently among them all, as to be conspicuous to the rudest and most insensible to love, much more to one of your matured experience. Wherefore, my dearest nurse, now that you know my wound, employ all your skill to heal it; call up every art, work with every spell and will which years have taught you, if you would have your mistress survive; for it is in vain for me to think of living, if I do not enjoy this young man."

"I believe I know the youth of whom you speak," replied the old woman; "his chest and shoulders were broad; his neck, straight and noble; his stature, raised above his fellows; and he outshone, in short, every one around him, — his eyes sparkling with animation, yet their fire tempered with sweetness; his beautiful locks clustered on his shoulders; and the first down of youth appeared upon his cheek. An outlandish wench, not without beauty, but of uncommon impudence, ran suddenly up to him, embraced him, and hung upon his neck. Is not this the man you mean?"

"It is indeed," replied Arsace; "I well remember the last circumstance you mention; and that strolling hussy, whose homespun made-up charms have nothing more in them than common, but are, alas! much more fortunate than mine, since they have obtained for her such a lover."

The old woman smiled at this, and said: "Be of good cheer, my child; the stranger just now, perhaps, thinks his present mistress handsome; but if I can make him possessor of your beauties he will find himself to have exchanged brass for gold, and will look with disdain upon that conceited and saucy strumpet." "Only do this, my dearest Cybele, and you will cure, at once, two dreadful distempers — love and jealousy; you will free me from one, and satisfy the other." "Be it my care," replied the nurse, "to bring this about; do you, in the meantime, compose yourself; take a little rest; do not despair before the trial, but cherish soothing hope." Having said this, she took up the lamp, and, shutting the door of the chamber, went away. . . .

Arsace was urgent with Cybele to lose no time, but to bring about, as soon as possible, what she had so much at heart; for her passion was now too strong for her endurance. Cybele, accordingly, was to relax none of her endeavors, but was to circumvent Theagenes with all her arts. She did not openly explain the wishes of her mistress, but gave him to guess at them by hints and circumlocutions. She magnified her good will towards him — took every occasion to extol the beauties of her person, as well those which appeared to every beholder as those which her attire kept concealed; she commended her graceful manners and amiable disposition, and assured him that a brave and handsome youth was certain of finding favor with her. All this while she endeavored in what she said to sound his temper, whether it were amorous and easily inflamed.

Theagenes thanked her for her good inclinations towards the Greeks, and professed himself obliged by the peculiar kindness and benevolence with which she had treated him. But all her innuendoes relating to other matters he passed over, and appeared as though he did not understand them. This was a vast annoyance to the old beldam, and her heart began almost to fail her; for she had penetration enough to see that Theagenes understood very well the end she aimed at, but was averse to, and determined to repel, all her overtures. She knew that Arsace could not brook a much longer delay. She had already experienced the violence of her temper, which was now inflamed by the ardor of her present passion. She was daily demanding the fulfillment of her promise, which Cybele put off on various pretenses; sometimes saying, that the youth's inclinations towards her were chilled by his timidity — at others, feigning that some indisposition had attacked him. At length, when nearly a week had ineffectually elapsed, and the princess had admitted Chariclea to more than one interview, when, out of regard to her pretended brother, she had treated her with the greatest kindness and respect, Cybele was at length obliged to speak out more plainly to Theagenes, and make an unvarnished declaration of her mistress's love to him.

She blamed his backwardness, and promised that his compliance should be followed by the most splendid rewards. "Why," said she, "are you so averse to love? Is it not strange that one of your age should overlook the advances of a woman like Arsace — young, and beautiful as yourself — and should not esteem her favors as so much treasure-trove, espe-

cially when you may indulge your inclinations without the smallest apprehension of danger — her husband being at a distance, and her nurse the confidant of her secrets, and entirely devoted to her service, being here, ready to manage and conceal your interviews? There are no obstacles in your way. You have neither a wife nor a betrothed; although in such circumstances, even these relations have been overlooked by many men of sense, who have considered that they should not really hurt their families, but should gain wealth and pleasure to themselves." She began to hint at last that there might be danger in his refusal. "Women," says she, "tender-hearted and ardent in their desires, are enraged at a repulse, and seldom fail to revenge themselves upon those who overlook their advances. Reflect, moreover, that my mistress is a Persian, of the royal family, and has ample means in her hands of rewarding those whom she favors, and punishing those whom she thinks have injured her. You are a stranger, destitute, and with no one to defend you. Spare yourself danger, and spare Arsace a disappointment; she is worthy of some regard from you, who has shown and feels such intensity of passion for you: beware of a loving woman's anger, and dread that revenge which follows neglected love. I have known more than one repent of his coldness. These gray hairs have had longer experience in love affairs than you, yet have I never seen any one so unimpressible and harsh as you are."

Addressing herself then to Chariclea (for, urged by necessity, she ventured to hold this discourse before her), "Do you, my child," says she, "join your exhortations to mine; endeavor to bend this brother of yours, to whom I know not what name to give. If you succeed, you shall find the advantage great to yourself; you will not lose his love and you will gain more honor; riches will shower down upon you, and a splendid match will await you. These are enviable circumstances to any the chiefest of the natives; how much more to foreigners who are in poverty!" Chariclea, with a bitter smile, replied: —

"It were to be wished that the breast of the most excellent lady, Arsace, had felt no such passion; or that, having felt it, she had had fortitude sufficient to bear and to repress it. But if the weakness of her nature has sunk under the force of love, I would counsel my brother no longer to refuse responding to it, if it may be done with any degree of security — if it may be possible to avoid the dangers which I see impending from the

viceroy's wrath, should he become acquainted with the dishonorable affair which is going on."

At these words Cybele sprang forward, and, embracing and kissing Chariclea, "How I love you, my dear child," she exclaimed, "for the compassion you show for the sufferings of one of your own sex, and your solicitude for the safety of your brother. But here you may be perfectly at ease — the very sun shall know nothing of what passes."

"Cease for the present," replied Theagenes, seriously, "and give me time for consideration."

Cybele upon this went out, and — "O Theagenes!" said Chariclea, "the evil genius who persecutes us has given us a specious appearance of good fortune, with which there is really intermixed more of evil; but since things have so turned out, it is a great part of wisdom to draw some good, if possible, from each untoward accident. Whether you are determined to comply with the proposal which has been made to you, it is not for me to say. Perhaps, if our preservation depended upon your compliance, I might reconcile myself to it; but if your spirit revolts at the complaisance which is expected from you, feign at least that you consent, and feed with promises the barbaric woman's passion. By these means you will prevent her from immediately determining anything harshly against us: lead her on by hope, which will soften her mind, and hinder her anger from breaking out; thus we shall gain time, and in the interval some happy accident, or some propitious deity, may deliver us from the perplexities with which we are surrounded. But beware, my dear Theagenes, that by dwelling in thought upon the matter you do not fall into the sin in deed."

Theagenes, smiling, replied, "No misfortunes, I see, no embarrassments, can cure a woman of the innate disease of jealousy; but be comforted, I am incapable of even feigning what you advise. In my mind, it is alike unbecoming to do or to say an unworthy thing; and there will be one advantage in driving Arsace to despair — that she will give us no farther trouble on this subject; and whatever else I am destined to suffer, my bent of mind and my bitter experience have but too well prepared me to bear." Chariclea having said, "I fear you are bringing ruin upon our heads," held her peace.

While this conversation employed the lovers, Cybele went to Arsace, and encouraged her to hope for a favorable issue to her desires, for that Theagenes had intimated as much.

She returned to her own apartments. She said no more that evening; but having in the night earnestly besought Chariclea, who shared her bed, to coöperate with her, in the morning she again attacked Theagenes, and inquired what he had resolved upon; when he uttered a plain downright refusal and absolutely forbade her expecting any complaisance from him of the sort she wished. She returned disappointed and sorrowful to her mistress; who, as soon as she was made acquainted with the stern refusal of Theagenes, ordering the old woman to be ejected headlong out of the palace, entered into her chamber, and, throwing herself upon the bed, began to tear her hair and beat her breast. . . .

When Cybele approached her, she thus began: "What shall I do, nurse? How can I ease the torments which oppress me. My love is as intense as ever; nay, I think it burns more violently; but this youth, so far from being softened by kindness and favors, becomes more stubborn and intractable? Some time ago he could bring himself to soothe me by fallacious promises, but now he seems openly and manifestly averse to my desires; I fear he suspects, as I do, the cause of Achæmenes' absence, and that this has made him more timorous. It is *his* disappearance, indeed, which gives me most uneasiness; I cannot help thinking that he is gone to Oroöndates, and perhaps will wholly or in part succeed in persuading him of the truth of what he says. Could I but see Oroöndates, he would not withstand one tear or caress of mine; a woman's well-known features exert a mighty magic over men. It will be a grievous thing, before I have enjoyed Theagenes, to be informed against, nay, perhaps put to death, should his mind be poisoned before I have the means of seeing and conversing with him; wherefore, my dear Cybele, leave no stone unturned, strain every engine; you see how pressing and critical the business now becomes; and you may well believe, if I myself am driven to despair, I shall not easily spare others. You will be the first to rue the machinations of your son; and how you can be ignorant of them I cannot conceive."

"The event," replied Cybele, "will prove the injustice of your suspicions, both with regard to my son and me; but when you are yourself so supine in the prosecution of your love, why do you lay the fault on others? You are flattering this youth like a slave, when you should command him as a mistress. This indulgent mildness might be proper at first, for fear of

alarming his tender and inexperienced mind; but when kindness is ineffectual, assume a tone of more severity; let punishments, and even stripes, force from him that compliance which favors have failed in doing. It is inborn in youth to despise those who court, to yield to those who curb them; try this method, and you will find him give to force that which he refused to mildness."

"Perhaps you may be right," replied Arsace; "but how can I bear to see that delicate body, which I dote on to distraction, torn with whips, and suffering under tortures?"

"Again you are relapsing into your unreasonable tenderness," said Cybele; "a few turns of the rack will bring about all you desire, and for a little uneasiness which you may feel, you will soon obtain the full accomplishment of your wishes. You may spare your eyes the pain of seeing his sufferings — deliver him to the chief eunuch, Euphrates; order him to correct him, for some fault which you may feign he has committed — our ears are duller, you know, in admitting pity, than are our eyes. On the first symptoms of compliance, you may free him from his restraint."

Arsace suffered herself to be persuaded; for love, rejected and despairing, pities not even its object, and disappointment seeks revenge. She sent for the chief eunuch, and gave him directions for the purpose which had been suggested to her. He received them with a savage joy, rankling with the envy natural to his race, and, from what he saw and suspected, particularly angry with Theagenes. He put him immediately in chains, cast him into a deep dungeon, and punished him with hunger and stripes: keeping all the while a sullen silence; answering none of the miserable youth's inquiries, who pretended (though he well knew the cause) to be ignorant of the reason why he was thus hardly treated. He increased his sufferings every day, far beyond what Arsace knew of or commanded, permitting no one but Cybele to see him; for such, indeed, were his orders.

She visited him every day, under pretence of comforting, of bringing him nourishment; and of pitying him, because of their former acquaintance; in reality, to observe and report what effect his punishment had upon him, and whether it had mollified his stubborn heart; but his spirit was still unconquered, and seemed to acquire fresh force from the duration of his trials. His body, indeed, was torn with tortures, but his soul was exalted by the consciousness of having preserved its purity and

honor. He gloried that while fortune was thus persecuting him, she was conferring a boon upon his nobler part — the soul. Rejoicing in this opportunity of showing his fidelity to Chariclea, and hoping only she would one day become acquainted with his sufferings for her sake, he was perpetually calling upon her name, and styling her his light! his life! his soul!

Cybele (who had urged Euphrates to increase the severity of his treatment, contrary to the intentions of Arsace, whose object was by moderate chastisement to bend but not to kill him) saw it was all to no purpose, and began to perceive the peril in which she stood. She feared punishment from Oroöndates if Achæmenes should incautiously discover too much of the share she had in the business; she feared lest her mistress should lay violent hands upon herself, either stung by the disappointment or dreading the discovery of her amour. She determined, therefore, to make a bold attempt to avoid the danger which awaited her, by bringing about what Arsace desired, or to remove all concerned in and privy to the matter, by involving them in one common destruction.

Going, therefore, to the princess — "We are losing our labor," she said. "This stubborn youth, instead of being softened, grows every day more self-willed; he has Chariclea continually in his mouth, and by calling upon her alone, consoles himself in his misfortunes. Let us then, as a last experiment, cut the cable, as the proverb says, and rid ourselves of this impediment to our wishes. Perhaps when he shall hear that she is no more, he may despair of obtaining her, and surrender himself to your desires."

Arsace eagerly seized upon this idea: her rage and jealousy had but too well prepared her for embracing the cruel expedient. "You advise well," she replied; "I will take care to have this wretch removed out of your way."

"But who will you get to put your design into execution?" said Cybele; "for though your power here is great, the laws forbid you to put any one to death without the sentence of the judges. You must undergo, therefore, some trouble and delay in framing a fictitious charge against this maiden; and there will, besides, be some difficulty in proving it. To save you the pain and hazard of this proceeding, I am ready to dare and suffer anything. I will, if you think fit, do the deed with poison, and by means of a medicated cup remove our adversary."

Arsace approved, and bade her execute her purpose. She lost no time, but went to the unhappy Chariclea, whom she found in tears and revolving how she could escape from life, of which she was now weary, suspecting as she did the sufferings and imprisonment of Theagenes, though Cybele had endeavored to conceal them from her, and had invented various excuses for his unusual absence.

The beldam thus addressed her: "Why will you consume yourself in continual, and now causeless, lamentations? Theagenes is free, and will be with you here this evening. His mistress, angry at some fault which he had committed in her service, ordered him into a slight confinement; but has this day given directions for his release, in honor of a feast which she is preparing to celebrate, and in compliance with my entreaties. Arise, therefore, compose yourself, and refresh your spirits with a slight refection."

"How shall I believe you?" replied the afflicted maiden. "You have deceived me so often that I know not how to credit what you say."

"I swear to you by all the gods," said Cybele, "all your troubles shall have an end this day; all your anxiety shall be removed, only do not first kill yourself by abstaining obstinately, as you do, from food. Taste, then, the repast which I have provided."

Chariclea was with difficulty persuaded, though she very naturally entertained suspicions; the protestations of the old woman, however, and the pleasing hopes suggested, prevailed at length (for what the mind desires it believes), and they sat down to the repast.

Cybele motioned to Abra, the slave who waited upon them, to give the cup, after she had mixed the wine, first to Chariclea; she then took another herself and drank. She had not swallowed all that was presented to her, when she appeared seized with dizziness; and throwing what remained in the cup upon the ground, and casting a fierce look upon the attendant, her body was attacked with violent spasms and convulsions. Chariclea, and all who were in the room, were struck with horror, and attempted to raise and assist her; but the poison, potent enough to destroy a young and vigorous person, wrought more quickly than can be expressed upon her old and wornout body. It seized the vitals; she was consumed by inward fire; her limbs, which were at first convulsed, became at length stiff

and motionless, and a black color spread itself over her skin. But the malice of her soul was more malignant even than the poison, and Cybele, even in death, did not give over her wicked arts; but by signs and broken accents, gave the assistants to understand that she was poisoned by the contrivance of Chariclea. No sooner did she expire than the innocent maiden was bound, and carried before Arsace.

When the princess asked her if she had prepared the fatal draught, and threatened her, if she would not confess the whole truth, that torments should force it from her, her behavior astonished all the beholders. She did not cast down her eyes; she betrayed no fear; she even smiled and treated the affair with scorn, disregarding, in conscious innocence, the incredible accusation, and rejoicing in the imputation of the guilt, if through the agency of others it should bring her to a death which Theagenes had already undergone. "If Theagenes be alive," said she, "I am totally guiltless of this crime; but if he has fallen a victim to your most virtuous practices, it needs no tortures to extract a confession from me: then am I the poisoner of your incomparable nurse; treat me as if I were guilty, and by taking my life, gratify him who loathed your unhallowed wishes."

Arsace was stung into fury by this; she ordered her to be smitten on the face, and then said: "Take this wretch, bound as she is, and show her her precious lover suffering as he has well deserved; then load every limb with fetters and deliver her to Euphrates; bid him confine her in a dungeon till to-morrow, when she will receive from the Persian magistrates the sentence of death."

While they were leading her away, the girl who had poured out the wine at the fatal repast, who was an Ionian by nation, and the same who was sent at first by Arsace to wait upon her Grecian guests (whether out of compassion for Chariclea, whom nobody could attend and not love, or moved by a sudden impulse from heaven), burst into tears, and cried out, "O most unhappy and guiltless maiden!" The bystanders wondering at this exclamation and pressing her to explain its meaning, she confessed that it was she who had given the poison to Cybele, from whom she had received it, in order that it might be administered to Chariclea. She declared that, either overcome by trepidation at the enormity of the action, or confused at the signs made by Cybele, to present the goblet

first to the young stranger, she had, in her hurry, changed the cups, and given that containing the poison to the old woman.

She was immediately taken before Arsace, every one heartily wishing that Chariclea might be found innocent; for beauty and nobleness of demeanor can move compassion even in the minds of barbarians.

The slave repeated before her mistress all she had said before, but it was of no avail towards clearing the innocent maiden, and served only to involve herself in the same punishment; for Arsace, saying she was an accomplice, commanded her to be bound, thrown into prison, and reserved with the other for trial; and she sent directly to the magistrates, who formed the Supreme Council, and to whom it belonged to try criminals and to pronounce their sentence, ordering them to assemble on the morrow.

At the appointed time, when the court was met, Arsace stated the case, and accused Chariclea of the poisoning; lamenting, with many tears, the loss she had sustained in a faithful and affectionate old servant, whom no treasures could replace; calling the judges themselves to witness the ingratitude with which she had been treated, in that, after she had received and entertained the strangers with the greatest kindness and humanity, she had met with such a base return: in short, her tone was throughout bitter and malignant.

Chariclea made no defense, but confessed the crime, admitting that she had administered the poison, and declaring that, had she not been prevented, she would have given another potion to Arsace; whom she attacked in good set terms; provoking, in short, by every means in her power, the sentence of the judges.

This behavior was the consequence of a plan concerted between her and Theagenes the night before, in the prison, where they had agreed that she should voluntarily meet the doom with which she was threatened, and quit a wandering and wretched life, now become intolerable by the implacable pursuits of adverse fortune. After which they took a last melancholy embrace; and she bound about her body the jewels which had been exposed with her, which she always carried about her, concealing them under her garments to serve as attendants upon her obsequies; and she now undauntedly avowed every crime which was laid to her charge, and added others which her accusers had not thought of; so that the

judges, without any hesitation, were very near awarding her the most cruel punishment, usual in such cases among the Persians. At last, however, moved perhaps by her youth, her beauty, and noble air, they condemned her to be burnt alive.

She was dragged directly out of the court, and led by the executioners without the walls, the crier proclaiming that a prisoner was going to suffer for the crime of poisoning; and a vast multitude flocking together, and following her, poured out of the city.

Among the spectators upon the walls Arsace had the cruelty to present herself, that she might satiate her revenge, and obtain a savage consolation for her disappointment, in viewing the sufferings of her to whom she imputed it. The ministers of justice now made ready and lighted an immense pile; and were preparing to place the innocent victim upon it, when she begged a delay of a few moments, promising that she would herself voluntarily ascend it — and now turning towards the rising sun, and lifting up her eyes and hands to heaven, she exclaimed: "O sun! O earth! O celestial and infernal deities who view and punish the actions of the wicked! I call upon you to witness how innocent I am of the crime of which I am accused. Receive me propitiously, who am now preparing to undergo a voluntary death, unable to support any longer the cruel and unrelenting attacks of adverse fortune; — but may your speedy vengeance overtake that worker of evil, the accursed and adulterous Arsace; the disappointment of whose profligate designs upon Theagenes has urged her thus to wreak her fury upon me." This appeal, and these protestations, caused a murmur in the assembly. Some said the matter ought to undergo a further examination; some wished to hinder, others advanced to prevent her mounting the pile: but she put them all aside, and ascended it intrepidly.

She placed herself in the midst of it, and remained for a considerable time unhurt, the flames playing harmlessly around her, rather than approaching her, not injuring her in the least, but receding whithersoever she turned herself; so that their only effect seemed to be to give light and splendor to her charms, as she lay like a bride upon a fiery nuptial couch.

She shifted herself from one side of the pile to another, marveling as much as any one else at what happened, and seeking for destruction, but still without effect; for the fire ever retreated, and seemed to shun her approach. The execu-

tioners on their part were not idle, but threw on more fuel (Arsace by signs inciting them), dry wood, and reeds, and everything that was likely to raise and feed the flame; yet all was to no purpose; and now a murmur growing into a tumult began to run through the assembly: they cried out, "This is a divine interposition!—the maiden is unjustly accused!—she is surely innocent!" and advancing towards the pile, they drove away the ministers of justice, Thyamis, whom the uproar had roused from his retirement, now appearing at their head, and calling on the people for assistance. They were eager to deliver Chariclea, but durst not approach too near. They earnestly desired her, therefore, to come down herself from the pile; for there could be no danger in passing through the flames to one who appeared even to be untouched by them. Chariclea seeing and hearing this, and believing too that some divinity was really interposing to preserve her, deemed that she ought not to appear ungrateful, or reject the mercy, and leapt lightly from the pile; at which sight the whole city raised a sudden shout of wonder, joy, and thanksgiving to the gods.

Arsace, too, beheld this prodigy with astonishment, but with very different sensations. She could not contain her rage. She left the ramparts, hurried through a postern gate, attended by her guards and the Persian nobles, and herself laid violent hands on Chariclea. Casting a furious glance at the people —"Are ye not ashamed," she cried, "to assist in withdrawing from punishment a wretched creature detected in the very fact of poisoning, and confessing it? Do ye not consider, that while showing a blamable compassion to this wicked woman, ye are putting yourselves in opposition to the laws of the Persians—to the judges, the peers, the viceroys, and to the Great King himself? The fact of her not burning has perhaps moved you, and ye attribute it to the interposition of the gods, not considering that this yet more fully proves her guilt. Such is her knowledge of charms and witchcraft, that she is enabled to resist even the force of fire. Come all of you to-morrow to the examination which shall be held in public, and you shall not only hear her confess her crimes herself, but shall find her convicted also by her accomplices whom I have in custody."

She then commanded Chariclea to be led away, still keeping her hold upon her neck, and ordering her guards to disperse the crowd, who were with difficulty prevented from interfering for her rescue.

CLITOPHO AND LEUCIPPE.

BY ACHILLES TATIUS.

[Nothing whatever is known of the author; the work is believed to be slightly posterior to the two romances foregoing.]

Clitopho has eloped with Leucippe; she is carried off by pirates and sold to Sosthenes, bailiff of the rich Ephesian merchant and landowner Thersander, who meantime is reported lost at sea, and his widow Melitta meets, loves, and marries Clitopho; but he refuses to consummate the marriage, first out of mourning for Leucippe, then, finding her alive, claims a release altogether. Next Thersander turns up alive, prosecutes Clitopho for adultery, and has him imprisoned meantime; and his bailiff having shown him the new slave (Leucippe), falls violently in love with her and attempts to gain her.

THE sight of Leucippe inflamed his mind; she appeared more charming than ever, and her presence acted as fuel to the fire of love which had been burning in his breast all night. He with difficulty restrained himself from at once folding her in his arms, and sitting down beside her began to talk of various unconnected trifles, as lovers are wont to do when in company of their mistresses. At such times the soul is centered upon the object of its love, reason no longer guides their speech, and the tongue mechanically utters words. In the course of his address, he put his arm round her neck with the view of kissing her, and she aware of his intention hung down her head upon her bosom; he used all his endeavors to raise her face, and she with equal perseverance continued to conceal it the more and more; when this mutual struggle had continued for some time, Thersander, under the influence of amorous obstinacy, slipped his left hand under her chin, and seizing her hair with his right, compelled her to raise her head. When at length he gave over, either from succeeding in his object, or failing, or from being weary of the sport, Leucippe said to him indignantly, "Your conduct is unfitting and ungentlemanly, though fit enough for the slave Sosthenes; the master and his man are worthy of each other; but spare yourself any farther trouble, you will never succeed unless you become a second Clitopho."

Distracted between anger and desire, Thersander was at a loss what to do. These passions are like two fires in the soul;

they differ in nature, but resemble each other in intensity; the former urges to hatred, the latter to love; the sources also of their respective flames are near to one another, anger having its seat in the heart, the liver being the abode of love. When, therefore, a person is attacked by these two passions, his soul becomes the scales in which the intensity of either flame is weighed. Each tries to depress its respective scale, and love, when it obtains its object, is generally successful; but should it be slighted, then it summons its neighbor, anger, to its aid, and both of them combine their flame. When once anger has gained the mastery, and has driven love from its seat, being implacable by nature, instead of assisting it to gain its end, it rules like a tyrant, and will not allow it (however anxious) to become reconciled with its beloved. Pressed down by the weight of anger, love is no longer free, and vainly endeavors to recover its dominion, and so is compelled to hate what once it doted upon. But, again, when the tempest of anger has reached its height, and its fury has frothed away, it becomes weary from satiety, and its efforts cease; then love, armed by desire, revives, comes to the rescue, and attacks anger sleeping on his post; and calling to mind the injuries done to the beloved during its frenzy, it grieves and sues for pardon, and invites to reconciliation, and promises to make amends in future. If after this it meets with full success, then it continues to be all smiles and gentleness; but if again repulsed and scorned, then its old neighbor, anger, is once more called in, who revives his slumbering fires, and regains his former power. Thersander, so long as he was buoyed up with hopes of succeeding in his suit, had been Leucippe's humble servant; but when he found all his expectations dashed to the ground, love gave way to wrath, and he smote her upon the face. "Wretched slave!" he exclaimed, "I have heard your love-sick lamentations, and know all; instead of taking it as a compliment that I should speak to you, and regarding a kiss from your master as an honor, you must, forsooth, coquet and give yourself airs; for my part, I believe you to be a strumpet, for an adulterer is your love! However, since you refuse to accept me as a lover, you shall feel my power as a master."

Leucippe meekly replied, "Use me as harshly as you please; I will submit to everything except the loss of chastity;" and turning to Sosthenes, "you can bear witness to my powers of endurance; for I have received at your hands harder measure

even than this!" Ashamed at having his conduct brought to light, "This wench," said he, "deserves to be flayed with the scourge and to be put upon the rack, in order to teach her better manners towards her master."

"By all means follow his advice!" resumed Leucippe to Thersander, "he gives good counsel; do the worst which your malice can suggest; extend my hands upon the wheel; bare my back to the scourge; burn my body in the fire; smite off my head with the sword; it will be a novel sight to see one weak woman contend against all your tortures, victorious against all! You brand Clitopho as an adulterer, and yet you yourself would commit adultery! Have you no reverence for your tutelary goddess Diana? Would you ravish a virgin in the very city sacred to a virgin? O goddess, why do not thy shafts avenge the insult?"

"You a virgin, forsooth!" replied Thersander, contemptuously; "you who passed whole days and nights among the pirates! Prythee were they eunuchs, or given only to platonic love, or were they blind?"

"Ask Sosthenes," said she, "whether or not I preserved my chastity against his attempts; none of the freebooters behaved to me so brutally as you have done; it is you who deserve the name of pirate, since you feel no shame in perpetrating deeds which they abstained from doing. You little think how your unblushing cruelty will redound hereafter to my praise; you may kill me in your fury, and my encomium will be this: 'Leucippe preserved her chastity despite of buccaneers, despite of Chæreas, despite of Sosthenes, and crown of all (for this would be but trifling commendation), she remained chaste despite even of Thersander, more lascivious than the most lustful pirate; and he who could not despoil her of her honor, robbed her of her life.' Again, therefore, I say, bring into action all your engines and implements of torture, and employ the aid of Sosthenes, your right trusty counselor. I stand before you a feeble woman, naked and alone, having but one weapon of defense, my free spirit, which is proof against sword and fire and scourge. Burn me, if you will; you shall find that there be things over which even the fire is powerless!"

The scornful reproaches of Leucippe stirred up a tumult of conflicting passions in Thersander's mind; he was incensed by her taunts, vexed at his ill success, and perplexed how to secure the accomplishment of his desires. Without saying

another word he rushed out of the house to give vent to the storm and tempest of his soul. Shortly after, having conferred with Sosthenes, he went to the jailer, and endeavored to persuade him to administer a dose of poison to me; this, however, the jailer refused to do, his predecessor having suffered death for taking off a prisoner in this manner. Failing in this, he obtained his consent to introduce a man (who was to pass for a criminal) into my cell, under pretense of wishing to extract some secrets out of me through him. The man had been previously tutored by Thersander, and was casually to introduce Leucippe's name, and to say that she had been murdered by the contrivance of Melitta. Thersander's object in persuading me of her death was to hinder me (in case I obtained a verdict of acquittal) from instituting any further search for her recovery; and Melitta's name was introduced in order that after learning Leucippe's death I might not entertain any thoughts of marrying her, and so by settling at Ephesus interrupt Thersander in the prosecution of his schemes, but on the contrary might be induced to quit the city without delay, from hatred to Melitta for having contrived the death of my beloved.

As soon as this fellow came near me, he began to play his appointed part, and with a knavish groan exclaimed "Alackaday! what a miserable thing is life! There is no keeping out of trouble! It stands a man in no stead to be honest! Some cross accident is sure to overtake him! Would I could have guessed the character of my fellow-traveler, and what work he had been engaged in!" This, and much more of the same sort, he said speaking to himself, craftily endeavoring to attract my attention, and to make me inquire what it was that ailed him. He did not succeed, however, for I was sufficiently taken up with my own troubles, and he went on with his groans and ejaculations. At length — for the unfortunate take pleasure in listening to another's griefs, finding in it a kind of medicine for their sorrows — one of the prisoners asked, "What trick has the jade Fortune been playing you? I suspect that, like myself, she has laid you up in limbo without deserving it." He then proceeded to tell his own story, giving an account of what had brought him into prison; and having finished, requested the other to favor him with the particulars of his own misfortune. He of course readily complied.

"I left the city yesterday," said he, "to go towards Smyrna, and had proceeded about half a mile, when I was joined by a

young man out of the country. He saluted me, and after walking with me for a few minutes, inquired whither I was going. I told him, and he said that luckily his road lay in the same direction, so that we proceeded in company, and entered into conversation. Stopping at an inn, we ordered dinner, and presently four men came in and did the same. Instead of eating, however, they continued watching us, and making signs to one another. I plainly enough saw that we were the objects of their notice, but was wholly at a loss to understand the meaning of their gestures. My companion gradually turned very pale, left off eating, and at last began to tremble all over. Instantly they sprang up, seized, and bound us; one of them also dealt him a violent blow upon the face; upon which, as if he had been already on the rack, and even without a question being asked him he cried out, 'I admit having killed the girl! Melitta, Thersander's wife, hired me to do the deed, and gave me a hundred gold pieces for my trouble; here they are every one — take them for yourselves; and for heaven's sake let me off!"

Upon hearing these names I started as if stung, and turning to him, "Who is Melitta?" I asked. "She is a lady of the first rank in this city," was his reply. "She took a fancy to a young man, said to be a native of Tyre; he found a favorite wench of his (whom he had given up for lost), among the number of Melitta's slaves, and she, moved by jealousy, had the girl seized by the fellow whom ill luck made my fellow-traveler, and he, in obedience to Melitta's orders, has made away with her. But to return to my own story. I, who had never seen the man before, nor had dealings with him of any kind, was dragged along with him, bound, as an accomplice in his crime; but what is harder than all, they had not gone far, before, for the sake of his hundred pieces, they let him go, but kept me in custody and carried me before the judge."

Upon hearing this chapter of accidents, I neither uttered a sound nor shed a tear, for both voice and tears refused their office, but a general trembling seized me, my heart sunk within me, and I felt as at the point of death. After a time, recovering in some degree from the stupor which his words had caused, "How did the ruffian dispatch her?" I asked, "and what has become of her body?" But having now performed the business for which he was employed, by stimulating my curiosity, he became obstinately silent, and I could extract nothing more from him. In answer to my repeated questions, "Do you

think," said he, at length, "that I had a hand in the murder? The man told me he had killed her; he said nothing of the place and manner of her death." Tears now came to my relief, and I gave full vent to my sorrow. It is with mental wounds as with bodily hurts; when one has been stricken in body some time elapses before the livid bruise, the result of the blow, is seen; and so also any one who has been pierced by the sharp tusk of a boar, looks for the wound, but without immediately discovering it, owing to its being deeply seated; but presently a white line is perceived, the precursor of the blood, which speedily begins to flow; in like manner, no sooner have bitter tidings been announced, than they pierce the soul, but the suddenness of the stroke prevents the wound from being visible at once, and the tooth of sorrow must for some space have gnawed the heart ere a vent is found for tears, which are to the mind what blood is to the body. . . .

While thus plunged in grief, Clinias came to visit me. I related every particular to him, and declared my determination of putting an end to my existence. He did all in his power to console me. "Consider," he said, "how often she has died and come to life again; who knows but what she may do the same on this occasion also? Why be in such haste to kill yourself? You will have abundant leisure when the tidings of her death have been positively confirmed."

"This is mere trifling," I replied; "there is small need of confirmation; my resolve is fixed, and I have decided upon a manner of death which will not permit even the hated Melitta to escape unscathed. Listen to my plan: In case of being summoned into court it was my intention to plead not guilty. I have now changed my determination, and shall plead guilty, confessing the intrigue between Melitta and myself, and saying that we mutually planned Leucippe's death; by this means she will suffer the punishment which is her due, and I shall quit this life which I so much detest." "Talk not thus," replied he; "can you endure to die under the base imputation of being a murderer, and, what is more, the murderer of Leucippe?" "Nothing is base," replied I, "by which we can wreak vengeance upon our enemies." While we were engaged in argument, the fellow who had communicated the tidings of the fictitious murder was removed, upon pretense of being taken before the magistrate to undergo an examination. Clinias and Satyrus exerted themselves, but ineffectually, in order to per-

suade me to alter my resolution; and on the same day they removed into lodgings, so as to be no longer under the roof of Melitta's foster brother. The following day the case came on; Thersander had a great muster of friends and partisans, and had engaged ten advocates; and Melitta had been equally on the alert in preparing for her defense. When the council on either side had finished speaking, I asked leave to address the court, and said, "All those who have been exerting their eloquence, either for Thersander or for Melitta, have been giving utterance to sheer nonsense; I will reveal the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I was once passionately in love with a female of Byzantium named Leucippe; she was carried off by pirates, and I had reason to believe that she was dead. Meeting with Melitta in Egypt, we formed a connection, and after some time we traveled together to this city, and Leucippe, whom I just now mentioned, was found working as a slave on Thersander's estate, under his bailiff, Sosthenes. By what means he obtained possession of a freeborn female, and what were his dealings with the pirates, I leave it to you to guess.

"Melitta, finding that I had recovered my former mistress, became apprehensive of her regaining her influence over my affections, and contrived a plan for putting her to death. I entered into her schemes, — for what avails it to conceal the truth? — having received a promise that she would settle all her property upon me; a man was found, who, for the reward of a hundred gold pieces, undertook the business. When the deed was done, he fled, and is now somewhere in concealment.

"As for myself, Love was not long in taking vengeance upon my cruelty. No sooner did I hear of the murder being perpetrated, than I bitterly repented of what had taken place, and all my former fondness revived. For this reason I have determined to turn evidence against myself, in order that you may send me whither she is gone to whom I am still so deeply attached. Life is intolerable to one who, in addition to being a murderer, loves her of whose death he has been the cause."

Every one in court was utterly astounded at the unexpected tenor of my speech, especially Melitta. The advocates of Thersander already claimed a triumph, while those engaged in Melitta's behalf anxiously questioned her as to the truth of what I had said. She was in great confusion; denied some points, virtually admitted others, confessed to having known Leucippe, and indeed confirmed most of what I had said, with

the exception of the murder. This general agreement, on her part, with the facts advanced by me, created a suspicion against her, even in the minds of her own counsel, and they were at a loss what line of defense to adopt on her behalf. At this critical juncture, while the court was being a scene of great clamor, Clinias came forward and requested to be heard, for "Remember," said he, "a man's life is now in jeopardy." Obtaining permission to speak: —

"Men of Ephesus!" he began (his eyes filling with tears), "do not precipitately condemn to die one who eagerly longs for death, the natural refuge of the unfortunate. He has been calumniating himself, and has taken upon him the guilt of others. Let me briefly acquaint you with what has befallen him. What he has said respecting his mistress, her being carried off by pirates, about Sosthenes, and other circumstances which happened before the pretended murder, are strictly true. The young woman has undoubtedly disappeared; but whether she is still alive, or has been made away with, it is impossible to say; one thing is certain, that Sosthenes conceived a passion for her, that he used her cruelly for not consenting to his desires, and that he was leagued with pirates. My friend, believing her to be murdered, is disgusted with life, and has, therefore, invented this charge against himself; he has already confessed with his own mouth that he is anxious to die owing to grief at the loss which he has sustained. Consider, I pray you, whether it is likely that one who is really a murderer would be so desirous of dying with his victim, and would feel life so insupportable. When do we ever find murderers so tender-hearted, and hatred so compassionate? In the name of the gods, therefore, do not believe his words; do not condemn to death a man who is much more deserving of commiseration than of punishment. If, as he says, he really planned this murder, let him bring forward the hired assassin; let him declare what has become of the body. If neither the one nor the other can be produced, how can any belief be attached to such a murder? 'I was in love with Melitta,' he says, 'and therefore I caused Leucippe to be killed!' How comes he to implicate Melitta, the object of his affection, and to be so desirous of dying for Leucippe, whose death he compassed? Is it usual for persons to hate the object of their love, and to love the object of their hatred? Is it not much more probable that in such circumstances he would have denied the crime (even had it been

brought home to him) in order to save his mistress, instead of throwing away his own life afterwards, owing to a vain regret for her loss? What can possibly, therefore, be his motive for charging Melitta with a crime of which she is not guilty? I will tell you, and in so doing do not suppose that I have any desire of inculpating this lady, — my sole wish is to make you acquainted with the real truth.

"Before this seafaring husband of hers came to life again so suddenly, Melitta took a violent fancy to this young man, and proposed marriage to him; he on his part was not at all disposed to comply with her wishes, and his repugnance became yet greater when he discovered that his mistress, whom he had imagined dead, was in slavery, under the power of Sosthenes. Until aware who she was, Melitta, taking pity upon her, had caused her to be set at liberty, had received her into her own house, and treated her with the consideration due to a gentlewoman in distress; but after becoming acquainted with her story, she was sent back into the country, and she has not been heard of since. The truth of what I say can be attested by Melitta herself and the two maids in whose company she was sent away. This was one thing which excited suspicions in my friend's mind that Leucippe had been foully dealt with through her rival's jealousy; a circumstance which took place after he was in prison confirmed these suspicions, and has had the effect of exasperating him not only against Melitta, but against himself. One of the prisoners, in the course of lamenting his own troubles, mentioned that he had unwittingly fallen into the company of a man who had committed murder for the sake of gold; the victim was named Leucippe, and the crime, he said, had been committed at the instigation of Melitta. Of course I cannot say whether this be true or not; it is for you to institute inquiries. You can produce the prisoner who made mention of the hired assassin; Sosthenes, who can declare from whom he purchased Leucippe, and the maids, who can explain her disappearance. Before you have thoroughly investigated each of these particulars, it is contrary to all law, whether human or divine, to pass sentence upon this unfortunate young man on the bare evidence of his frenzied words, for there can be no doubt that the violence of his grief has affected his intellect."

The arguments of Clinias appeared just and reasonable to many of those present, but Thersander's counsel, together with

his friends, called out that sentence of death ought to be pronounced without delay upon the murderer who, by the providence of the gods, had been made his own accuser. Melitta brought forward her maids, and required Thersander to produce Sosthenes, who might probably turn out to be the murderer. This was the challenge mainly insisted upon by her counsel. Thersander, in great alarm, secretly dispatched one of his dependants into the country, with orders to Sosthenes to get out of the way at once, before the arrival of those who were about to be sent after him.

Mounting a horse without delay, the messenger rode full speed to inform the bailiff of the danger he ran of being put to the torture, if taken. Sosthenes was at that moment with Leucippe, doing his best to soothe her irritated feelings. Hearing himself summoned in a loud voice, he came out of the cottage; and, upon learning the state of matters, overcome with fear, and thinking the officers were already at his heels, he got upon the horse, and rode off towards Smyrna; after which the messenger returned to his master. It is a true saying that fear drives away the power of recollection, for Sosthenes in his alarm for his own safety was so forgetful of everything else that he neglected to secure the door of Leucippe's cottage. Indeed slaves, generally speaking, when frightened, run into the very excess of cowardice. Melitta's advocates having given the above-mentioned challenge, Thersander came forward and said, "We have now surely had quite enough of this man's silly stories; and I cannot but feel surprised at your want of sense, who, after convicting a murderer upon the strongest possible evidence, his own admission of his guilt, do not at once pass sentence of death upon him; whereas, instead of doing this, you suffer yourselves to be imposed upon by his plausible words and tears. For my part I believe him actuated by personal fears, and to be an accomplice in the murder; nor can I see what possible need there can be for having recourse to the rack in a matter so clear already. Nay, more, I fully believe him to have had a hand in another murder; for three days have now elapsed since I saw Sosthenes, the man whom they call upon me to bring forward; it is not at all improbable that this is owing to their contrivance, since it was he who informed me of the act of adultery which has taken place, and having put him to death, they now craftily call upon me to produce the man, knowing it to be out of my power to do so. But

even supposing he were alive and present, what difference could it make? What questions would he put to him? 'Did he ever purchase a certain female?' 'Yes.' 'Was this female in the power of Melitta?' 'Yes.' Here would be an end of the examination, and Sosthenes would be dismissed. Let me now, however, address myself to Clitopho and Melitta.

"What have you done, I ask, with my slave?—for a slave of mine she assuredly was, having been purchased by Sosthenes, and were she still alive, instead of having been murdered by them, my slave she would still be." Thersander said this from mingled malice and cunning, in order that if Leucippe should turn out to be still alive, he might detain her in a state of servitude. He then continued: "Clitopho confessed that he killed her, he has therefore pronounced judgment upon himself. Melitta, on the other hand, denies the crime—her maids may be brought forward and tortured in order to refute what she says. If it should appear that they received the young woman from her, but have not brought her back again, the question will arise, What has become of her? Why was she sent away? And to whom was she sent? Is it not self-evident that some persons had been hired to commit the murder, and that the maids were kept in ignorance of this, lest a number of witnesses might render discovery more probable? No doubt they left her at some spot where a gang of ruffians were lying in concealment, so that it was out of their power to witness what took place. He has also trumped up some story about a prisoner who made mention of the murder. I should like to know who this prisoner is, who has not said a word on the subject to the chief magistrate, but has communicated, it seems, every particular to him, except the name of his informer. Again, I ask, will you not make an end of listening to such foolery, and taking any interest in such transparent absurdities? Can you imagine that he would have turned a self-accuser without the intervention of the deity?" Thersander, after speaking to this effect, concluded by solemnly swearing that he was ignorant what had become of Sosthenes.

The presiding judge, who was of royal extraction, and who took cognizance of cases of blood, had, in accordance with the law, a certain number of assessors, men of mature age, whose province it was to assist him in judicial investigations. After conferring with them, he determined to pronounce sentence of death upon me, agreeably to a law which awarded capital pun-

ishment to any one standing convicted upon his own accusation. Melitta was to have a second trial, and her maids were to be examined by torture; Thersander was to register his oath, declaratory of his ignorance as to Sosthenes. I, as already condemned to death, was to be tortured in order to make me confess whether Melitta was privy to the murder. Already was I bound, stripped, and suspended aloft by ropes, while some were bringing scourges, others the fire and the wheel, and Clinias was lamenting loudly, and calling upon the gods, when lo! the priest of Diana, crowned with laurel, was beheld approaching: the sign of a sacred embassy coming to offer sacrifices to the goddess. In such cases there is suspension of all judicial punishments during the days occupied in the performance of the sacrifice, and in consequence of this I was released. The chief of the sacred embassy was no other than Leucippe's father. Diana had appeared to the Byzantians, and had secured them victory in the war against the Thracians, in consequence of which they felt bound to send her a sacrifice in token of their gratitude. In addition to this, the goddess had appeared to Sostratus himself at night, signifying to him that he would find his daughter and his nephew at Ephesus. Just about this time, Leucippe perceived the door of the cottage to be left open; and as, after a careful examination, Sosthenes was nowhere to be seen, her usual presence of mind and sanguine hopes returned. She remembered how often, contrary to all expectation, she had been preserved, and the thought of this gave her increased boldness. Fortune moreover favored her, since the temple of Diana was near the spot. Accordingly, hurrying thither, she sought refuge within its precincts. The temple afforded sanctuary to men and virgins,—any other woman incurred death by entering it, unless she happened to be a slave who had some cause of complaint against her master; in which case she was permitted to take refuge there, and the matter was submitted to the decision of the magistrates; supposing the master was acquitted, he took back his slave, being bound by oath to bear her no ill will on account of her having run away; but if, on the contrary, the slave was proved to have justice on her side, she remained in the temple, and was employed in the service of the goddess. Leucippe arrived at the temple just at the time when Sostratus was conducting the priest to the scene of the trial, in order to suspend the proceedings, and was very near encountering her father.

When I was set free, the court broke up, and I was surrounded by a concourse of people, some pitying me, some calling upon the gods in my behalf, others questioning me. Sostratus, coming by at the time, no sooner saw than he recognized me; for, as I before mentioned, he had formerly been at Tyre upon the occasion of a festival of Hercules, and had passed a considerable time there before the period of our flight. He at once knew me, and the more readily because his dream had led him to expect that he should find me and his daughter there. Coming up to me, therefore, "Do I see Clitopho?" said he; "and where is Leucippe?" Instantly recognizing him, I cast my eyes to the ground and remained silent, while the bystanders related to him every particular relative to my self-accusation. He no sooner heard what they had to say than, with an ejaculation of bitter grief, and smiting his head, he made a rush at me, and was very near pulling out my eyes, for I remained altogether passive and offered no resistance to his violence. At length Clinias, coming forward, checked his fury, and endeavored to pacify him. "What are you about?" said he; "why are you venting your wrath against him; he loves Leucippe more dearly than you do, for he has courted death from belief that she was no longer in existence;" and he added a great deal more in order to calm his irritation. He, on the other hand, continued to vent his grief, and to call upon Diana. "Is it for this that thou hast summoned me hither, O goddess? Is this the fulfilment of my vision? I gave credence to the dreams which thou didst send, and flattered myself that I should find my daughter! In lieu of which thou offerest me, forsooth, a welcome present, — my daughter's murderer!" Hearing of the vision sent by Diana, Clinias was overjoyed. "Take courage, sir," he said; "the goddess will not belie herself! Rest assured your daughter is alive; believe me, I am prophesying truth; do you not remark how wonderfully she has rescued your nephew from the clutches of his torturers?"

While this was going on, one of the ministers of the goddess came hurriedly to the priest, and announced that a foreign maiden had taken refuge in the temple. This intelligence, given in my hearing, inspired me with new life; my hopes revived, and I summoned courage to look up. "My prediction is being fulfilled, sir," said Clinias, addressing Sostratus; and then turning to the messenger he inquired, "Is the maiden

handsome?" "She is second in beauty only to Diana herself," was the reply.

At these words I leaped for joy, and exclaimed, "It must be Leucippe!" "You are right in your conjecture," said he; "this was the very name she gave; saying likewise that she was the daughter of one Sostratus, and a native of Byzantium." Clinias now clapped his hands and shouted with delight, while Sostratus, overcome by his emotions, was ready to sink upon the ground. For my part, in spite of my fetters, I made a bound into the air, and then shot away towards the temple, like an arrow from a bow. The keepers pursued me, supposing that I was trying to escape, and bawled out to every one, "Stop him! stop him!" At that moment, however, I seemed to have wings upon my heels, and it was with much difficulty that some persons at length caught hold of me in my mad career. The keepers upon coming up were disposed to use violence, to which, however, I was no longer inclined to submit; nevertheless they persisted in dragging me towards the prison. By this time Clinias and Sostratus had arrived at the spot; and the former called out, "Whither are you taking this man?—he is not guilty of the murder for which he has been condemned!" Sostratus spoke to the same effect, and added that he was father to the maiden supposed to have been murdered. The bystanders, learning the circumstances which had taken place, were loud in their praises of Diana, and surrounding me would not permit me to be taken to prison; on the other hand, the keepers declared that they had no authority to set a prisoner at liberty who had been condemned to death. In the end, the priest, at the urgent entreaty of Sostratus, agreed to become bail, and to produce me in court whenever it should be required. Then at length freed from my fetters, I hurried on towards the temple, followed by Sostratus, whose feelings of joy could hardly, I think, equal my own.

Rumor, who outstrips the swiftest of men, had already reached Leucippe, and informed her of all particulars respecting me and Sostratus. Upon catching sight of us she darted out of the temple, and threw her arms around her father, but at the same time her looks were turned on me; the presence of Sostratus restrained me from embracing her, though I gazed intently upon her face; and thus our greetings were confined to eyes.

THE ART OF GOVERNMENT.

By MENCIUS.

[MANG-TSZE, Latinized MENCIUS, the greatest of the Chinese teachers following Confucius, flourished from about B.C. 380 to 289. Of an old feudal house, deeply learned, and an enthusiastic follower of Confucius, he became the head of an influential school, and determined to raise China from the sink of anarchy, misery, and leveling doctrines into which it had fallen — there were seven warring kingdoms — by becoming the chief adviser of a good king, whom he should find or make. He persevered in the effort for many years, treated well and listened to with respect, but his advice not followed; finally he desisted, and went into retirement. His writings, full of deep moral truths, sagacious advice, and charm of style, have inspired every generation of Chinese since his time.]

KING HWUY of Leang said: "Small as my virtue is, in the government of my kingdom I do indeed exert my mind to the utmost. If the year be bad on the inside of the river, I remove as many of the people as I can to the east of the river, and convey grain to the country in the inside; when the year is bad on the east of the river, I act on the same plan. On examining the government of the neighboring kingdoms, I do not find that there is any prince who employs his mind as I do. And yet the people of the neighboring kingdoms do not decrease, nor do my people increase. How is this?"

Mencius replied, "Your Majesty is fond of war. Let me take an illustration from war. The soldiers move forward to the sound of the drums; and after their weapons have been crossed, on one side they throw away their coats of mail, trail their arms behind them, and run. Some run a hundred paces and stop; some run fifty paces and stop. What would you think if those who run fifty paces were to laugh at those who run a hundred paces?"

The king said, "They may not do so. They only did not run a hundred paces; but they also ran away."

"Since your Majesty knows this," replied Mencius, "you need not hope that your people will become more numerous than those of the neighboring kingdoms.

"If the seasons of husbandry be not interfered with, the grain will be more than can be eaten. If close nets are not allowed to enter the pools and ponds, the fishes and turtles will be more than can be consumed. If the axes and bills enter the hills and forests only at the proper time, the wood will be

more than can be used. When the grain and fish and turtles are more than can be eaten, and there is more wood than can be used, this enables the people to nourish their living and bury their dead, without any feeling against any. This condition, in which the people nourish their living and bury their dead without any feeling against any, is the first step of royal government.

"Let mulberry trees be planted about the homesteads with their five mow, and persons of fifty years may be clothed with silk. In keeping fowls, pigs, dogs, and swine, let not their times of breeding be neglected, and persons of seventy years may eat flesh. Let there not be taken away the time that is proper for the cultivation of the farm with its hundred mow, and the family of several mouths that is supported by it shall not suffer from hunger. Let careful attention be paid to education in schools, inculcating in it especially the filial and fraternal duties, and gray-haired men will not be seen upon the roads, carrying burdens on their backs or on their heads. It never has been that the ruler of a state where such results were seen — persons of seventy wearing silk and eating flesh, and the black-haired people suffering neither from hunger nor cold — did not attain to the imperial dignity.

"Your dogs and swine eat the food of men, and you do not know to make any restrictive arrangements. There are people dying from hunger on the roads, and you do not know to issue the stores of your granaries for them. When people die you say, 'It is not owing to me; it is owing to the year.' In what does this differ from stabbing a man and killing him, and then saying, 'It was not I; it was the weapon?' Let your Majesty cease to lay the blame on the year, and instantly from all the empire the people will come to you."

King Hwuy of Leang said: "There was not in the empire a stronger state than Tsin, as you, venerable Sir, know. But since it descended to me, on the east we have been defeated by Ts'e, and then my eldest son perished; on the west we have lost seven hundred li of territory to Ts'in; and on the south we have sustained disgrace at the hands of Ts'oo. I have brought shame on my departed predecessors, and wish on their account to wipe it away, once for all. What course is to be pursued to accomplish this?"

Mencius replied, "With a territory which is only a hundred li square, it is possible to attain the imperial dignity.

"If your Majesty will indeed dispense a benevolent government to the people, being sparing in the use of punishments and fines, and making the taxes and levies light, so causing that the field shall be plowed deep, and the weeding of them be carefully attended to, and that the strong-bodied, during their days of leisure, shall cultivate their filial piety, fraternal respectfulness, sincerity, and truthfulness, serving thereby, at home, their fathers and elder brothers, and abroad, their elders and superiors, you will then have a people who can be employed, with sticks which they have prepared, to oppose the strong mail and sharp weapons of the troops of Ts'in and Ts'oo.

"The rulers of those states rob their people of their time, so that they cannot plow and weed their fields in order to support their parents. Their parents suffer from cold and hunger. Brothers, wives, and children are separated and scattered abroad.

"Those rulers, as it were, drive their people into pitfalls or drown them. Your Majesty will go to punish them. In such a case, who will oppose your Majesty?

"In accordance with this is the saying, 'The benevolent has no enemy.' I beg your Majesty not to doubt what I say."

Mencius went to see the King Seang of Leang.

On coming out from the interview, he said to some persons: "When I looked at him from a distance, he did not appear like a sovereign; when I drew near to him, I saw nothing venerable about him. Abruptly he asked me, 'How can the empire be settled?' I replied, 'It will be settled by being united under one sway.'

"'Who can so unite it?'

"I replied, 'He who has no pleasure in killing men can so unite it.'

"'Who can give it to him?'

"I replied: 'All the people of the empire will unanimously give it to him. Does your Majesty understand the way of the growing grain? During the seventh and eighth months, when drought prevails, the plants become dry. Then the clouds collect densely in the heavens, they send down torrents of rain, and the grain erects itself, as if by a shoot. When it does so, who can keep it back? Now among the shepherds of men throughout the empire, if there were one who did not find

pleasure in killing men, all the people in the empire would look towards him with outstretched necks. Such being, indeed, the case, the people would flock to him, as water flows downwards with a rush, which no one can repress.'"

The King Seuen of Ts'e asked, saying, "May I be informed by you of the transactions of Hwan of Ts'e and Wăn of Ts'in?"

Mencius replied: "There were none of the disciples of Chunque who spoke about the affairs of Hwan and Wăn, and therefore they have not been transmitted to these after ages, — your servant has not heard them. If you will have me speak, let it be about imperial government."

The king said, "What virtue must there be in order to the attainment of imperial sway?" Mencius answered, "The love and protection of the people; with this there is no power which can prevent a ruler from attaining it."

The king asked again, "Is such an one as I competent to love and protect the people?" Mencius said, "Yes." "From what do you know that I am competent to that?" "I heard the following incident from Hoo Heih: 'The king,' said he, 'was sitting aloft in the hall, when a man appeared, leading an ox past the lower part of it. The king saw him, and asked, Where is the ox going? The man replied, We are going to consecrate a bell with its blood. The king said, Let it go. I cannot bear its frightened appearance, as if it were an innocent person going to the place of death. The man answered, Shall we then omit the consecration of the bell? The king said, How can that be omitted? Change it for a sheep.' I do not know whether this incident really occurred."

The king replied, "It did," and then Mencius said, "The heart seen in this is sufficient to carry you to the imperial sway. The people all supposed that your Majesty grudged the animal, but your servant knows surely that it was your Majesty's not being able to bear the sight, which made you do as you did."

The king said, "You are right. And yet there really was an appearance of what the people condemned. But though Ts'e be a small and narrow state, how should I grudge one ox? Indeed it was because I could not bear its frightened appearance, as if it were an innocent person going to the place of death, that therefore I changed it for a sheep."

Mencius pursued, "Let not your Majesty deem it strange that the people should think you were grudging the animal. When you changed a large one for a small, how should they know the true reason? If you felt pained by its being led without guilt to the place of death, what was there to choose between an ox and a sheep?"

The king laughed and said, "What really was my mind in the matter? I did not grudge the expense of it, and changed it for a sheep! There was reason in the people's saying that I grudged it."

"There is no harm in their saying so," said Mencius. "Your conduct was an artifice of benevolence. You saw the ox, and had not seen the sheep. So is the superior man affected towards animals, that, having seen them alive, he cannot bear to see them die; having heard their dying cries he cannot bear to eat their flesh. Therefore, he keeps away from his cook-room."

The king was pleased, and said, "It is said in the 'Book of Poetry,' 'The minds of others, I am able by reflection to measure;' this is verified, my master, in your discovery of my motive. I indeed did the thing, but when I turned my thoughts inward, and examined into it, I could not discover my own mind, when you, Master, spoke those words, the movements of compassion began to work in my mind. How is it that this heart has in it what is equal to the imperial sway?"

Mencius replied, "Suppose a man were to make this statement to your Majesty: 'My strength is sufficient to lift three thousand catties, but it is not sufficient to lift one feather; my eyesight is sharp enough to examine the point of an autumn hair, but I do not see a wagonload of fagots;' would your Majesty allow what he said?" "No," was the answer, on which Mencius proceeded, "Now here is kindness sufficient to reach to animals, and no benefits are extended from it to the people. How is this? Is an exception to be made here? The truth is, the feather's not being lifted is because the strength is not used; the wagonload of firewood's not being seen is because the vision is not used; and the people's not being loved and protected is because the kindness is not employed. Therefore your Majesty's not exercising the imperial sway is because you do not do it, not because you are not able to do it."

The king asked, "How may the difference between the not doing a thing and the not being able to do it, be represented?" Mencius replied: "In such a thing as taking the T'ae Mountain under your arm, and leaping over the North Sea with it, if you say to your people, 'I am not able to do it,' that is a real case of not being able. In such a matter as breaking off a branch from a tree at the order of a superior, if you say to people, 'I am not able to do it,' that is a case of not doing it, it is not a case of not being able to do it. Therefore your Majesty's not exercising the imperial sway is not such a case as that of taking the T'ae Mountain under your arm, and leaping over the North Sea with it. Your Majesty's not exercising the imperial sway is a case like that of breaking off a branch from a tree.

"Treat with the reverence due to age the elders in your own family, so that the elders in the families of others shall be similarly treated; treat with the kindness due to youth the young in your own family, so that the young in the families of others shall be similarly treated; do this, and the empire may be made to go round in your palm. It is said in the 'Book of Poetry,' 'His example affected his wife. It reached to his brothers, and his family of the state was governed by it.' The language shows how King Wăn simply took this kindly heart, and exercised it towards those parties. Therefore, the carrying out his kindly heart by a prince will suffice for the love and protection of all within the four seas, and if he do not carry it out, he will not be able to protect his wife and children. The way in which the ancients came greatly to surpass other men was no other than this, — simply that they knew how to carry out, so as to affect others, what they themselves did. Now, your kindness is sufficient to reach to animals, and no benefits are extended from it to reach the people. How is this? Is an exception to be made here?

"By weighing, we know what things are light, and what heavy. By measuring we know what things are long, and what short. The relations of all things may be thus determined, and it is of the greatest importance to estimate the motions of the mind. I beg your Majesty to measure it.

"You collect your equipments of war, endanger your soldiers and officers, and excite the resentment of the other princes: do these things cause you pleasure in your mind?"

The king laughed, and did not speak. Mencius resumed:

"Are you led to desire it because you have not enough of rich and sweet food for your mouth? Or because you have not enough of light and warm clothing for your body? Or because you have not enow of beautifully colored objects to delight your eyes? Or because you have not voices and tones enow to please your ears? Or because you have not enow of attendants and favorites to stand before you and receive your orders? Your Majesty's various officers are sufficient to supply you with those things. How can your Majesty be led to entertain such a desire on account of them?" "No," said the king; "my desire is not on account of them." Mencius added, "Then, what your Majesty greatly desires may be known. You wish to enlarge your territories, to have Ts'in and Ts'oo wait at your court, to rule the Middle Kingdom, and to attract to you the barbarous tribes that surround it. But to do what you do to seek for what you desire is like climbing a tree to seek for fish."

The king said, "Is it so bad as that?" "It is even worse," was the reply. "If you climb a tree to seek for fish, although you do not get the fish, you will not suffer any subsequent calamity. But if you do what you do to seek for what you desire, doing it moreover with all your heart, you will assuredly afterwards meet with calamities." The king asked, "May I hear from you the proof of that?" Mencius said, "If the people of Tsow should fight with the people of Ts'oo, which of them does your Majesty think would conquer?" "The people of Ts'oo could conquer." "Yes;—and so it is certain that a small country cannot contend with a great, that few cannot contend with many, that the weak cannot contend with the strong. The territory within the four seas embraces nine divisions, each of a thousand li square. All Ts'e together is but one of them. If with one part you try to subdue the other eight, what is the difference between that and Tsow's contending with Ts'oo? For, with the desire which you have, you must likewise turn back to the radical course for its attainment.

"Now, if your Majesty will institute a government whose action shall all be benevolent, this will cause all the officers in the empire to wish to stand in your Majesty's court, and the farmers all to wish to plow in your Majesty's fields, and the merchants, both traveling and stationary, all to wish to store their goods in your Majesty's market places, and traveling

strangers all to wish to make their tours on your Majesty's roads, and all throughout the empire who feel aggrieved by their rulers to wish to come and complain to your Majesty. And when they are so bent, who will be able to keep them back?"

The king said, "I am stupid, and not able to advance to this. I wish you, my master, to assist my intentions. Teach me clearly; although I am deficient in intelligence and vigor, I will essay and try to carry your instructions into effect."

Mencius replied, "They are only men of education, who, without a certain livelihood, are able to maintain a fixed heart. As to the people, if they have not a certain livelihood, it follows that they will not have a fixed heart. And if they have not a fixed heart, there is nothing which they will not do, in the way of self-abandonment, of moral deflection, of depravity, and of wild license. When they thus have been involved in crime, to follow them up and punish them, — this is to entrap the people. How can such a thing as entrapping the people be done under the rule of a benevolent man?

"Therefore an intelligent ruler will regulate the livelihood of the people, so as to make sure that, above, they shall have sufficient wherewith to serve their parents, and, below, sufficient wherewith to support their wives and children; that in good years they shall always be abundantly satisfied, and that in bad years they shall escape the danger of perishing. After this he may urge them, and they will proceed to what is good, for in this case the people will follow after that with ease.

"Now, the livelihood of the people is so regulated that, above, they have not sufficient wherewith to serve their parents, and below, they have not sufficient wherewith to support their wives and children. Notwithstanding good years, their lives are continually embittered, and, in bad years, they do not escape perishing. In such circumstances they only try to save themselves from death, and are afraid they will not succeed. What leisure have they to cultivate propriety and righteousness?

"If your Majesty wishes to effect this regulation of the livelihood of the people, why not turn to that which is the essential step to it?

"Let mulberry trees be planted about the homesteads with their five mow, and persons of fifty years may be clothed with silk. In keeping fowls, pigs, and swine, let not their times of breeding be neglected, and persons of seventy years may eat

flesh. Let there not be taken away the time that is proper for the cultivation of the farm with its hundred mow, and the family of eight mouths that is supported by it shall not suffer from hunger. Let careful attention be paid to education in schools, — the inculcation in it especially of the filial and fraternal duties, and gray-haired men will not be seen upon the roads, carrying burdens on their backs or on their heads. It never has been that the ruler of a state where such results were seen, — the old wearing silk and eating flesh, and the black-haired people suffering neither from hunger nor cold, — did not attain to the imperial dignity."

THE CLAY CART.

TRANSLATED AND ABRIDGED BY SIR MONIER MONIER-WILLIAMS.

[SIR MONIER MONIER-WILLIAMS: A leading Anglo-Indian lexicographer and Orientalist; born at Bombay, India, November 12, 1819; died 1889. From 1860 on he was professor of Sanskrit in Oxford. He published several Sanskrit dictionaries, a Sanskrit and a Hindustani grammar; "Indian Epic Poetry" (1863), "Indian Wisdom" (1875), "Hinduism" (1877), "Modern India and the Indians" (1878), "Buddhism," etc., 1889.]

[The earliest extant Sanskrit drama: attributed to King Sudraka, who is sometimes said to have reigned in the first or second century B.C.; but the play in fact is probably not much earlier than the fifth century A.D., and by some playwright who judiciously gave the king the honor.]

THE first scene represents a court in front of Caru-datta's house. His friend Maitreya — who, although a Brahman, acts the part of a sort of jovial companion, and displays a disposition of mixed shrewdness and simplicity — laments Caru-datta's fallen fortunes, caused by his too great liberality. Caru-datta replies thus: —

Caru-datta —

Think not, my friend, I mourn departed wealth:
One thing alone torments me, — that my guests
Desert my beggared house, like to the bees
That swarm around the elephant, when dews
Exhale from his broad front; but quickly leave
His dried-up temples when they yield no sweets.

Maitreya — The sons of slaves! These guests you speak of are always ready to make a morning meal off a man's property.

Caru-datta —

It is most true, but I bestow no thought
On my lost property, — as fate decrees
Wealth comes and goes; but this is torture to me, —
That friendships I thought firm hang all relaxed
And loose, when poverty sticks closest to me.
From poverty 'tis but a step to shame —
From shame to loss of manly self-respect;
Then comes disdainful scorn, then dark despair
O'erwhelms the mind with melancholy thoughts,
Then reason goes, and last of all comes ruin.
Oh! poverty is source of every ill.

Maitreya — Ah well, cheer up! Let's have no more of these woe-begone memories. What's lost can't be recovered.

Caru-datta —

Good! I will grieve no more. Go you, my friend,
And offer this oblation, just prepared,
Unto the gods, and mothers of us all.

Maitreya — Not I.

Caru-datta — And why not, pray?

Maitreya — Why, what's the use, when the gods you have worshiped have done nothing for you?

Caru-datta —

Friend, speak not thus, for worship is the duty
Of every family; the gods are honored
By offerings, and gratified by acts
Of penance and restraint in thought and word.
Therefore, delay not to present the oblation.

Maitreya — I don't intend to go; send some one else.

Caru-datta —

Stay quiet then for a little, till I have finished
My religious meditations and prayer.

They are supposed here to retire, and a voice is heard behind the scenes: —

Stop! Vasanta-sena, stop!

The heroine of the play now appears in front of Caru-datta's house, pursued by the king's worthless but wealthy brother-in-law, called Samsthanaka, who is an embodiment of everything vicious and mean, in exact contrast to Caru-datta.

Samsthanaka — Stop! Vasanta-sena, stop! Why do you run away? Don't be alarmed. I am not going to kill you. My poor

heart is on fire with love, like a piece of meat placed on a heap of burning coals.

Vasanta-sena — Noble sir, I am only a weak woman.

Samsthanaka — That is just why I don't intend murdering you.

Vasanta-sena — Why then do you pursue me? Do you seek my jewels?

Samsthanaka — No, I only seek to gain your affections.

At this point the frightened Vasanta-sena discovers that she is close to Caru-datta's house. He is not only loved by her, but greatly respected as a man of honor; and under cover of the evening darkness, now supposed to have supervened, she slips into the courtyard of his house by a side door, and hides herself. A companion who is with the king's brother now counsels him to desist from following her, by remarking: —

> An elephant is bound by a chain,
> A horse is curbed by a bridle and rein;
> But a woman is only held by her heart —
> If you can't hold that, you had better depart.

Samsthanaka, however, forces his way into Caru-datta's house; and there finding Caru-datta's friend and companion Maitreya, thus addresses him: —

Take this message to Caru-datta. — Vasanta-sena loves you, and has taken refuge in your house. If you will deliver her up, you shall be rewarded by my everlasting friendship; if not, I shall remain your enemy till death. Give this message, so that I may hear you from the neighboring terrace; refuse to say exactly what I have told you, and I will crush your head as I would a wood apple beneath a door.

He then leaves the stage.

Maitreya accordingly delivers the message. Soon afterwards the heroine Vasanta-sena ventures into the presence of Caru-datta, asks pardon for intruding into his house, requests him to take charge of a golden casket containing her ornaments as a deposit left in trust, and solicits his friend's escort back to her own house.

Maitreya is too much alarmed to accompany her, so Caru-datta himself escorts Vasanta-sena home.

So far is an epitome of the first act.

At the commencement of the second act a gambler is introduced running away from the keeper of a gaming house, named

Mathura, and another gambler to whom the first gambler has lost money, who are both pursuing him.

First Gambler — The master of the tables and the gamester are at my heels: how can I escape them? Here is an empty temple: I will enter it walking backwards, and pretend to be its idol.

Mathura — Ho there! stop, thief! A gambler has lost ten suvarnas, and is running off without paying. Stop him, stop him!

Second Gambler — He has run as far as this point; but here the track is lost.

Mathura — Ah! I see, — the footsteps are reversed: the rogue has walked backwards into this temple which has no image in it.

They enter and make signs to each other on discovering the object of their search, who pretends to be an idol fixed on a pedestal.

Second Gambler — Is this a wooden image, I wonder?

Mathura — No, no, it must be made of stone, I think. [*So saying, they shake and pinch him.*] Never mind, sit we down here, and play out our game. [*They commence playing.*]

First Gambler [*still acting the image, but looking on and with difficulty restraining his wish to join in the game. Aside*] — The rattling of dice is as tantalizing to a penniless man as the sound of drums to a dethroned monarch; verily it is sweet as the note of a nightingale.

Second Gambler — The throw is mine, the throw is mine!

Mathura — No, it is mine, I say.

First Gambler [*forgetting himself and jumping off his pedestal*] — No, I tell you it is mine.

Second Gambler — We've caught him!

Mathura — Yes, rascal, you're caught at last: hand over the suvarnas.

First Gambler — Worthy sir, I'll pay them in good time.

Mathura — Hand them over this very minute, I say. [*They beat him.*]

First Gambler [*aside to Second Gambler*] — I'll pay you half if you will forgive me the rest.

Second Gambler — Agreed.

First Gambler [*aside to Mathura*] — I'll give you security for half if you will let me off the other half.

Mathura — Agreed.

First Gambler — Then good morning to you, sirs; I'm off.

Mathura — Hullo! stop there, where are you going so fast? Hand over the money.

First Gambler — See here, my good sirs, one has taken security for half, and the other has let me off another half. Isn't it clear I have nothing to pay?

Mathura — No, no, my fine fellow: my name is Mathura, and I'm not such a fool as you take me for. Don't suppose I'm going to be cheated out of my ten suvarnas in this way. Hand them over, you scoundrel.

Upon that they set to work beating the unfortunate gambler, whose cries for help bring to his rescue another gamester who happens to be passing. A general scuffle now takes place, and in the midst of the confusion the first gambler escapes. In his flight he comes to the house of Vasanta-sena, and finding the door open, rushes in. Vasanta-sena inquires who he is and what he wants. He then recites his story, and makes known to her that having been once in the service of Caru-datta, and having been discharged by him on account of his reduced circumstances, he has been driven to seek a livelihood by gambling. The mention of Caru-datta at once secures Vasanta-sena's aid; and the pursuers having now tracked their fugitive to the door of her house, she sends them out a jeweled bracelet, which satisfies their demands, and they retire. The gambler expresses the deepest gratitude, hopes in return to be of use to Vasanta-sena at some future time, and announces his intention of abandoning his disreputable mode of life and becoming a Buddhist mendicant.

The third act opens with a scene inside Caru-datta's house. The time is supposed to be night. Caru-datta and Maitreya are absent at a concert. A servant is preparing their sleeping couches, and commences talking to himself thus: —

A good master who is kind to his servants, even though he be poor, is their delight; while a harsh fellow, who is always finding fault and has nothing but his money to be proud of, is a perpetual torment from morning to night. Well, well! one can't alter nature; an ox can't be kept out of a field of corn, and a man once addicted to gambling can't be induced to leave off. My good master has gone to a concert. I must await his return; so I may as well take a nap in the hall.

Meanwhile Caru-datta and Maitreya come back, and the servant delivers Vasanta-sena's golden casket, saying that it is his turn to take charge of it by night. They now lie down.

Maitreya — Are you sleepy?
Caru-datta —

Yes:
I feel inconstant sleep, with shadowy form
Viewless and wayward, creep across my brow
And weigh my eyelids down; her soft approach
Is like Decay's advance, which stronger grows
Till it has mastered all our faculties,
And life is lost in blank unconsciousness.

The whole household is soon buried in slumber, when a thief named Sarvilaka is seen to approach. His soliloquy, while he proceeds to accomplish his design of breaking into the house, is curious, as showing that an Indian burglar's mode of operation in ancient times differed very little from that now in fashion. Moreover, it appears that the whole practice of housebreaking was carried on by professional artists according to certain fixed rules and principles, which a master of the science, named Yogacarya, had embodied in a kind of "Thieves' Manual," for the better training of his disciples. It is evident, too, that the fraternity of thieves, burglars, and rogues had a special presiding Deity and Patron in India, much in the same way as in ancient Greece and Rome.

It may be noted also, as still more curious, that the particular burglar here introduced is represented as a Brahman, that he is made to speak the learned language, Sanskrit, and to display acquaintance with Sanskrit literature; while all the subordinate characters in Indian dramas, including women of rank, are represented as speaking one or other of the provincial dialects called Prakrit. Here is part of the burglar's soliloquy: —

I advance creeping stealthily along the ground, like a snake wiggling out of its worn-out skin, making a path for my operations by the sheer force of my scientific craft, and artfully constructing an opening just big enough to admit my body with ease.

This friendly night which covers all the stars
With a thick coat of darkness, acts the part
Of a kind mother, shrouding me, her son,
Whose valor is displayed in night assaults
Upon my neighbors, and whose only dread
Is to be pounced upon by royal watchmen.

Good! I have made a hole in the garden wall, and am now in the midst of the premises. Now for an attack on the four walls of the house itself.

Men call this occupation mean, which thrives
By triumphing o'er sleeping enemies.
This, they say, is not chivalry but burglary:
But better far reproach with independence,
Than cringing service without liberty;
And did not Aswatthaman long ago
O'erpower in night attack his slumbering foe?

Then follows a little of the burglar's plain prose: —

Where shall I make my breach? Ah! here's a rat hole — this is the very thing we disciples of the god Skanda hail as the best guide to our operations, and the best omen of success. Here then I must begin my excavation, that is clear; but how shall I proceed? The golden-speared god has taught four methods of making a breach: namely, — pulling out baked bricks, cutting through unbaked ones; soaking a mud wall with water, and boring through one made of wood. This wall is evidently of baked bricks, so they must be pulled out. Now for the shape of the hole. It must be carved according to some orthodox pattern: shall it be like a lotus blossom, the sun, a crescent, a lake, a triangle, or a jar? I must do it cleverly, so that to-morrow morning people may look at my handiwork with wonder, and say to each other, "None but a skilled artist could have done this!" The jar shape looks best in a wall of baked bricks. Be it so: now, then, to work! Reverence to the golden-speared god Karttikeya, the giver of all boons! Reverence to Yogacarya, whose chief disciple I am, and who was so pleased with his pupil that he gave me a magical pigment, which, when spread over my body, prevents any police officer from catching sight of me and any weapons from harming my limbs. Ah! what a pity! I have forgotten my measuring line. Never mind, I can use my Brahmanical cord, — a most serviceable implement to all Brahmans, especially to men of my profession. It serves to measure a wall, or to throw round ornaments which have to be drawn from their places, or to lift the latch of a door, or to bind up one's finger when bitten by insects or snakes. And now, to commence measuring. Good! the hole is exactly the right size; only one brick remains! Ah! botheration! I am bitten by a snake: I must bind up my finger and apply the antidote that's the only cure. Now I am all right again. Let me first peep in. What! A light gleams somewhere! Never mind! the breach being perfect, I must creep in. Reverence to Karttikeya! How now! two men asleep! Are they really asleep, or only shamming? If they are shamming, they won't bear the glimmer of this lamp when passed over their faces; — they are fast asleep, I believe, — their breathing is regular, their eyes are firmly closed, their joints are all relaxed, and their limbs

protrude beyond the bed. What have we here? Here are tabors, a lute, flutes, and books; why, I must have broken into the house of a dancing master; I took it for the mansion of a man of rank. I had better be off.

Maitreya here calls out in his sleep: —

Master, I am afraid some thief is breaking into the house; take you charge of the golden casket.

Sarvilaka — What! does he see me? Shall I have to kill him? No, no, it's all right, — he's only dreaming and talking in his sleep. But sure enough, he has hold of a casket of jewels wrapped up in an old bathing dress. Very good! I will relieve him of his burden; — but no, it's a shame to take the only thing the poor creature seems to possess; so I'll be off without more ado.

Maitreya — My good friend, if you won't take the casket, may you incur the curse of disappointing the wishes of a cow and of a Brahman.

Sarvilaka — The wishes of a cow and a Brahman! These are much too sacred to be opposed; so take the casket I must.

Accordingly he helps himself to the casket, and proceeds to make good his escape.

The noise he makes in going out rouses its inmates, and they discover that the house has been robbed. Caru-datta is greatly shocked at the loss of Vasanta-sena's casket, which had been deposited with him in trust. He has only one valuable thing left, — a necklace or string of jewels, forming part of the private property of his wife. This he sends by Maitreya to Vasanta-sena as a substitute for the casket.

The fourth act commences with a scene in Vasanta-sena's house. The burglar Sarvilaka is seen to approach, but this time with no burglarious designs. It appears that he is in love with Vasanta-sena's slave girl, and hopes to purchase her freedom by offering as a ransom the stolen casket of jewels, being of course ignorant that he is offering it to its owner.

As he advances towards the house, he thus soliloquizes: —

I have brought blame and censure on the night,
I've triumphed over slumber, and defied
The vigilance of royal watchmen; now
I imitate the moon, who, when the night
Is closing, quickly pales beneath the rays
Of the ascending sun, and hides himself.
I tremble, or I run, or stand aside,

Or seek deliverance by a hundred shifts,
If haply from behind some hurried step
Appears to track me, or a passer-by
Casts but a glance upon me; every one
Is viewed by me suspiciously, for thus
A guilty conscience makes a man a coward,
Affrighting him with his unrighteous deeds.

On reaching the house, he sees the object of his affections, the female slave of Vasanta-sena. He presents her with the casket, and begs her to take it to her mistress, and request in return freedom from further service. The servant girl, on seeing the casket, recognizes the ornaments as belonging to her mistress. She then reproaches her lover, who is forced to confess how they came into his possession, and to explain that they were stolen entirely out of love for her. The altercation which ensues leads him to make some very disparaging remarks on the female sex generally. Here is a specimen of his asperities, which are somewhat softened down in the translation: —

A woman will for money smile or weep
According to your will; she makes a man
Put trust in her, but trusts him not herself.
Women are as inconstant as the waves
Of ocean, their affection is as fugitive
As streak of sunset glow upon a cloud.
They cling with eager fondness to the man
Who yields them wealth, which they squeeze out like sap
Out of a juicy plant, and then they leave him.
Therefore are men thought foolish who confide
In women and in fortune, for their windings
Are like the coils of serpent nymphs, insidious.
Well is it said, you cannot alter nature;
The lotus grows not on the mountain top,
Asses refuse to bear a horse's burden,
He who sows barley reaps not fields of rice:
Do what you will, a woman will be a woman.

After other still more caustic aspersions, the thief Sarvilaka and his lover make up their differences, and it is agreed between them that the only way out of the difficulty is for him to take the casket to Vasanta-sena, as if he were a messenger from Caru-datta, sent to restore her property. This he does: and Vasanta-sena, who, unknown to the lovers, has overheard

their conversation, astonishes Sarvilaka by setting her slave girl free and permitting her to become his wife, thus affording a practical refutation of his charge against women of selfishness and want of generosity.

Soon after the departure of the lovers, an attendant announces the arrival of a Brahman from Caru-datta. This turns out to be Maitreya, who is honored by an introduction into the private garden attached to the inner apartments of Vasanta-sena's house. His passage through the courts of the mansion, no less than seven in number, is made an occasion for describing the interior of the splendid residence which a Hindu lady of wealth and fashion might be supposed, allowing for a little play of the imagination, to occupy.

The description affords a striking picture of Indian life and manners, which to this day are not greatly changed. The account of the courtyards will remind those who have seen Pompeii of some of the houses there, and will illustrate the now universally received opinion of the common origin of Hindus, Greeks, and Romans. Of course the object of Maitreya's visit to Vasanta-sena is to confess the loss of the casket, and to request her acceptance of the string of jewels from Caru-datta as a compensation. The good man in his simplicity expects that she will politely decline the costly present tendered by Caru-datta as a substitute for her far less valuable casket of ornaments; but to his surprise and disgust she eagerly accepts the proffered compensation, and dismisses him with a few complimentary words, — intending however, as it afterwards appears, to make the acceptance of Caru-datta's compensation an excuse for going in person to his house, that she may see him once again and restore to him with her own hand both the necklace and casket.

The fifth act opens with a scene in Caru-datta's garden. A heavy thunderstorm is supposed to be gathering, when Maitreya enters, salutes Caru-datta, and informs him of the particulars of his interview with Vasanta-sena. The rain now begins to descend in torrents, when a servant arrives to announce that Vasanta-sena is waiting outside. On hearing this, Maitreya says: —

What can she have come for? Oh! I know what she wants. She considers the casket worth more than the necklace of jewels, and so she wants to get the balance out of you.

Caru-datta — Then she shall go away satisfied.

Meanwhile some delay occurs in admitting Vasanta-sena, which is made an occasion for introducing a dialogue between her and her attendant, in the course of which they are made to describe very poetically the grandeur of the approaching storm: the sudden accumulation of dense masses of threatening clouds, the increasing gloom followed by portentous darkness, the terrific rolling of thunder, the blaze of blinding lightning, the sudden outburst of rain, as if the very clouds themselves were falling, and the effect of all this upon the animals, — some of which, such as the peacocks and storks, welcome the strife of elements with their shrillest cries. In her descriptions of the scene, Vasanta-sena speaks Sanskrit, which is quite an unusual circumstance, and an evidence of her superior education (no good sign, however, according to Eastern ideas), — the female characters in Indian dramas being supposed to be incapable of speaking anything but the ordinary provincial Prakrit. Vasanta-sena is ultimately admitted to the presence of Caru-datta, and before returning the necklace practices a little playful deception upon him as a set-off against that tried upon herself. She pretends that the string of pearls sent to her by Caru-datta has been accidentally lost by her; she therefore produces a casket which she begs him to accept in its place. This, of course, turns out to be the identical casket which the thief had carried off from Caru-datta's house. In the end the whole matter is explained, and both casket and necklace are given over to Caru-datta; and the storm, having now increased in violence, Vasanta-sena, to her great delight, is obliged to accept the shelter of his roof and is conducted to his private apartments. This brings five acts of the drama to a close.

At the commencement of the sixth act, Vasanta-sena is supposed to be at Caru-datta's house, waiting for a covered carriage which is to convey her away. While the vehicle is preparing, Caru-datta's child, a little boy, comes into the room with a toy cart made of clay. He appears to be crying, and an attendant explains that his tears are caused by certain childish troubles connected with his clay cart, which has ceased to please him since his happening to see one made of gold belonging to a neighbor's child. Upon this Vasanta-sena takes off her jeweled ornaments, places them in the clay cart, and tells the child to purchase a golden cart with the value of the jewels, as a present from herself. While this is going on, the carriage which is to convey her away is brought up to the door, but is

driven off again to fetch some cushions accidentally forgotten by the driver. Meanwhile an empty carriage belonging to Samsthanaka, — the worthless brother-in-law of the king, — which is on its way to meet him at an appointed place in a certain garden called Pushpa-karandaka, happens to stop for a moment, impeded by some obstruction in the road close to the door of Caru-datta's house. Vasanta-sena, having been told that Caru-datta's carriage is ready and waiting for her, goes suddenly out and jumps by mistake into the carriage of the man who is most hateful to her, and the very man who is represented as persecuting her by his attentions in the first act. The driver of the empty vehicle, quite unaware of the passenger he has suddenly received, and finding the road now clear before him, drives on to meet his master. Soon afterwards the empty carriage of Caru-datta is brought to the door, and in connection with this incident an important part of the underplot of the drama is then introduced.

The seventh act continues this underplot, which, although ingeniously interwoven with the main action of the drama, is not sufficiently interesting to be worth following out in this epitome.

The eighth act commences with a scene in the Pushpa-karandaka garden. Our old friend, the gambler of the second act, who has abjured his evil ways, and is now converted into a Sramana, or Buddhist mendicant, appears with a wet garment in his hand. He begins his soliloquy with some verses, of which the following is a slightly amplified translation: —

Hear me, ye foolish, I implore —
Make sanctity your only store;
Be satisfied with meager fare;
Of greed and gluttony beware;
Shun slumber, practice lucubration,
Sound the deep gong of meditation,
Restrain your appetite with zeal,
Let not these thieves your merit steal;
Be ever storing it anew,
And keep eternity in view.
Live ever thus, like me, austerely,
And be the home of Virtue merely.
Kill your five senses, murder then
Women and all immoral men:
Whoever has slain these evils seven

Has saved himself, and goes to heaven.
Nor think by shaven face and head
To prove your appetites are dead:
Who shears his head and not his heart
Is an ascetic but in part;
But he whose heart is closely lopped
Has also head and visage cropped.

He then proceeds with his soliloquy thus: —

My tattered garment is now properly dyed of a reddish-yellow color. I will just slip into this garden belonging to the king's brother-in-law, wash my clothes in the lake, and then make off as fast as I can.

A Voice behind — Hollo there! you wretch of a mendicant, stop, stop.

Mendicant — Woe's me! Here is the king's brother himself coming. A poor mendicant once offended him, so now whenever he sees another like me, he slits his nose and drags him away like an ox. Where shall I take refuge? None but the venerated Buddha can be my protector.

Samsthanaka, the king's brother-in-law, now enters the garden, and laying hold of the luckless mendicant, commences beating him. A companion of Samsthanaka, however, here interposes, and begs that the mendicant be released.

Samsthanaka then says: —

I will let him go on one condition, namely, that he removes all the mud from this pool without disturbing the water, or else collects all the clear water in a heap and then throws the mud away.

After some wrangling, and a good deal of nonsense of this sort, spoken by the king's brother, the mendicant is allowed to make off. Nevertheless, he still hangs about the precincts of the garden. In the mean time the carriage containing Vasantasena approaches.

Samsthanaka [*to his companion*] — What o'clock is it? That driver of mine, Sthavaraka, was ordered to be here sharp with the carriage, and has not yet arrived. I am dying with hunger; it is midday, and one cannot stir a step on foot; the sun is in mid sky, and can no more be looked at than an angry ape; the ground is as parched as the face of Gandhari when her hundred sons were slain; the birds seek shelter in the branches; men panting with heat hide themselves from the sun's rays as well as they can in the recesses of their houses. Shall I give you a song to while away the time? My

voice is in first-rate condition, for I keep it so with asafetida, cumin seed, cyperus, orris root, treacle, and ginger. [*Sings.*]

The driver Sthavaraka now enters with the carriage containing Vasanta-sena.

Samsthanaka — Oh! here is the carriage at last.

On seeing it, he is about to jump into the vehicle, but starts back in alarm, declaring that either a thief or a witch is inside. In the end he recognizes Vasanta-sena, and in his delight at having secured the object of his affection, kneels at her feet in the attitude of a lover. She is at first terrified at the mistake she has made; then in her anger and scorn, spurns him with her foot. This disdainful treatment so enrages the king's brother-in-law that he resolves to kill her on the spot. He tries first to induce his companion to put her to death, but he will not listen to so scandalous a proposal. Stopping his ears, he says: —

> What! kill a woman, innocent and young,
> Our city's ornament! Were I to perpetrate
> A deed so foul, who could transport my soul
> Across the stream that bounds the other world?

Samsthanaka — Never fear. I'll make you a raft to carry you across.

To this his companion replies, quoting with a little alteration from Manu: —

> The heavens and all the quarters of the sky,
> The moon, the light-creating sun, the winds,
> This earth, the spirits of the dead, the god
> Of Justice, and the inner soul itself,
> Witness man's actions, be they good or bad.

Samsthanaka — Conceal her under a cloth, then, and kill her under cover.

His associate remaining firm in his indignant refusal to have any hand in the crime, Samsthanaka next tries, first by bribes and then by threats, to force the driver Sthavaraka to do the deed for him.

Samsthanaka — Sthavaraka, my good fellow, I will give you golden bracelets; I will place you on a golden seat; you shall eat all the dainties from my table; you shall be chief of all my servants, — only do as I bid you.

Sthavaraka — What are your commands?

Samsthanaka — Kill Vasanta-sena.

Sthavaraka — Nay, sir; forgive her, sir: her coming hither was my fault; I brought her here in the carriage by mistake.

Samsthanaka — Do as I command you. Am I not your master?

Sthavaraka — You are master of my body, but not of my morality. Pardon me, sir, I dare not commit such a crime.

Samsthanaka — Why? What are you afraid of?

Sthavaraka — Of futurity.

Samsthanaka — Futurity? Who is he?

Sthavaraka — The certain issue of our good and evil deeds.

Samsthanaka — Then you won't murder her? [*Begins beating him.*]

Sthavaraka — Beat me or kill me, I will not commit such a crime.

Samsthanaka's companion now interferes and says: —

> Sthavaraka says well: he, now a slave,
> Is poor and lowly in condition, but
> Hopes for reward hereafter; not so those
> Who prosper in their wicked actions here, —
> Destruction waits them in another sphere.
> Unequal fortune makes you here the lord
> And him the slave, but there 't may be inverted,
> He to a lord and you to slave converted.

Samsthanaka — What a pair of cowards! One of them is afraid of Injustice and the other of Futurity. Well, I'm a king's brother-in-law, and fear no one. Be off out of my way, you son of a slave.

The slave Sthavaraka then retreats. The king's brother, by pretending that the proposal to kill Vasanta-sena was only a joke, and by putting on a show of great affection for her, rids himself next of his companion, who would otherwise have defended her. He then strangles Vasanta-sena. Soon afterwards his companion and the driver of the carriage, unable to repress their fears for her safety, return and find her apparently dead. The king's brother-in-law horrifies them by confessing that he has murdered her. After much angry altercation they leave him. He then covers up the body with some leaves, and resolves to go before a judge and accuse Caru-datta of having murdered Vasanta-sena for the sake of her costly ornaments. Meanwhile the Buddhist mendicant, having washed his garments, returns into the garden and finds the body under a heap of leaves. He sprinkles water on the face, and Vasanta-sena

revives. He is delighted to have the power of making some return to his benefactress, who formerly delivered him from the rapacity of the gaming-house keeper. He therefore does all he can to restore animation, and having at last succeeded, places her in a neighboring convent to recover.

The ninth act opens with a scene in a court of justice. The judge before taking his seat soliloquizes thus : —

> How difficult our task! to search the heart,
> To sift false charges, and elicit truth!
> A judge must be well read in books of law,
> Well skilled in tracking crime, able to speak
> With eloquence, not easily made angry,
> Holding the scales impartially between
> Friends, kindred, and opponents; a protector
> Of weak and feeble men, a punisher
> Of knaves; not covetous, having a heart
> Intent on truth and justice; not pronouncing
> Judgment in any case until the facts
> Are duly weighed, then shielding the condemned
> From the king's wrath, and loving clemency.

Samsthanaka, the king's brother, now enters in a sumptuous dress and makes his accusation against Caru-datta of having murdered Vasanta-sena. It is proved that Vasanta-sena was last seen at Caru-datta's house. It is also discovered that some portions of her hair and the marks of her feet remain in the Pushpa-karandaka garden, which leads to the conclusion that her body may have been carried off by beasts of prey. Caru-datta is therefore summoned, and as he enters the court says to himself : —

> The courthouse looks imposing; it is like
> A sea whose waters are the advocates
> Deep in sagacious thought, whose waves are messengers
> In constant movement hurrying to and fro,
> Whose fish and screaming birds are vile informers,
> Whose serpents are attorneys' clerks, whose banks
> Are worn by constant course of legal action.

The king's brother now repeats his accusation; but the judge is not inclined to believe in the guilt of Caru-datta, who indeed makes his innocence clear to the whole court. Unhappily, however, just at this moment his friend Maitreya, who by

Caru-datta's request is seeking for Vasanta-sena, that he may restore to her the jewels she had placed in his little son's clay cart, hears on his road of the accusation brought against his friend, hurries into the court of justice, and is so enraged with the king's brother for accusing his friend that he strikes him, and in the struggle which ensues lets fall Vasanta-sena's jewels. It is admitted that these ornaments are being brought from Caru-datta's house, and this is thought to be conclusive evidence of his guilt. As a Brahman he cannot legally be put to death; but the king is a tyrant, and although the judge recommends banishment as the proper punishment under the circumstances, the king pronounces his sentence thus: —

Let Vasanta-sena's ornaments be hung round Caru-datta's neck; let him be led by the beat of drums to the southern cemetery, bearing his own stake, and there let him be put to death [crucified].

The tenth act introduces the road leading to the place of execution. Caru-datta enters bearing the stake, and attended by two Candalas or low outcasts, who are sent to act as executioners.

One of the executioners calls out: —

Out of the way! out of the way! Make room for Caru-datta. Crowned with a garland of oleander flowers, and attended by executioners, he approaches his end like a lamp which has little oil left. Now then, halt! beat the drum! Hark ye, good people all! stop and listen to the proclamation of the sentence: "This is Caru-datta, son of Sagara-datta, who strangled Vasanta-sena in the Pushpa-karandaka garden for the sake of her ornaments, and was caught with the stolen property in his possession; we have orders to put him to death, that others may be deterred from committing a crime which both worlds forbid to be perpetrated."

Caru-data —

Alas! alas!
Even my friends and intimate compeers
Pass coldly by, their faces turned aside
Or hidden in their vestments; thus it is
That in prosperity our enemies
Appear like friends, but in adversity
Those we thought friends behave like very foes.

The proclamation is repeated at intervals on the road to the place of execution, and some delay is thus occasioned. Mean-

while an affecting scene takes place. Caru-datta's little son is brought by Maitreya to bid his father farewell, and the executioner permits him to approach. The boy can only say, "Father! Father!" [and after being embraced by Caru-datta, turns to the executioner, berates him, and asks to be killed instead of his father. The executioner says, "Rather for such a speech live long, my boy." Caru-datta bursts into tears and embraces him again, exclaiming over the wealth of having such a child.]

The child is of course removed, but another delay is caused by Sthavaraka, who drove Vasanta-sena to the garden, and who, as cognizant of the real facts, had been shut up by his guilty master, the king's brother-in-law. Sthavaraka, on hearing the noise of the procession on its way to the place of execution, contrives to escape from his prison, and, rushing towards the executioners, proclaims Caru-datta's innocence and his master's guilt. Unhappily, however, just at this juncture his master appears on the scene, and declares that his servant Sthavaraka, having been imprisoned for thieving, is unworthy of credit, and has made up this accusation out of spite and desire for revenge. Notwithstanding, therefore, the servant's repeated asseverations, his statements are disbelieved, and his efforts to save Caru-datta prove ineffectual. The procession and crowd now move on to the cemetery, and Caru-datta's condition seems altogether hopeless, when just as he is led to the stake, and the executioners are about to perform their office, the Buddhist mendicant is seen forcing his way through the crowd, leading a woman, who cries out, "Hold! hold! I am the miserable creature for whose sake you are putting him to death." This, to the astonishment of every one, proves to be Vasanta-sena herself, resuscitated and restored to health, through the instrumentality of the mendicant. The executioners immediately release Caru-datta; and as the king's brother-in-law, in utter confusion and terror, is observed to be making off, they attempt to seize him. He appears likely to be torn to pieces by the infuriated crowd; but here Caru-datta gives a crowning evidence of the generosity of his character, by protecting the villain who had come to feast his eyes on the dying agonies of his victim. He is actually, at Caru-datta's intercession, permitted to make his escape. The play ends in the elevation of Caru-datta to rank and honor, in the happiness of both hero and heroine, and in the promotion of the mendicant to the headship of all the Viharas or Buddhist monasteries.

THE LOST RING.

By KALIDASA.

(Translated by Sir William Jones.)

[KALIDASA, the greatest poet and playwright of India, is of uncertain date. He has been placed before Christ and at A.D. 150, but probably belongs in the sixth century. His chief works are "Sakuntala" (French form, adopted by Sir William Jones, "Sacontala"), "Meghaduta" (or "The Cloud Messenger"), and "Vikramurvasi."]

SCENE. — *A lawn before the cottage.*

Anufúyá — O my Priyamvadá, though our sweet friend has been happily married, according to the rites of Gandharvas, to a bridegroom equal in rank and accomplishments, yet my affectionate heart is not wholly free from care; and one doubt gives me particular uneasiness.

Priyamvadá — What doubt, my Anufúyá?

Anufúyá — This morning the pious prince was dismissed with gratitude by our hermits, who had then completed their mystic rites: he is now gone to his capital, Hastinápura, where, surrounded by a hundred women in the recesses of his palace, it may be doubted whether he will remember his charming bride.

Priyamvadá — In that respect you may be quite easy. Men so well informed and well educated as he, can never be utterly destitute of honor. We have another thing to consider. When our father Canna shall return from his pilgrimage, and shall hear what has passed, I cannot tell how he may receive the intelligence.

Anufúyá — If you ask my opinion, he will, I think, approve of the marriage.

Priyamvadá — Why do you think so?

Anufúyá — Because he could desire nothing better than that a husband so accomplished and so exalted should take Sacontalá by the hand. It was, you know, the declared object of his heart, that she might be suitably married; and, since heaven has done for him what he most wished to do, how can he possibly be dissatisfied?

Priyamvadá — You reason well; but [*looking at her basket*], my friend, we have plucked a sufficient store of flowers to scatter over the place of sacrifice.

Anufúyá — Let us gather more to decorate the temples of the goddesses who have procured for Sacontalá so much good fortune. [*They both gather more flowers.*

[*Behind the scenes*] — It is I — Hola!

Anufúyá [*listening*] — I hear the voice, as it seems, of a guest arrived in the hermitage.

Priyamvadá — Let us hasten thither. Sacontalá is now reposing; but though we may, when she wakes, enjoy her presence, yet her mind will all day be absent with her departed lord.

Anufúyá — Be it so; but we have occasion, you know, for all these flowers. [*They advance.*

[*Again behind the scenes*] — How! dost thou show no attention to a guest? Then hear my imprecations. "He on whom thou art meditating, on whom alone thy heart is now fixed, while thou neglectest a pure gem of devotion who demands hospitality, shall forget thee, when thou seest him next, as a man restored to sobriety forgets the words which he uttered in a state of intoxication."

[*Both damsels look at each other with affliction.*

Priyamvadá — Woe is me! Dreadful calamity! Our beloved friend has, through mere absence of mind, provoked, by her neglect, some holy man who expected reverence.

Anufúyá [*looking*] — It must be so; for the choleric Durvásas is going hastily back.

Priyamvadá — Who else has power to consume, like raging fire, whatever offends him? Go, my Anufúyá; fall at his feet, and persuade him, if possible, to return: in the meantime I will prepare water and refreshments for him.

Anufúyá — I go with eagerness. [*She goes out.*

Priyamvadá [*advancing hastily, her foot slips*] — Ah! through my eager haste I have let the basket fall; and my religious duties must not be postponed.

[*She gathers fresh flowers.*

ANUFÚYÁ *reënters.*

Anufúyá — His wrath, my beloved, passes all bounds. Who living could now appease him by the humblest prostrations or entreaties? yet at last he a little relented.

Priyamvadá — That little is a great deal for him. But inform me how you soothed him in any degree.

Anufúyá — When he positively refused to come back, I threw myself at his feet, and thus addressed him, "Holy sage, forgive, I entreat, the offense of an amiable girl, who has the highest veneration for you, but was ignorant, through distraction of mind, how exalted a personage was calling to her."

Priyamvadá — What then? What said he?

Anufúyá — He answered thus, "My word must not be recalled; but the spell which it has raised shall be wholly removed when her lord shall see his ring." Saying this he disappeared.

Priyamvadá — We may now have confidence; for before the monarch departed, he fixed with his own hand on the finger of Sacontalá the ring, on which we saw the name Dushmanta engraved, and which we will instantly recognize. On him, therefore, alone will depend the remedy for our misfortune.

Anufúyá — Come, let us now proceed to the shrines of the goddesses, and implore their succor. [*Both advance.*

Priyamvadá [*looking*] — See! my Anufúyá, where our beloved friend sits, motionless as a picture, supporting her languid head with her left hand. With a mind so intent on one object, she can pay no attention to herself, much less to a stranger.

Anufúyá — Let the horrid imprecation, Priyamvadá, remain a secret between us two; we must spare the feelings of our beloved, who is naturally susceptible of quick emotions.

* * * * * * *

Chamberlain [*advancing humbly*] — May our sovereign be victorious! Two religious men, with some women, are come from their abode in a forest near the Snowy Mountains, and bring a message from Canna. The king will command.

Dushmanta [*surprised*] — What! are pious hermits arrived in the company of women?

Chamberlain — It is even so.

Dushmanta — Order the priest Sómaratá, in my name, to show them due reverence in the form appointed by the Véda; and bid him attend me. I shall wait for my holy guests in a place fit for their reception.

Chamberlain — I obey. [*He goes out.*

Dushmanta — Warder, point the way to the hearth of the consecrated fire.

Warder — This, O king, this is the way. [*He walks before.*] Here is the entrance of the hallowed inclosure; and there stands the venerable cow to be milked for the sacrifice, looking bright from the recent sprinkling of mystic water. Let the king ascend.

[DUSHMANTA *is raised to the place of sacrifice on the shoulders of his* WARDERS.]

Dushmanta — What message can the pious Canna have sent me? Has the devotion of his pupils been impeded by evil spirits, or by what other calamity? Or has any harm, alas! befallen the poor herds who graze in the hallowed forest? Or have the sins of the king tainted the flowers and fruits of the creepers planted by female hermits? My mind is entangled in a labyrinth of confused apprehensions.

Warder — What our sovereign imagines, cannot possibly have happened; since the hermitage has been rendered secure from evil by the mere sound of his bowstring. The pious men, whom the king's benevolence has made happy, are come, I presume, to do him homage.

[*Enter* SÁRNGARAVA, SÁRADWATA, *and* GUATAMÍ, *leading* SACONTALÁ *by the hand; and before them the old* CHAMBERLAIN *and the* PRIEST.]

Chamberlain — This way, respectable strangers; come this way.

Sárngarava — My friend Sáradwata, there sits the king of men, who has felicity at command, yet shows equal respect to all: here no subject, even of the lowest class, is received with contempt. Nevertheless, my soul having ever been free from attachment to worldly things, I consider this hearth, although a crowd now surround it, as the station merely of consecrated fire.

Sáradwata — I was not less confounded than yourself on entering the populous city; but now I look on it, as a man just bathed in pure water, on a man smeared with oil and dust, as the pure on the impure, as the waking on the sleeping, as the free man on the captive, as the independent on the slave.

Priest — Thence it is, that men, like you two, are so elevated above other mortals.

Sacontalá [*perceiving a bad omen*] — Venerable mother, I feel my right eye throb. What means this involuntary motion?

Gautamí — Heaven avert the omen, my sweet child! May every delight attend thee! [*They all advance.*

Priest [*showing the king to them*] — There, holy men, is the protector of the people, who has taken his seat, and expects you.

Sárngarava — This is what we wished; yet we have no private interest in the business. It is ever thus; trees are bent by the abundance of their fruit; clouds are brought low, when they teem with salubrious rain; and the real benefactors of mankind are not elated by riches.

Warder — O king, the holy guests appear before you with placid looks, indicating their affection.

Dushmanta [*gazing at Sacontalá*] — Ah! what damsel is that whose mantle conceals the far greater part of her beautiful form? She looks, among the hermits, like a fresh green bud among faded and yellow leaves.

Warder — This, at least, O king, is apparent; that she has a form which deserves to be seen more distinctly.

Dushmanta — Let her still be covered, she seems pregnant; and the wife of another must not be seen even by me.

Sacontalá [*aside, with her hand to her bosom*] — O my heart, why dost thou palpitate? Remember the beginning of the lord's affection, and be tranquil.

Priest — May the king prosper! The respectable guests have been honored as the law ordains; and they have now a message to deliver from their spiritual guide: let the king deign to hear it.

Dushmanta [*with reverence*] — I am attentive.

Both Misras [*extending their hands*] — Victory attend thy banners!

Dushmanta — I respectfully greet you both.

Both — Blessings on our sovereign!

Dushmanta — Has your devotion been uninterrupted?

Sárngarava — How should our rites be disturbed, when thou art the preserver of all creatures? How, when the bright sun blazes, should darkness cover the world?

Dushmanta [*aside*] — The name of royalty produces, I suppose, all worldly advantages. [*Aloud.*] Does the holy Canna then prosper?

Sárngarava — O king, they who gather the fruits of devotion may command prosperity. He first inquires affectionately whether thy arms are successful, and then addresses thee in these words: —

Dushmanta — What are his orders?

Sárngarava — "The contract of marriage, reciprocally made between thee and this girl, my daughter, I confirm with tender regard; since thou art celebrated as the most honorable of men, and my Sacontalá is Virtue herself in a human form, no blasphemous complaint will henceforth be made against Brahmá for suffering discordant matches: he has now united a bride and bridegroom with qualities equally transcendant. Since, therefore, she is pregnant by thee, receive her in thy palace, that she may perform, in conjunction with thee, the duties prescribed by religion."

Gautamí — Great king, thou hast a mild aspect; and I wish to address thee in few words.

Dushmanta [*smiling*] — Speak, venerable matron.

Gautamí — She waited not the return of her spiritual father; nor were thy kindred consulted by thee. You two only were present, when your nuptials were solemnized; now, therefore, converse freely together in the absence of all others.

Sacontalá [*aside*] — What will my lord say?

Dushmanta [*aside, perplexed*] — How strange an adventure!

Sacontalá [*aside*] — Ah me, how disdainfully he seems to receive the message!

Sárngarava [*aside*] — What means that phrase which I overheard, "How strange an adventure"? [*Aloud.*] Monarch, thou knowest the hearts of men. Let a wife behave ever so discreetly, the world will think ill of her, if she live only with her paternal kinsmen; and a lawful wife now requests, as her kindred also humbly entreat, that whether she be loved or not, she may pass her days in the mansion of her husband.

Dushmanta — What sayest thou? Am I the lady's husband?

Sacontalá [*aside with anguish*] — O my heart, thy fears have proved just.

Sárngarava — Does it become a magnificent prince to depart from the rules of religion and honor, merely because he repents of his engagements?

Dushmanta — With what hope of success could this groundless fable have been invented?

Sárngarava [*angrily*] — The minds of those whom power intoxicates are perpetually changing.

Dushmanta — I am reproved with too great severity.

Gautamí [*to Sacontalá*] — Be not ashamed, my sweet child; let me take off thy mantle, that the king may recollect thee.

[*She unveils her.*]

Dushmanta — I am really angry with this gem.

Mádhavya [*laughing*] — So am I with this staff.

Dushmanta — Why so, Mádhavya?

Mádhavya — Because it presumes to be so straight when I am so crooked. Impertinent stick!

Dushmanta [*not attending to him*] — How, O ring, couldst thou leave that hand adorned with soft long fingers, and fall into a pool decked only with water lilies? The answer is obvious: thou art irrational. But how could I, who was born with a reasonable soul, desert my only beloved?

Misras [*aside*] — He anticipates my remark.

Mádhavya [*aside*] — So; I must wait here during his meditations, and perish with hunger.

Dushmanta — O, my darling whom I treated with disrespect, and forsook without reason, when will this traitor, whose heart is deeply stung with repentant sorrow, be once more blessed with a sight of thee?

VIKRAM AND THE VAMPIRE.

(A collection of short Hindoo tales, with a framework as excuse, like the "Arabian Nights.")

TRANSLATION BY SIR R. F. BURTON.

THE darkness of the night was frightful, the gloom deepened till it was hardly possible to walk. The clouds opened their fountains, raining so that you would say they could never rain again. Lightning blazed forth with more than the light of day, and the roar of the thunder caused the earth to shake. Baleful gleams tipped the black cones of the trees, and fitfully scampered like fireflies over the waste. Unclean goblins dogged the travelers and threw themselves upon the ground in their path and obstructed them in a thousand different ways. Huge snakes, whose mouths distilled blood and black venom, kept clinging around their legs in the roughest part of the road till they were persuaded to loose their hold either by the sword or by reciting a spell. In fact, there were so many horrors and such a tumult and noise that even a brave man would have faltered, yet the king kept on his way. At length, having passed over, somehow or other, a very difficult road, the Raja arrived at the smashana, or burning place, pointed out by the

Sacontalá — If thou sayest this merely from want of recollection, I will restore thy memory by producing thy own ring, with thy name engraved on it.

Dushmanta — A capital invention!

Sacontalá [*looking at her finger*] — Ah me! I have no ring. [*She fixes her eyes with anguish on* GAUTAMÍ.

Gautamí — The fatal ring must have dropped, my child, from thy hand, when thou tookest up water to pour on thy head in the pool of Sachítírt'ha, near the station of Sacrávatára.

Dushmanta [*smiling*] — So skillful are women in finding ready excuses!

Sacontalá — The power of Brahmá must prevail; I will yet mention one circumstance.

Dushmanta — I must submit to hear the tale.

Sacontalá — One day, in a grove of Vétasas, thou tookest water in thy hand from its natural vase of lotos leaves —

Dushmanta — What followed?

Sacontalá — At that instant a little fawn, which I had reared as my own child, approached thee; and thou saidst with benevolence, "Drink thou first, gentle fawn." He would not drink from the hand of a stranger, but received water eagerly from mine; when thou saidst, with increasing affection, "Thus every creature loves its companions; you are both foresters alike, and both alike amiable."

Dushmanta — By such interested and honeyed falsehoods are the souls of voluptuaries insnared.

Gautamí — Forbear, illustrious prince, to speak harshly. She was bred in a sacred grove where she learned no guile.

Dushmanta — Pious matron, the dexterity of females, even when they are untaught, appears in those of a species different from our own. What would it be if they were duly instructed! The female Cócilas, before they fly towards the firmament, leave their eggs to be hatched, and their young fed, by birds who have no relation to them.

Sacontalá [*with anger*] — Oh! void of honor, thou measurest all the world by thy own bad heart. What prince ever resembled or ever will resemble thee, who wearest the garb of religion and virtue, but in truth art a base deceiver; like a deep well whose mouth is covered with smiling plants!

Dushmanta [*aside*] — The rusticity of her education makes her speak thus angrily and inconsistently with female decorum. She looks indignant; her eye glows; and her speech, formed

of harsh terms, falters as she utters them. Her lip, ruddy as the Bimba fruit, quivers as if it were nipped with frost; and her eyebrows, naturally smooth and equal, are at once irregularly contracted. Thus having failed in circumventing me by the apparent luster of simplicity, she has recourse to wrath, and snaps in two the bow of Cáma, which, if she had not belonged to another, might have wounded me. [*Aloud.*] The heart of Dushmanta, young woman, is known to all; and thine is betrayed by thy present demeanor.

Sacontalá [*ironically*] — You kings are in all cases to be credited implicitly; you perfectly know the respect which is due to virtue and to mankind; while females, however modest, however virtuous, know nothing, and speak nothing truly. In a happy hour I came hither to seek the object of my affection: in a happy moment I received the hand of a prince descended from Puru; a prince who had won my confidence by the honey of his words, whilst his heart concealed the weapon that was to pierce mine. [*She hides her face and weeps.*

Sárngarava — This insufferable mutability of the king's temper kindles my wrath. Henceforth let all be circumspect before they form secret connections: a friendship hastily contracted, when both hearts are not perfectly known, must erelong become enmity.

Dushmanta — Wouldst thou force me then to commit an enormous crime, relying solely on her smooth speeches?

Sárngarava [*scornfully*] — Thou hast heard an answer. The words of an incomparable girl, who never learned what iniquity was, are here to receive no credit; while they, whose learning consists in accusing others, and inquiring into crimes, are the only persons who speak truth!

Dushmanta — O man of unimpeached veracity, I certainly am what thou describest; but what would be gained by accusing thy female associate?

Sárngarava — Eternal misery.

Dushmanta — No; misery will never be the portion of Puru's descendants.

Sárngarava — What avails our altercation? O king, we have obeyed the commands of our preceptor, and now return. Sacontalá is thy wife by law, whether thou desert or acknowledge her; and the dominion of a husband is absolute. Go before us, Gautamí.

[*The two* MISRAS *and* GAUTAMÍ *returning.*

Sacontalá — I have been deceived by this perfidious man; but will you, my friends, will you also forsake me?

[*Following them.*

Gautamí [*looking back*] — My son, Sacontalá follows us with affectionate supplications. What can she do here with a faithless husband — she who is all tenderness?

Sárngarava [*angrily to Sacontalá*] — O wife, who seest the faults of thy lord, dost thou desire independence?

[SACONTALÁ *stops, and trembles.*

Sáradwata — Let the queen hear. If thou beest what the king proclaims thee, what right hast thou to complain? But if thou knowest the purity of thy own soul, it will become thee to wait as a handmaid in the mansion of thy lord. Stay, then, where thou art; we must return to Canna.

Dushmanta — Deceive her not, holy men, with vain expectations. The moon opens the night flower, and the sun makes the water lily blossom; each is confined to its own object; and thus a virtuous man abstains from any connection with the wife of another.

Sárngarava — Yet thou, O king, who fearest to offend religion and virtue, art not afraid to desert thy wedded wife, pretending that the variety of thy public affairs has made thee forget thy private contract.

Dushmanta [*to his priest*] — I really have no remembrance of any such engagement; and I ask thee, my spiritual counselor, whether of the two offenses be the greater, to forsake my own wife, or to have an intercourse with the wife of another?

Priest [*after some deliberation*] — We may adopt an expedient between both.

Dushmanta — Let my venerable guide command.

Priest — The young woman may dwell till her delivery in my house.

Dushmanta — For what purpose?

Priest — Wise astrologers have assured the king that he will be the father of an illustrious prince, whose dominion will be bounded by the western and eastern seas; now, if the holy man's daughter shall bring forth a son whose hands and feet bear the marks of extensive sovereignty, I will do homage to her as my queen, and conduct her to the royal apartments; if not, she shall return in due time to her father.

Dushmanta — Be it as you judge proper.

Priest [*to* SACONTALÁ] — This way, my daughter, follow me.

Sacontalá — O earth! Mild goddess! give me a place within thy bosom!

[*She goes out weeping with the* PRIEST; *while the two* MISRAS *go out by a different way with* GAUTAMÍ. DUSHMANTA *stands meditating on the beauty of* SACONTALÁ; *but the imprecation still clouds his memory.*]

[*Behind the scenes*] — Oh, miraculous event!

Dushmanta [*listening*] — What can have happened!

The PRIEST *reënters.*

Priest — Hear, O king, the stupendous event. When Canna's pupils had departed, Sacontalá, bewailing her adverse fortune, extended her arms and wept; when —

Dushmanta — What then?

Priest — A body of light, in a female shape, descended near Apsarastírt'ha, where the nymphs of heaven are worshiped; and having caught her hastily in her bosom, disappeared.

[*All express astonishment.*

Dushmanta — I suspected from the beginning some work of sorcery. The business is over; and it is needless to reason more on it. Let thy mind, Sómaráta, be at rest.

Priest — May the king be victorious. [*He goes out.*

Dushmanta — Chamberlain, I have been greatly harassed; and thou, Warder, go before me to a place of repose.

Warder — This way; let the king come this way.

Dushmanta [*advancing, aside*] — I cannot with all my efforts recollect my nuptials with the daughter of the hermit; yet so agitated is my heart, that it almost induces me to believe her story. [*All go out.*

* * * * * * *

SCENE. — *A street.*

Enter a SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE, *with two* OFFICERS *leading a man with his hands bound.*

First Officer [*striking the prisoner*] — Take that, Cumbhílaca, if Cumbhílaca be thy name; and tell us now where thou gottest this ring, bright with a large gem, on which the king's name is engraved.

Cumbhílaca [*trembling*] — Spare me, I entreat your honors to spare me: I am not guilty of so great a crime as you suspect.

First ·
receive i
service?
Cumbl
ing at Sa
Secon
thy dwell
Super
story. N
First (
mands.
Cumbl
ing fish i
ances.
Superi
livelihood
Cumbl
our forefa
man who h
his act be
Superi
Cumbh
cut it ope
I offered t
only am I
beating an
Superi
that this g
considerati
household.
Both O
Superi
the city, an
in the pala
Both Of

Second
First Of
leisure.
Second
Jáluca, to k
Cumbhíla

Dushmanta — I am really angry with this gem.

Mádhavya [*laughing*] — So am I with this staff.

Dushmanta — Why so, Mádhavya?

Mádhavya — Because it presumes to be so straight when I am so crooked. Impertinent stick!

Dushmanta [*not attending to him*] — How, O ring, couldst thou leave that hand adorned with soft long fingers, and fall into a pool decked only with water lilies? The answer is obvious: thou art irrational. But how could I, who was born with a reasonable soul, desert my only beloved?

Misras [*aside*] — He anticipates my remark.

Mádhavya [*aside*] — So; I must wait here during his meditations, and perish with hunger.

Dushmanta — O, my darling whom I treated with disrespect, and forsook without reason, when will this traitor, whose heart is deeply stung with repentant sorrow, be once more blessed with a sight of thee?

VIKRAM AND THE VAMPIRE.

(A collection of short Hindoo tales, with a framework as excuse, like the "Arabian Nights.")

TRANSLATION BY SIR R. F. BURTON.

THE darkness of the night was frightful, the gloom deepened till it was hardly possible to walk. The clouds opened their fountains, raining so that you would say they could never rain again. Lightning blazed forth with more than the light of day, and the roar of the thunder caused the earth to shake. Baleful gleams tipped the black cones of the trees, and fitfully scampered like fireflies over the waste. Unclean goblins dogged the travelers and threw themselves upon the ground in their path and obstructed them in a thousand different ways. Huge snakes, whose mouths distilled blood and black venom, kept clinging around their legs in the roughest part of the road till they were persuaded to loose their hold either by the sword or by reciting a spell. In fact, there were so many horrors and such a tumult and noise that even a brave man would have faltered, yet the king kept on his way. At length, having passed over, somehow or other, a very difficult road, the Raja arrived at the smashana, or burning place, pointed out by the

it the destined reward of my bad actions? Whatever it was, I am sensible that, until Sacontalá return to these arms, I shall be plunged in the abyss of affliction.

Mádhavya — Do not despair; the fatal ring is itself an example that the lost may be found. Events which were foredoomed by Heaven must not be lamented.

Dushmanta [*looking at his ring*] — The fate of this ring, now fallen from a station which it will not easily regain, I may at least deplore. O gem, thou art removed from the soft finger, beautiful with ruddy tips, on which a place had been assigned thee; and, minute as thou art, thy bad qualities appear from the similarity of thy punishment to mine.

Misras [*aside*] — Had it found a way to any other hand, its lot would have been truly deplorable. O Ménacà, how wouldst thou be delighted with the conversation which gratifies my ears!

Mádhavya — Let me know, I pray, by what means the ring obtained a place on the finger of Sacontalá.

Dushmanta — You shall know, my friend. When I was coming from the holy forest to my capital, my beloved, with tears in her eyes, thus addressed me, "How long will the son of my lord keep me in his remembrance?"

Mádhavya — Well, what then?

Dushmanta — Then, fixing this ring on her lovely finger, I thus answered, "Repeat each day one of the three syllables engraved on this gem; and before thou hast spelled the word Dushmanta, one of my noblest officers shall attend thee, and conduct my darling to her palace." Yet I forgot, I deserted her in my frenzy.

Misras [*aside*] — A charming interval of three days was fixed between their separation and their meeting, which the will of Brahmá rendered unhappy.

Mádhavya — But how came the ring to enter, like a hook, into the mouth of a carp?

Dushmanta — When my beloved was lifting water to her head in the pool of Sachitírt'ha, the ring must have dropped unseen.

Mádhavya — It is very probable.

Misras [*aside*] — Oh! it was thence that the king, who fears nothing but injustice, doubted the reality of his marriage; but how, I wonder, could his memory be connected with a ring?

Dushmanta — I am really angry with this gem.

Mádhavya [*laughing*] — So am I with this staff.

Dushmanta — Why so, Mádhavya?

Mádhavya — Because it presumes to be so straight when I am so crooked. Impertinent stick!

Dushmanta [*not attending to him*] — How, O ring, couldst thou leave that hand adorned with soft long fingers, and fall into a pool decked only with water lilies? The answer is obvious: thou art irrational. But how could I, who was born with a reasonable soul, desert my only beloved?

Misras [*aside*] — He anticipates my remark.

Mádhavya [*aside*] — So; I must wait here during his meditations, and perish with hunger.

Dushmanta — O, my darling whom I treated with disrespect, and forsook without reason, when will this traitor, whose heart is deeply stung with repentant sorrow, be once more blessed with a sight of thee?

VIKRAM AND THE VAMPIRE.

(A collection of short Hindoo tales, with a framework as excuse, like the "Arabian Nights.")

TRANSLATION BY SIR R. F. BURTON.

THE darkness of the night was frightful, the gloom deepened till it was hardly possible to walk. The clouds opened their fountains, raining so that you would say they could never rain again. Lightning blazed forth with more than the light of day, and the roar of the thunder caused the earth to shake. Baleful gleams tipped the black cones of the trees, and fitfully scampered like fireflies over the waste. Unclean goblins dogged the travelers and threw themselves upon the ground in their path and obstructed them in a thousand different ways. Huge snakes, whose mouths distilled blood and black venom, kept clinging around their legs in the roughest part of the road till they were persuaded to loose their hold either by the sword or by reciting a spell. In fact, there were so many horrors and such a tumult and noise that even a brave man would have faltered, yet the king kept on his way. At length, having passed over, somehow or other, a very difficult road, the Raja arrived at the smashana, or burning place, pointed out by the

jogi. Suddenly he sighted the tree where from root to top every branch and leaf was in a blaze of crimson flame. And when he, still dauntless, advanced toward it, a clamor continued to be raised, and voices kept crying, "Kill them! kill them! seize them! seize them! take care that they do not get away! let them scorch themselves to cinders! let them suffer the pains of Patala!"

Far from being terrified by this state of things, the valiant Raja increased in boldness, seeing a prospect of an end to his adventure. Approaching the tree, he felt that the fire did not burn him, and so he sat there for a while to observe the body, which hung, head downward, from a branch a little above him.

Its eyes, which were wide open, were of a greenish brown, and never twinkled; its hair also was brown, and brown was its face — three several shades which, notwithstanding, approached one another in an unpleasant way, as in the overdried cocoanut. Its body was thin and ribbed like a skeleton or a bamboo framework, and as it held on to a bough, like a flying fox, by the toetips, its drawn muscles stood out as if they were rope of coir. Blood it appeared to have none, or there would have been a decided determination of that curious juice to the head; and as the Raja handled its skin, it felt icy cold and clammy as might a snake. The only sign of life was the whisking of a ragged little tail much resembling a goat's.

Judging from these signs, the brave king at once determined the creature to be a Baital — a Vampire. For a short time he was puzzled to reconcile the appearance with the words of the giant, who informed him that the anchorite had hung the oilman's son to a tree. But soon he explained to himself the difficulty, remembering the exceeding cunning of jogis and other reverend men, and determining that his enemy, the better to deceive him, had doubtless altered the shape and form of the young oilman's body.

With this idea, Vikram was pleased, saying, "My trouble has been productive of fruit." Remained the task of carrying the Vampire to Shanta-Shil the devotee. Having taken his sword, the Raja fearlessly climbed the tree, and ordering his son to stand away from below, clutched the Vampire's hair with one hand, and with the other struck such a blow of the sword that the bough was cut and the thing fell heavily upon the ground. Immediately on falling it gnashed its teeth and began to utter a loud, wailing cry, like the screams of an infant

in pain. Vikram, having heard the sound of its lamentations, was pleased, and began to say to himself, "This devil must be alive." Then nimbly sliding down the trunk, he made a captive of the body, and asked, "Who art thou?"

Scarcely, however, had the words passed the royal lips, when the Vampire slipped through the fingers like a worm, and uttering a loud shout of laughter, rose in the air with its legs uppermost, and as before suspended itself by its toes to another bough. And there it swung to and fro, moved by the violence of its cachinnation.

"Decidedly this is the young oilman!" exclaimed the Raja, after he had stood for a minute or two with mouth open, gazing upwards and wondering what he should do next. Presently he directed Dharma Dhwaj not to lose an instant in laying hands upon the thing when it next might touch the ground, and then he again swarmed up the tree. Having reached his former position, he once more seized the Baital's hair, and with all the force of his arms — for he was beginning to feel really angry — he tore it from its hold, and dashed it to the ground, saying, "O wretch, tell me who art thou?"

Then, as before, the Raja slid deftly down the trunk, and hurried to the aid of his son, who, in obedience to orders, had fixed his grasp upon the Vampire's neck. Then, too, as before, the Vampire, laughing aloud, slipped through their fingers and returned to its dangling-place.

To fail twice was too much for Raja Vikram's temper, which was right kingly and somewhat hot. This time he bade his son strike the Baital's head with his sword.

Then, more like a wounded bear of Himalaya than a prince who had established an era, he hurried up the tree, and directed a furious blow with his saber at the Vampire's lean and calfless legs. The violence of the stroke made its toes loose their hold of the bough, and when it touched the ground, Dharma Dhwaj's blade fell heavily upon its matted brown hair. But the blows appeared to have lighted on iron-wood, — to judge, at least, from the behavior of the Baital, who no sooner heard the question, "O wretch, who art thou?" than it returned in loud glee and merriment to its old position.

Five mortal times did Raja Vikram repeat this profitless labor. But so far from losing heart, he quite entered into the spirit of the adventure. Indeed, he would have continued climbing up that tree and taking that corpse under his arm —

he found his sword useless — and bring it down, and asking it who it was, and seeing it slip through his fingers, six times sixty times, or till the end of the fourth and present age, had such extreme resolution been required. However, it was not necessary. On the seventh time of falling, the Baital, instead of eluding its capturer's grasp, allowed itself to be seized, merely remarking that "even the gods cannot resist a thoroughly obstinate man." And seeing that the stranger, for the better protection of his prize, had stripped off his waistcloth and was making it into a bag, the Vampire thought proper to seek the most favorable conditions for himself, and asked his conqueror who he was, and what he was about to do?

"Vile wretch," replied the breathless hero, "know me to be Vikram the Great, Raja of Ujjayani, and I bear thee to a man who is amusing himself by drumming to devils on a skull."

"Remember the old saying, mighty Vikram!" said the Baital, with a sneer, "that many a tongue has cut many a throat. I have yielded to thy resolution and I am about to accompany thee, bound to thy back like a beggar's wallet. But hearken to my words, ere we set out upon the way. I am of a loquacious disposition, and it is well nigh an hour's walk between this tree and the place where thy friend sits, favoring his friends with the peculiar music which they love. Therefore, I shall try to distract my thoughts, which otherwise might not be of the most pleasing nature, by means of sprightly tales and profitable reflections. Sages and men of sense spend their days in the delights of light and heavy literature, whereas dolts and fools waste time in sleep and idleness. And I propose to ask thee a number of questions, concerning which we will, if it seems fit to thee, make this covenant: —

"Whenever thou answerest me, either compelled by fate or entrapped by my cunning into so doing, or thereby gratifying thy vanity and conceit, I leave thee and return to my favorite place and position in the siras tree; but when thou shalt remain silent, confused, and at a loss to reply, either through humility or thereby confessing thine ignorance, and impotence, and want of comprehension, then will I allow thee, of mine own free will, to place me before thine employer. Perhaps I should not say so; it may sound like bribing thee, but — take my counsel, and modify thy pride, and assumption, and arrogance, and haughtiness as soon as possible. So shalt thou derive from me a benefit which none but myself can bestow."

Raja Vikram hearing these rough words, so strange to his royal ear, winced; then he rejoiced that his heir-apparent was not near; then he looked round at his son Dharma Dhwaj, to see if he was impertinent enough to be amused by the Baital. But the first glance showed him the young prince busily employed in pinching and screwing the monster's legs, so as to make it fit better into the cloth. Vikram then seized the ends of the waistcloth, twisted them into a convenient form for handling, stooped, raised the bundle with a jerk, tossed it over his shoulder, and bidding his son not to lag behind, set off at a round pace toward the western end of the cemetery.

The shower had ceased, and, as they gained ground, the weather greatly improved.

The Vampire asked a few indifferent questions about the wind and the rain and the mud. When he received no answer, he began to feel uncomfortable, and he broke out with these words, "O King Vikram, listen to the true story which I am about to tell thee."

The Vampire's Fourth Story,

of a woman who told the truth.

"Listen, great king!" again began the Baital. "An unimportant Baniya (trader), Hiranyadatt, had a daughter, whose name was Madansena Sundari, the beautiful army of Cupid. Her face was like the moon; her hair like the clouds; her eyes like those of a muskrat; her eyebrows like a bent bow; her nose like a parrot's bill; her neck like that of a dove; her teeth like pomegranate grains; the red color of her lips like that of a gourd; her waist lithe and bending like the pard's; her hands and feet like softest blossoms; her complexion like the jasmine; in fact, day by day the splendor of her youth increased.

"When she had arrived at maturity, her father and mother began often to resolve in their minds the subject of her marriage. And the people of all that country side ruled by Birbar, king of Madanpur, bruited it abroad that in the house of Hiranyadatt had been born a daughter by whose beauty gods, men, and munis (sages) were fascinated.

"Thereupon many, causing their portraits to be painted, sent them by messengers to Hiranyadatt the Baniya, who showed them all to his daughter. But she was capricious, as beauties sometimes are, and when her father said, 'Make choice of a

husband thyself,' she told him that none pleased her, and, moreover, she begged of him to find her a husband who possessed good looks, good qualities, and good sense.

"At length, when some days had passed, four suitors came from four different countries. The father told them that he must have from each some indication that he possessed the required qualities; that he was pleased with their looks, but that they must satisfy him about their knowledge.

"'I have,' the first said, 'a perfect acquaintance with the Shastras (or Scriptures); in science there is none to rival me. As for my handsome mien, it may plainly be seen by you.'

"The second exclaimed: 'My attainments are unique in the knowledge of archery. I am acquainted with the art of discharging arrows and killing anything which though not seen is heard, and my fine proportions are plainly visible to you.'

"The third continued: 'I understand the language of land and water animals, of birds and of beasts, and I have no equal in strength. Of my comeliness you yourself may judge.'

"'I have the knowledge,' quoth the fourth, 'how to make a certain cloth which can be sold for five rubies; having sold it I give the proceeds of one ruby to a Brahman, of the second I make an offering to a deity, a third I wear on my own person, a fourth I keep for my wife; and, having sold the fifth, I spend it in giving feasts. This is my knowledge, and none other is acquainted with it. My good looks are apparent.'

"The father hearing these speeches began to reflect: 'It is said that excess in anything is not good. Sita was very lovely, but the demon Ravana carried her away; and Bali, king of Mahabahpur, gave much alms, but at length he became poor. My daughter is too fair to remain a maiden; to which of these shall I give her?'

"So saying, Hiranyadatt went to his daughter, explained the qualities of the four suitors, and asked, 'To which shall I give thee?' On hearing these words she was abashed; and hanging down her head, knew not what to reply.

"Then the Baniya, having reflected, said to himself: 'He who is acquainted with the Shastras is a Brahman, he who could shoot an arrow at the sound was a Kshatriya or warrior, and he who made the cloth was a Shudra or servile. But the youth who understands the language of birds is of our own caste. To him, therefore, will I marry her.' And accordingly he proceeded with the betrothal of his daughter.

"Meanwhile Madansena went one day, during the spring season, into the garden for a stroll. It happened, just before she came out, that Somdatt, the son of the merchant Dharmdatt, had gone for pleasure into the forest, and was returning through the same garden to his home.

"He was fascinated at the sight of the maiden, and said to his friend, 'Brother, if I can obtain her, my life will be prosperous, and if I do not obtain her, my living in the world will be in vain.'

"Having thus spoken, and becoming restless from the fear of separation, he involuntarily drew near to her, and seizing her hand, said:—

"'If thou wilt not form an affection for me, I will throw away my life on thy account.'

"'Be pleased not to do this,' she replied; 'it will be sinful, and it will involve me in the guilt and punishment of shedding blood; hence I shall be miserable in this world and in that to be.'

"'Thy blandishments,' he replied, 'have pierced my heart, and the consuming thought of parting from thee has burnt up my body, and memory and understanding have been destroyed by this pain; and from excess of love I have no sense of right or wrong. But if thou wilt make me a promise, I will live again.'

"She replied: 'Truly the Kali Yog (iron age) has commenced, since which time falsehood has increased in the world and truth has diminished; people talk smoothly with their tongues, but nourish deceit in their hearts; religion is destroyed, crime has increased, and the earth has begun to give little fruit. Kings levy fines, Brahmans have waxed covetous, the son obeys not his sire's commands, brother distrusts brother; friendship has departed from amongst friends; sincerity has left masters; servants have given up service; man has abandoned manliness; and woman has abandoned modesty. Five days hence my marriage is to be; but if thou slay not thyself, I will visit thee first, and after that I will remain with my husband.'"

"Having given this promise, and having sworn by Ganges, she returned home. The merchant's son also went his way.

"Presently the marriage ceremonies came on, and Hiranyadatt the Baniya expended a lakh of rupees in feasts and presents to the bridegroom. The bodies of the twain were anointed with turmeric, the bride was made to hold in her hand the iron

box for eye paint, and the youth a pair of betel scissors. During the night before the wedding there was loud and shrill music, the heads and limbs of the young couple were rubbed with an ointment of oil, and the bridegroom's head was duly shaved. The wedding procession was very grand. The streets were a blaze of flambeaux and torches carried in the hand; fireworks by the ton were discharged as the people passed; elephants, camels, and horses, richly caparisoned, were placed in convenient situations; and before the procession had reached the house of the bride, half a dozen wicked boys and bad young men were killed or wounded. After the marriage formulas were repeated, the Baniya gave a feast or supper, and the food was so excellent that all sat down quietly, no one uttered a complaint, or brought dishonor on the bride's family, or cut with scissors the garments of his neighbor.

"The ceremony thus happily concluded, the husband brought Madansena home to his own house. After some days the wife of her husband's youngest brother and also the wife of his eldest brother led her at night by force to her bridegroom, and seated her on a bed ornamented with flowers.

"As her husband proceeded to take her hand, she jerked it away, and at once openly told him all that she had promised to Somdatt on condition of his not killing himself.

"'All things,' rejoined the bridegroom, hearing her words, 'have their sense ascertained by speech; in speech they have their basis, and from speech they proceed; consequently a falsifier of speech falsifies everything. If truly you are desirous of going to him, go!'

"Receiving her husband's permission, she arose and went off to the young merchant's house in full dress. Upon the road a thief saw her, and in high good humor came up and asked:—

"'Whither goest thou at midnight in such darkness, having put on all these fine clothes and ornaments?' She replied that she was going to the house of her beloved.

"'And who here,' said the thief, 'is thy protector?' 'Kama Deva,' she replied, 'the beautiful youth who by his fiery arrows wounds with love the hearts of the inhabitants of the three worlds, Ratipati, the husband of Rati, accompanied by the kokila bird, the humming bee, and gentle breezes.' She then told to the thief the whole story, adding: 'Destroy not my jewels; I give thee a promise before I go that on my return thou shalt have all these ornaments.'

"Hearing this the thief thought to himself that it would be useless now to destroy her jewels, when she had promised to give them to him presently of her own good will. He therefore let her go, and sat down and thus soliloquized: —

"'To me it is astonishing that he who sustained me in my mother's womb should take no care of me now that I have been born and am able to enjoy the good things of this world. I know not whether he is asleep or dead. And I would rather swallow poison than ask man for money or favor. For these six things tend to lower a man: friendship with the perfidious; causeless laughter; altercation with women; serving an unworthy master; riding an ass, and speaking any language but Sanskrit. And these five things the deity writes on our fate at the hour of birth: first, age; secondly, action; thirdly, wealth; fourthly, science; fifthly, fame. I have now done a good deed, and as long as a man's virtue is in the ascendant, all people becoming his servants obey him. But when virtuous deeds diminish, even his friends become inimical to him.'

"Meanwhile, Madansena had reached the place where Somdatt, the young trader, had fallen asleep.

"She awoke him suddenly, and he, springing up in alarm, quickly asked her: 'Art thou the daughter of a deity? or of a saint? or of a serpent? Tell me truly, who art thou? And whence hast thou come?'

"She replied, 'I am human — Madansena, the daughter of the Baniya Hiranyadatt. Dost thou not remember taking my hand in that grove, and declaring that thou wouldst slay thyself if I did not swear to visit thee first and after that remain with my husband?'

"'Hast thou,' he inquired, 'told all this to thy husband or not?'

"She replied, 'I have told him everything; and he, thoroughly understanding the whole affair, gave me permission.'

"'This matter,' exclaimed Somdatt in a melancholy voice, 'is like pearls without a suitable dress, or food without clarified butter, or singing without melody; they are all alike unnatural. In the same way, unclean clothes will mar beauty, bad food will undermine strength, a wicked wife will worry her husband to death, a disreputable son will ruin his family, an enraged demon will kill, and a woman, whether she love or hate, will be a source of pain. For there are few things which a woman will not do. She never brings to her tongue what is in her heart, she never speaks out what is on her tongue, and she never tells what

she is doing. Truly the Deity has created woman a strange creature in this world.' He concluded with these words: 'Return thou home; with another man's wife I have no concern.' Madansena rose and departed. On her way she met the thief, who, hearing her tale, gave her great praise, and let her go unplundered. She then went to her husband, and related the whole matter to him. But he had ceased to love her, and he said, 'Neither a king, nor a minister, nor a wife, nor a person's hair nor his nails, look well out of their places. And the beauty of the kokila is its note, of an ugly man knowledge, of a devotee forgiveness, and of a woman her chastity.'"

The Vampire having narrated thus far, suddenly asked the king, "Of these three, whose virtue was the greatest?"

Vikram, who had been greatly edified by the tale, forgot himself, and ejaculated, "The thief's."

"And pray why?" asked the Baital.

"Because," the hero explained, "when her husband saw that she loved another man, however purely, he ceased to feel affection for her. Somdatt let her go unharmed, for fear of being punished by the king. But there was no reason why the thief should fear the law and dismiss her; therefore he was the best."

"Hi! hi! hi!" laughed the demon, spitefully. "Here, then, ends my story."

Upon which, escaping as before from the cloth in which he was slung behind the Raja's back, the Baital disappeared through the darkness of the night, leaving father and son looking at each other in dismay.

"Son Dharma Dhwaj," quoth the great Vikram, "the next time when that villain Vampire asks me a question, I allow thee to take the liberty of pinching my arm even before I have had time to answer his questions. In this way we shall never, of a truth, end our task."

"Your words be upon my head, sire," replied the young prince. But he expected no good from his father's new plan, as, arrived under the siras tree, he heard the Baital laughing with all his might.

"Surely he is laughing at our beards, sire," said the beardless prince, who hated to be laughed at like a young person.

"Let them laugh that win," fiercely cried Raja Vikram, who hated to be laughed at like an elderly person.

* * * * * * *

The Vampire lost no time in opening a fresh story.

STORIES AND OBSERVATIONS FROM THE TALMUD.

[The Talmud is the great collection of Jewish law, exegesis, parable, scriptural comment, etc., not comprised in the Old Testament. It has two divisions, the Mishna and the Gemara: the first a digest, made by Rabbi Juda about A.D. 200, of all previous traditions and rabbinical decisions; the second a set of commentaries on the first, for several centuries after. There are two Talmuds, the Jerusalem and the Babylonian: the former being the decisions and comments of the rabbis of Palestine from the second century to the middle of the fifth; the other, those of the Babylonian rabbis from about A.D. 190 to the seventh century.]

Blessings in Disguise.

Compelled by violent persecution to quit his native land, Rabbi Akiba wandered over barren wastes and dreary deserts. His whole equipage consisted of a lamp, which he used to light at night, in order to study the Law; a cock, which served him instead of a watch, to announce to him the rising dawn; and an ass, on which he rode.

The sun was gradually sinking beneath the horizon, night was fast approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head, or where to rest his weary limbs. Fatigued, and almost exhausted, he came at last near a village. He was glad to find it inhabited; thinking where human beings dwelt there dwelt also humanity and compassion; but he was mistaken. He asked for a night's lodging — it was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would accommodate him. He was therefore obliged to seek shelter in a neighboring wood.

"It is hard, very hard," said he, "not to find a hospitable roof to protect me against the inclemency of the weather, — but God is just, and whatever he does is for the best." He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the Law. He had scarcely read a chapter, when a violent storm extinguished the light. "What," exclaimed he, "must I not be permitted even to pursue my favorite study! — But God is just, and whatever he does is for the best."

He stretched himself on the bare earth, willing if possible to have a few hours' sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes, when a fierce wolf came and killed the cock. "What new misfortune is this?" ejaculated the astonished Akiba. "My vigilant companion is gone! Who then will henceforth awaken me to

the study of the Law? But God is just; he knows best what is good for us poor mortals."

Scarcely had he finished the sentence, when a terrible lion came and devoured the ass. "What is to be done now?" exclaimed the lonely wanderer. "My lamp and my cock are gone — my poor ass, too, is gone — all is gone! But, praised be the Lord, whatever he does is for the best."

He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning went to the village, to see whether he could procure a horse, or any other beast of burthen to enable him to pursue his journey. But what was his surprise not to find a single individual alive!

It appears that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, killed its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akiba had sufficiently recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice, and exclaimed: —

"Thou great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, now I know by experience that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind; often considering as evils what is intended for their preservation! But thou alone art just, and kind, and merciful! Had not the hard-hearted people driven me, by their inhospitality, from the village, I should assuredly have shared their fate. Had not the wind extinguished my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot, and have murdered me. I perceive also that it was thy mercy which deprived me of my two companions, that they might not by their noise give notice to the banditti where I was. Praised, then, be thy name, for ever and ever!"

Insulting Natural Defects.

Despise not the poor: thou knowest not how soon it may be thine own lot.

Despise not the deformed: their defects are not of their own seeking, and why shouldst thou add insult to misfortune.

Despise no creature: the most insignificant is the work of thy Maker.

Rabbi Eliezer, returning from his master's residence to his native place, was highly elated with the great knowledge he had acquired. On his way he overtook a singularly unshapely and misfeatured person, who was traveling to the same town. The stranger saluted him by saying, "Peace be upon thee,

Rabbi." Eliezer, proud of his learning, instead of returning the civility, noticed only the traveler's deformity; and by way of joke, said to him, "Raca, are the inhabitants of thy town all as misshapen as thou art?" The stranger, astonished at Eliezer's want of manners, and provoked by the insult, replied, "I do not know; but thou hadst better make these inquiries of the great Artist that made me." The Rabbi perceived his error, and alighting from the animal on which he rode, threw himself at the stranger's feet, and entreated him to pardon a fault committed in the wantonness of his heart, and which he most sincerely regretted. "No," said the stranger, "go first to the Artist that made me, and tell him, Great Artist, O! what an ugly vessel hast thou produced!"

Eliezer continued his entreaties. The stranger persisted in his refusal. In the meantime they arrived at the Rabbi's native city. The inhabitants being apprised of his arrival, came in crowds to meet him; exclaiming, "Peace be upon thee, Rabbi! Welcome, our Instructor!" "Whom do ye call Rabbi?" asked the stranger. The people pointed to Eliezer. "And him ye honor with the name of Rabbi," continued the poor man; "O! may Israel not produce many like him!" He then related what had happened. "He has done wrong; he is aware of it," said the people, "do forgive him; for he is a great man, well versed in the Law." The stranger then forgave him, and intimated that his long refusal had no other object than that of impressing the impropriety on the Rabbi's mind. The learned Eliezer thanked him; and whilst he held out his own conduct as a warning to the people, he justified that of the stranger by saying, that though a person ought ever to be as flexible as a reed, and not as stubborn as a cedar, yet to insult poverty or natural defect is no venial crime; and one that we cannot expect to be readily pardoned.

Put Yourselves in Others' Places.

Mar Ukba was one of those chiefs of Israel, who, in addition to great learning and wisdom, was blest with great riches, of which no one knew how to make a better use than he. Independent of his general charity, he made it a rule to give annually to a number of poor men a certain sum, sufficient to maintain them comfortably. Amongst these, there was one to whom he used to give four hundred crowns on the day preceding the day of Atonement. It happened once that he sent this

gift by his son, who, on his return, represented to his father that he was bestowing his charity on very unworthy objects. "Why, what is the matter?" asked Mar Ukba. "I have," replied the son, "seen that man, whom you think so poor, and who does not blush to live on charity; I have seen him and his family indulge themselves in great luxuries, drinking the most costly wines." "Hast thou?" replied the benevolent chief. "Then I dare say the unfortunate man has seen better days. Accustomed to such good living, I wonder how he can come out with the small allowance we make him. Here, take this purse with money to him; and, for the future, let his allowance be doubled."

A Parable against Democracy.

As long, says Rabbi Joshua Ben Levi, as the lower orders submit to the direction of the higher orders of society, everything goes on well. The latter decree, and God confirms. The prosperity of the State is the result. But when the higher orders, either from corrupt motives or from want of firmness, submit to or are swayed by the opinions of the lower orders, they are sure to fall together; and the destruction of the State will be inevitable. To illustrate this important truth, he related the following fable.

The Serpent's Tail and its Head.

The serpent's tail had long followed the direction of the head, and all went on well. One day the tail began to be dissatisfied with this natural arrangement; and thus addressed the head:—

"I have long, with great indignation, observed thy unjust proceedings. In all our journeys it is thou that takest the lead, whereas I, like a menial servant, am obliged to follow behind. Thou appearest everywhere foremost, but I, like a miserable slave, must remain in the background. Is this just? Is it fair? Am I not a member of the same body? Why should not I have its management as well as thou?"

"Thou!" exclaimed the head, "thou, silly tail, wilt manage the body! Thou hast neither eyes to see danger, nor ears to be apprised of it, nor brains to prevent it. Perceivest thou not that it is even for thy advantage that I should direct and lead?"

"For my advantage, indeed!" rejoined the tail. "This is the language of all and every usurper. They all pretend to

rule for the benefit of their slaves; but I will no longer submit to such a state of things. I insist upon and will take the lead in my turn."

"Well, well!" replied the head, "be it so. Lead on."

The tail, rejoiced, accordingly took the lead. Its first exploit was to drag the body into a miry ditch. The situation was not very pleasant. The tail struggled hard, groped along, and by dint of great exertion got out again; but the body was so thickly covered with dirt and filth, as hardly to be known to belong to the same creature. Its next exploit was to get entangled amongst briars and thorns. The pain was intense; the whole body was agitated; the more it struggled the deeper the wounds. Here it would have ended its miserable career, had not the head hastened to its assistance and relieved it from its perilous situation. Not contented, it still persisted in keeping the lead. It marched on; and as chance would have it, crept into a fiery furnace. It soon began to feel the dreadful effects of the destructive element. The whole body was convulsed; all was terror, confusion, and dismay. The head again hastened to afford its friendly aid. Alas! it was too late. The tail was already consumed. The fire soon reached the vital parts of the body — it was destroyed — and the head was involved in the general ruin.

What caused the destruction of the head? Was it not because it suffered itself to be guided by the imbecile tail? Such will, assuredly, be the fate of the higher orders, should they suffer themselves to be swayed by popular prejudices.

Do not Profit by Others' Ignorance.

Rabbi Simon and the Jewels.

Rabbi Simon once bought a camel of an Ishmaelite; his disciples took it home and on removing the saddle discovered a band of diamonds concealed under it. "Rabbi! Rabbi!" exclaimed they, "the blessing of God maketh rich," intimating that it was a godsend. "Take the diamonds back to the man of whom I purchased the animal," said the virtuous Rabbi; "he sold me a camel, not precious stones." The diamonds were accordingly returned, to the no small surprise of the proper owner; but the Rabbi preserved the much more valuable jewels — HONESTY and INTEGRITY.

Rabbi Saphra and the Buyer.

Rabbi Saphra wished to dispose of one of his estates, for which he asked a certain price. An individual who had an inclination to purchase it, made him an offer, which, being much less than the real value of the estate, was refused. Some time after, the Rabbi, being in want of money, resolved in his mind to accept the sum offered. In the interim the individual who had made the offer, desirous of possessing the estate, and ignorant of the Rabbi's determination, came and proposed to give him the sum first demanded by Rabbi Saphra. But the good Saphra refused to take it. "I have," said he, "made up my mind, before thou camest, to take the sum thou didst first offer; give it me, and I shall be satisfied; my conscience will not permit me to take advantage of thy ignorance."

Folly of Idolatry.

Terah, the father of Abraham, says tradition, was not only an idolater, but a manufacturer of idols, which he used to expose for public sale. Being obliged one day to go out on particular business, he desired Abraham to superintend for him. Abraham obeyed reluctantly. "What is the price of that god?" asked an old man who had just entered the place of sale, pointing to an idol to which he took a fancy. "Old man," said Abraham, "may I be permitted to ask thine age?" "Three-score years," replied the age-stricken idolater. "Three-score years!" exclaimed Abraham, "and thou wouldst worship a thing that has been fashioned by the hands of my father's slaves within the last four and twenty hours? Strange! that a man of sixty should be willing to bow down his gray head to a creature of a day!" The man was overwhelmed with shame, and went away.

After this there came a sedate and grave matron, carrying in her hand a large dish with flour. "Here," said she, "have I brought an offering to the gods. Place it before them, Abraham, and bid them be propitious to me." "Place it before them thyself, foolish woman!" said Abraham; "thou wilt soon see how greedily they will devour it." She did so. In the meantime Abraham took a hammer, broke the idols in pieces; all excepting the largest, in whose hands he placed the instrument of destruction.

Terah returned, and with the utmost surprise and consternation beheld the havoc amongst his favorite gods. "What is all this, Abraham! What profane wretch has dared to use our gods in this manner?" exclaimed the infatuated and indignant Terah. "Why should I conceal anything from my father?" replied the pious son. "During thine absence, there came a woman with yonder offering for the gods. She placed it before them. The younger gods, who, as may well be supposed, had not tasted food for a long time, greedily stretched forth their hands, and began to eat, before the old god had given them permission. Enraged at their boldness, he rose, took the hammer, and punished them for their want of respect."

"Dost thou mock me? Wilt thou deceive thy aged father?" exclaimed Terah, in a vehement rage. "Do I then not know that they can neither eat, nor stir, nor move?" "And yet," rejoined Abraham, "thou payest them divine honors — adorest them — and wouldest have me worship them!"

It was in vain Abraham thus reasoned with his idolatrous parent. Superstition is ever both deaf and blind. His unnatural father delivered him over to the cruel tribunal of the equally idolatrous Nimrod. But a more merciful Father — the gracious and blessed Father of us all — protected him against the threatened danger; and Abraham became the father of the faithful.

No Point of Pride where Good can be Wrought.

Rabbi Meir was accustomed to preach publicly for the edification of the people on the eve of the Sabbath. Amongst his numerous audience there was a woman who was so delighted with his discourse that she remained until he had concluded. Instructed and pleased, she went towards home to enjoy the repast which was generally prepared for the honor of the day; but was greatly disappointed, on arriving near her house, to find the lights extinguished and her husband standing at the door in very ill humor. "Where hast thou been?" exclaimed he in a tone that at once indicated that he was not much pleased with her absence. "I have been," replied the woman, mildly, "to hear our learned Rabbi preach, and a delightful discourse it was." "Was it?" rejoined the husband, who affected to be something of a wit. "Well then, since the Rabbi has pleased thee so much, I vow that thou shalt not enter this house until

thou hast spit in his face as a reward for the entertainment he has afforded thee."

The woman, astonished at so unreasonable a demand, thought at first her husband was joking, and began to congratulate herself on his returning good humor; but she was soon convinced that it was no jest. The brute insisted on her spitting in the preacher's face, as the sole condition of being readmitted into the house; and as she was too pious to offer such an indignity to any person, much less to so learned a man, she was constrained to remain in the street. A charitable neighbor offered her an asylum, which was gladly accepted. There she remained some time, endeavoring in vain to mollify her husband, who still persisted in his first demand.

The affair made some noise in the town, and a report of the transaction was communicated to Rabbi Meir, who immediately sent for the woman. She came: the good Rabbi desired her to be seated. Pretending to have pain in his eyes, he, without taking the least notice of what had transpired, asked her whether she knew any remedy for it? "Master," said the woman, "I am but a poor, ignorant creature, how should I know how to cure thine eyes?" "Well, well," rejoined the Rabbi, "do as I bid thee — spit seven times in mine eyes — it may produce some good." The woman, who believed there was some virtue in that operation, after some hesitation, complied. As soon as it was done, Meir thus addressed her: "Good woman, go home, and tell thy husband: 'It was thy desire that I should spit in the Rabbi's face once: I have done so; nay, I have done more, I have spit in it seven times: now let us be reconciled.'"

Meir's disciples, who had watched their master's conduct, ventured to expostulate with him on thus permitting a woman to offer him such an indignity, observing, that this was the way to make the people despise the Law and its professors. "My children," said their pious instructor, "think ye that your master ought to be more punctilious about his honor than his Creator? Even he, the Adorable, blessed be he, permitted his Holy Name to be obliterated, in order to promote peace between man and wife; and shall I consider any thing as an indignity that can effect so desirable an object?"

Learn, then, that no act is disgraceful that tends to promote happiness and peace of mankind. It is vice and wickedness only that can degrade us.

The Lawful Heir.

A rich Israelite, who dwelt at a considerable distance from Jerusalem, had an only son, whom he sent to the Holy City for education. During his absence, the father was suddenly taken ill. Seeing his end approaching, he made his will, by which he left all his property to a slave whom he named on condition that he should permit his son to select out of that property any single thing he might choose. No sooner was the master dead, than the slave, elated with the prospect of so much wealth, hastened to Jerusalem, informed the son of what had taken place, and showed him the will. The young Israelite was plunged into the deepest sorrow by this unexpected intelligence. He rent his clothes, strewed ashes on his head, and lamented the loss of a parent whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory he still revered. As soon as the first transports of grief were over, and the days allotted for mourning had passed, the young man began seriously to consider the situation in which he was left. Born in affluence, and grown up under the expectation of receiving, after his father's demise, those possessions to which he was so justly entitled, he saw, or imagined he saw, his expectations disappointed and his worldly prospects blighted. In this state of mind he went to his instructor, a man eminent for his piety and wisdom, acquainted him with the cause of his affliction, made him read the will; and in the bitterness of distress, ventured to express his thoughts — that his father, by making such a strange disposition of his property, neither showed good sense nor affection for his only child.

"Say nothing against thy father, young man!" spake the pious instructor: "thy father was both a wise man and an affectionate parent; the most convincing proof of which he gave by this very will."

"By this will!" exclaimed the young man, — "by this will! Surely, my honored master, thou art not in earnest. I can see neither wisdom in bestowing his property on a slave, nor affection in depriving his only son of his legal rights."

"Thy father has done neither," rejoined the learned instructor; "but like a just, loving parent, has by this very will secured the property to thee, if thou hast sense enough to avail thyself of it."

"How! how!" exclaimed the young man in the utmost astonishment — "how is this? Truly, I do not understand thee."

"Listen, then," said the friendly instructor; "listen, young man, and thou wilt have reason to admire thy father's prudence. When he saw his end approaching, and that he must go in the way in which all mortals must sooner or later go, he thought within himself, 'Behold, I must die; my son is too far off to take immediate possession of my estate; my slaves will no sooner be certain of my death than they will plunder my property, and to avoid detection will conceal my death from my beloved child, and thus deprive him even of the melancholy consolation of mourning for me.' To prevent the first, he bequeathed his property to his slave, whose apparent interest it would be to take care of it. To insure the second, he made it a condition that thou shouldst be allowed to select something out of that property. The slave, thought he, in order to secure his apparent legal claim, would not fail to give thee speedy information, as indeed he has done."

"Well," exclaimed the young man, rather impatiently, "what benefit is all this to me? will this restore to me the property of which I have so unjustly been deprived?"

"Ah!" replied the good man, "I see that wisdom resides only with the aged. Knowest thou not, that whatever a slave possesses belongs to his lawful master? And has not thy father left thee the power of selecting out of his property any one thing thou mightest choose? What hinders thee then from choosing that very slave as thy portion? and by possessing him, thou wilt of course be entitled to the whole property. This, no doubt, was thy father's intention."

The young Israelite, admiring his father's wisdom, no less than his master's sagacity, took the hint; chose the slave as his portion, and took possession of his father's estates. After which he gave the slave his freedom, together with a handsome present; convinced at the same time that wisdom resides with the aged, and understanding in length of days.

A Parable of Life.

The fox once came near a very fine garden, where he beheld lofty trees laden with fruit that charmed the eye. Such a beautiful sight, added to his natural greediness, excited in him the desire of possession. He fain would taste the forbidden fruit, but a high wall stood between him and the object of his wishes. He went about in search of an entrance, and at last

found an opening in the wall; but it was too small for his big body. Unable to penetrate, he had recourse to his usual cunning. He fasted three days, and became sufficiently reduced to crawl through the small aperture. Having effected an entrance, he carelessly roved about in this delightful region; making free with its exquisite produce, and feasting on its most rare and delicious fruit. He stayed for some time and glutted his appetite; when a thought struck him, that it was possible he might be observed, and in that case he should pay dearly for the enjoyed pleasure. He therefore retired to the place where he had entered, and attempted to get out; but to his great consternation he found his endeavors vain, — he had by indulgence grown so fat and plump that the same place would no more admit him.

"I am in a fine predicament," said he to himself. "Suppose the master of the garden were now to come and call me to account, what would become of me! I see, my only chance of escape is to fast and half starve myself." He did so with great reluctance; and after suffering hunger for three days, he with difficulty made his escape. As soon as he was out of danger, he took a farewell view of the garden, the scene of his delight and trouble; and thus addressed it: —

"Garden! garden! thou art indeed charming and delightful, thy fruits are delicious and exquisite; but of what benefit art thou to me? What have I now for all my labor and cunning? Am I not lean as I was before!"

It is even so with man. Naked comes he into the world — naked must he go out of it; and of all his toils and labor he can carry nothing with him, save the fruits of his righteousness.

The Inhospitable Jester.

An inhabitant of Jerusalem coming to Athens on some particular business, entered the house of a merchant, with a view of procuring a lodging. The master of the house, being rather merry with wine, and wishing to have a little sport, told him, that by a recent law, they must not entertain a stranger, unless he first made three large strides towards the street. "How shall I know," rejoined the Hebrew, "what sort of stride is in fashion amongst you? Show me, and I shall know how to imitate you." The Athenian made one long stride, which brought him to the middle of the shop —

and next brought him to its threshold — and the third carried him into the street. Our traveler no sooner perceived it than he shut the street door upon the Athenian. "What," cried the latter, "do you shut me out of my house?" "Thou hast no reason to complain," replied the Hebrew; "I only do that to thee which thou didst intend to do unto me." Remember, that he who attempts to circumvent another, has no right to complain of being himself circumvented.

Once when Rabbi Ishmael paid a visit to Rabbi Shimon, he was offered a cup of wine, which he at once, without being asked twice, accepted, and drained at one draught. "Sir," said his host, "dost thou not know the proverb, that he who drinks off a cup of wine at one draught is a greedy one?" "Ah!" was the answer, "that fits not this case: for thy cup is small, thy wine is sweet, and my stomach is capacious."

Miscellaneous Observations.

One pepper-corn to-day is better than a basketful of pumpkins to-morrow.

Whosoever destroyeth one soul of Israel, Scripture counts it to him as though he had destroyed the whole world; but whoso preserveth one soul of Israel, Scripture counts it as though he had preserved the whole world.

I would rather be called a fool all my days than sin one hour before God.

"The horse-leech has two daughters, crying, Give! give!" (Prov. xxx. 15). Mar Ukva says, "This has reference to the voice of two daughters crying out from torture in hell, because their voice is heard in this world crying, 'Give, give!' — namely — heresy and officialism."[1]

Rabbi Akiva says, "For three things I admire the Medes: (1) When they carve meat, they do it on the table; (2) When they kiss, they only do so on the hand; (3) And when they consult, they do so only in the field."

There are three whose life is no life: He who lives at another's table; he whose wife domineers over him; and he

[1] Rashi says heresy here refers to the "heresy of James," or in other words, Christianity.

who suffers bodily affliction. Some say also he who has only a single shirt in his wardrobe.

All who go down to hell shall come up again, except these three: He who commits adultery; he who shames another in public; and he who gives another a bad name.

A disciple of the wise who makes light of the washing of the hands is contemptible; but more contemptible is he who begins to eat before his guest; more contemptible is that guest who invites another guest; and still more contemptible is he who begins to eat before a disciple of the wise; but contemptible before all these three put together is that guest which troubles another guest.

The Rabbis have taught, a man should not sell to his neighbor shoes made from the hide of a beast that has died of disease, as if of a beast that had been slaughtered in the shambles, for two reasons: first, because he imposes upon him (for the skin of a beast that dies of itself is not so durable as the hide of a slaughtered animal); second, because there is danger (for the beast that died of itself might have been stung by a serpent, and the poison remaining in the leather might prove fatal to the wearer of shoes made of that leather). A man should not send his neighbor a barrel of wine with oil floating upon its surface; for it happened once that a man did so, and the recipient went and invited his friends to a feast, in the preparation of which oil was to form a chief ingredient; but when the guests assembled, it was found out that the cask contained wine and not oil; and because the host had nothing else in preparation for a worthy feast, he went and committed suicide. Neither should guests give anything from what is set before them to the son or daughter of their host, unless the host himself give them leave to do so; for it once happened during a time of scarcity that a man invited three of his friends to dine, and he had nothing but three eggs to place before them. Meanwhile, as the guests were seated at the board, the son of the host came into the room, and first one of the guests gave him his share, and then the other two followed his example. Shortly afterwards the host himself came in, and seeing the child with his mouth full and both hands, he knocked him down to the ground, so that he died on the instant. The mother, seeing this, went

and threw herself headlong from the housetop, and the father followed her example. Thus Rabbi Eliezar ben Yacob said, "There perished in this affair three souls of Israel."

There are four kinds of men, according to their degrees of passionateness: He who is easily provoked and as readily pacified, and who loses more than he gains; he whom it is difficult to rouse and as difficult to appease, and who gains more than he loses; he who is not readily provoked, but easily pacified, who is a pious man; he who is easily provoked and with difficulty appeased, who is a wicked man.

These five should be killed even on the Sabbath: The fly of Egypt, the wasp of Nineveh, the scorpion of Hadabia, the serpent of the land of Israel, and the mad dog anywhere and everywhere.

Six things are a disgrace to the disciple of the wise: To walk abroad perfumed, to walk alone by night, to wear old clouted shoes, to talk with a woman in the street, to sit at table with illiterate men, and to be late at the synagogue. Some add to these walking with a proud step or a haughty gait.

Six things bear interest in this world and the capital remaineth in the world to come: Hospitality to strangers, visiting the sick, meditation in prayer, early attendance at the school of instruction, the training of sons to the study of the Law, and judging charitably of one's neighbors.

He who passes seven nights in succession without dreaming deserves to be called wicked.

A male hyena after seven years becomes a bat, this after seven years a vampire, this after other seven years a nettle, this after seven years more a thorn, and this again after seven years is turned into a demon. If a man does not devoutly bow during the repetition of the daily prayer which commences "We reverently acknowledge," his spine after seven years becomes a serpent.

It is related of Benjamin the righteous, who was keeper of the poorbox, that a woman came to him at a period of famine

and solicited food. "By the worship of God," he replied, "there is nothing in the box." She then exclaimed, "O Rabbi, if thou dost not feed me I and my seven children must needs starve." Upon which he relieved her from his own private purse. In course of time he fell ill and was nigh unto death. Then the ministering angels interceded with the Holy One — blessed be he! — and said, "Lord of the Universe, thou hast said he that preserveth one single soul of Israel alive is as if he had preserved the life of the whole world; and shall Benjamin the righteous, who preserved a poor woman and her seven children, die so prematurely?" Instantly the death warrant which had gone forth was torn up, and twenty-two years were added to his life.

The first step in transgression is evil thought, the second scoffing, the third pride, the fourth outrage, the fifth idleness, the sixth hatred, and the seventh an evil eye.

Seven things distinguish an ill-bred man and seven a wise man: The wise man (1) does not talk before his superior in wisdom and years; (2) he does not interrupt another when speaking; (3) he is not hasty to make reply; (4) his questions are to the point, and his answers are according to the Halachah; (5) his subjects of discourse are orderly arranged, the first subject first and the last last; (6) if he has not heard of a thing, he says, I have not heard it; and (7) he confesseth the truth. The characteristics of an ill-bred man are just the contrary of these.

A woman prefers one measure of frivolity to nine measures of Pharisaic sanctimoniousness.

What entitles a place to rank as a large town? When there are in it ten unemployed men. Should there be fewer than that number, it is to be looked upon as a village.

Ten things are detrimental to study: Going under the halter of a camel, and still more, passing under its body; walking between two camels or between two women; to be one of two men that a woman passes between; to go where the atmosphere is tainted by a corpse; to pass under a bridge beneath which no water has flowed for forty days; to eat with a ladle that has been used for culinary purposes; to drink water that

runs through a cemetery. It is also dangerous to look at the face of a corpse, and some say also to read inscriptions on tombstones.

A man once laid a wager with another that he would put Hillel out of temper. If he succeeded he was to receive, but if he failed he was to forfeit, four hundred zouzim. It was close upon Sabbath eve, and Hillel was washing himself, when the man passed by his door, shouting, "Where is Hillel? where is Hillel?" Hillel wrapped his mantle round him and sallied forth to see what the man wanted. "I want to ask thee a question," was the reply. "Ask on, my son," said Hillel. Whereupon the man said, "I want to know why the Babylonians have such round heads." "A very important question, my son," said Hillel; "the reason is because their midwives are not clever." The man went away, but after an hour he returned, calling out as before, "Where is Hillel? where is Hillel?" Hillel again threw on his mantle and went out, meekly asking, "What now, my son?" "I want to know," said he, "why the people of Tadmor are weak-eyed?" Hillel replied, "This is an important question, my son, and the reason is this, they live in a sandy country." Away went the man, but in another hour's time he returned as before, crying out, "Where is Hillel? where is Hillel?" Out came Hillel again, as gentle as ever, blandly requesting to know what more he wanted. "I have a question to ask," said the man. "Ask on, my son," said Hillel. "Well, why have the Africans such broad feet?" said he. "Because they live in a marshy land," said Hillel. "I have many more questions to ask," said the man, "but I am afraid that I shall only try thy patience and make thee angry." Hillel, drawing his mantle around him, sat down and bade the man ask all the questions he wished. "Art thou Hillel," said he, "whom they call a prince in Israel?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well," said the other, "I pray there may not be many more in Israel like thee." "Why," said Hillel, "how is that?" "Because," said the man, "I have betted four hundred zouzim that I could put thee out of temper, and I have lost them all through thee." "Be warned for the future," said Hillel; "better it is that thou shouldst lose four hundred zouzim, and four hundred more after them, than it should be said of Hillel he lost his temper."

St. Augustine and His Mother

From the painting by Ary Scheffer in the Louvre

CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

[ST. AUGUSTINE, the greatest of the Latin Church fathers, was born in North Africa, A.D. 354. He was educated at Carthage, and became a noted lawyer and orator, a Manichæan in religion despite Christian teaching from his mother. He was converted to Christianity by St. Ambrose at Milan, when something over thirty. In 396 he became bishop of Hippo in Africa, continuing such till his death in 430. The form of Catholic doctrine as it stands is mainly due to him. His greatest work is the "City of God," but he is best known by his "Confessions."]

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS YOUTH.

I WILL now call to mind the uncleanness of my former life, and the carnal corruptions of my soul, not that I love them, but that I may love thee, my God. For the love of thy love I do this, reviewing my most wicked ways in the bitterness of my remembrance, that thou mayest become sweet to me, who art a sweetness without deceit, a sweetness happy and secure.

And what was it that delighted me but to love and to be loved? But in this love the true manner was not observed betwixt soul and soul, as far as the bounds of friendship go without fault, but black vapors were exhaled from the muddy concupiscence of the flesh, and the bubbling source of my luxuriant age, which so overclouded and darkened my heart, as not to discern the serenity of love from the obscurity of lust. Both boiled together within me, and hurried my unsettled age down the cliffs of unlawful desires, and plunged me into the gulf of criminal actions. . . .

Where was I, and at how great a distance was I banished from the delight of thy house in that sixteenth year of the age of my flesh; when the fury of lust, licensed by the shameless practice of men, but ever prohibited by thy holy laws, had received the scepter in me, and I wholly yielded myself up to it? In the meantime my friends took no care to prevent my ruin by lawful marriage; but were only careful that I should learn to make fine speeches, and become a great orator.

HIS LIVING IDLE AT HOME CONTRIBUTED TO HIS SINS, FROM WHICH HIS HOLY MOTHER ENDEAVORED TO DIVERT HIM.

Now for that year my studies were intermitted, I being called home from *Madaura*, in which neighboring city I had

been for a while applied to learning and oratory, and the expenses of my studying farther from home at *Carthage*, being in the mean time providing by the resolution of my father which went beyond his wealth, he being a citizen of *Tagaste*, of a very small estate. To whom am I relating these things? Not to thee, O my God, but in thy presence, to my fellow-mortals, of the same human kind as I am, how small soever a part of them it may be which shall light upon these my writings: and to what end do I do this? But that both I and they who read this may reflect from how *profound a depth* we must still be crying to thee. And what is nearer to thy ears than a confessing heart and a life of faith? For who did not then highly commend my father, for laying out in behalf of his son, even beyond the strength of his estate, which was necessary for the carrying on his studies at that great distance from home; whereas many citizens, far more wealthy than he, did no such thing for their children; whilst in the mean time this same father took no care of my growing up to thee, or of my being chaste, provided I was but eloquent [*disertus*] or rather [*desertus*] forsaken and uncultivated of thee, who art the one true and good Lord of thy field my heart.

But when in that sixteenth year of my age I began to live idly at home with my parents, whilst domestic necessities caused a vacation from school, the briers of lust grew over my head, and there was no hand to root them up. Nay, when that father of mine saw me in the Bagnio now growing towards man, and perceived in me the unquiet motions of youth, as if from hence he were big with hopes of grandchildren, he related it to my mother with joy; intoxicated with the generality of the world, by the fumes of the invisible wine of their own perverse will, whilst forgetting thee their Creator, and loving thy creature instead of thee, they stoop down to rejoice in these lowest of things. But in my mother's breast thou hadst already begun thy temple, and the foundation of thy holy habitation; for my father was as yet only a *Catechumen*, and that but of late. She therefore upon hearing it, was seized with fear and trembling; being concerned for me, though I was not baptized, lest I should stray into those crooked ways in which worldlings walk, who turn not their face but their back upon thee.

Alas! and dare I say that thou wert silent, O my God, when I was wandering still farther from thee? And wast thou

silent indeed? And whose then but thine were those words, which, by my mother, thy faithful servant, thou didst sing in my ears, though no part of it descended into my heart to perform it? For she desired, and I remember how she secretly admonished me with great solicitude, to keep myself pure from women, and above all to take care of defiling any one's wife; which seemed to me to be but the admonitions of a woman, which I should be ashamed to obey; but they were thy admonitions, and I knew it not; and I supposed thee to be silent whilst she spoke, whereas by her thou didst speak to me and in her wast despised by me, by me her son, *the son of thy handmaid thy servant*, Psalm 115. But I knew it not, and rushed on headlong with so much blindness, that amongst my equals I was ashamed of being less filthy than others; and when I heard them bragging of their flagitious actions, and boasting so much the more by how much the more beastly they were, I had a mind to do the like, not only for the pleasure of it, but that I might be praised for it.

Is there anything but vice that is worthy of reproach? Yet I became more vicious to avoid reproach; and when nothing came in my way, by committing which I might equal the most wicked, I pretended to have done what I had not done, lest I should be esteemed more vile by how much I was more chaste. Behold with what companions I was walking in the streets of *Babylon;* and I wallowed in the mire thereof, as if it were spices and precious perfumes, and that in the very midst of it, the invisible enemy trod me down and seduced me, because I was willing to be seduced: neither did that mother of my flesh (who was escaped out of the midst of *Babylon*, but walked yet with a slow pace in the skirts thereof), as she admonished me to be chaste, so take care to restrain that lust (which her husband had discovered to her in me, and which she knew to be so infectious for the present and dangerous for the future) within the bounds of conjugal affection, if it could not otherwise be cured: she did not care for this method, for fear my hope should be spoiled by the fetters of a wife; not that hope of the world to come which my mother had in thee, but the hope of my proficiency in learning, upon which both my parents were too much intent: he because he scarce thought at all of thee; and of me nothing but mere empty vanities; and she, because she supposed that those usual studies of sciences would be no hindrance, but rather some help

towards the coming to thee. For so I conjecture, recollecting as well as I can the manners of my parents. Then also were the reins let loose to spend my time in play, beyond what a due severity would allow, which gave occasion to my being more dissolute in various inclinations; and in them all there was a mist intercepting, O my God, from me the serenity of thy truth, *and my iniquities proceeded, as it were, from the fat*, Psalm 72, *v.* 7.

He confesses a Theft of his Youth done out of Mere Wantonness.

Thy law, O Lord, punisheth theft, and a law written in the hearts of men, which even iniquity itself cannot blot out. For what thief is willing to have another steal from him? For even he that is rich will not endure another stealing for want. Yet I had a mind to commit theft, and I committed it, not for want or need, but loathing to be honest and longing to sin; for I stole that of which I had plenty, and much better. Neither was I fond of enjoying the things that I stole, but only fond of the theft and the sin. There was a pear tree near our vineyard, loaded with fruit, which were neither tempting for their beauty nor their taste. To shake off and carry away the fruit of this tree, a company of wicked youths of us went late at night, having, according to a vicious custom, been playing till then in the yards; and thence we carried great loads, not for our eating, but even to be cast to the hogs; and if we tasted any of them, the only pleasure therein was, because we were doing what we should not do.

Behold my heart, O my God, behold my heart, of which thou hast had pity when it was in the midst of the bottomless pit. Behold, let my heart now tell thee what it was it then sought. That I might even be wicked without cause, and have nothing to tempt me to evil, but the ugly evil itself. And this I loved; I loved to perish, I loved to be faulty; not the thing in which I was faulty, but the very faultiness I loved. Oh! filthy soul, and falling from thy firmament to its utter ruin; affecting not something disgraceful, but disgrace itself.

N.B. — *After his return home to* Africa *he made ample restitution for those pears he had stolen.*

That Men sin not without Some Appearance or Pretense of Good.

There is a tempting appearance in beautiful bodies, in gold, and silver, and the rest. And in the sense of the touch there is an agreeableness that is taking; and in like manner the other senses find their pleasures in their respective objects. So temporal honor, and the power of commanding and excelling hath something in it that is attractive; hence also arises the desire of revenge. And yet we must not, for the gaining of all or any of these things, depart from thee, O Lord, nor turn aside from thy law. The life also which we live here, hath its allurement, by reason of a certain kind of beauty in it, and the proportion which it hath to all the rest of these lower beauties. Likewise the friendship of men is dearly sweet by the union of many souls together.

Upon occasion of all these and the like things sin is committed, when by an immoderate inclination to them, which have but the lowest place amongst good things, men forsake the best and highest goods, viz. thee, O Lord our God, and thy truth, and thy law. For these lowest things have indeed their delights, but not like my God who made all things; because in him doth the just delight, and he is the joy of the upright of heart. Therefore when the question is for what cause any crime was done, it is not usually believed but where it appears that there might be some desire of acquiring some of these lowest of goods, or fear of losing them: for they are fair and beautiful; though in comparison of those superior goods and beatific joys they are mean and contemptible.

A man hath murdered another. Why did he do it? He was in love with his wife, or his estate; or he did it that he might rob him to support his own life; or he was afraid of suffering the like from him; or he had been injured, and sought to be revenged. Would he commit a murder without a cause, merely for the sake of the murder; who can imagine this? For as for that furious and exceeding cruel man [*Catiline*] of whom a certain author has written that *he chose to be wicked and cruel* gratis; the cause is assigned in the same place, *lest*, says he, *his hand or his mind should be weakened for want of exercise.* And to what end did he refer this also? That being thus exercised in wickedness, he might be enabled to surprise the city [*Rome*]

and obtain honors, power, riches, and be delivered from the fear of the laws, and the difficulties he labored under through want of an estate and a guilty conscience. Therefore even *Catiline* himself was not in love with his crimes, but with something else, for the sake of which he committed them.

BLOSSOM-GATHERINGS FROM SAINT AUGUSTINE.

By ALFRED THE GREAT.

[Reigned 871–901. — The beginning of this article is lost.]

. . . GATHERED me then javelins, and "stud-shafts," and "lay-shafts," and helves to each of the tools which I could work with, and "bay-timbers," and "bolt-timbers," and to each of the works that I could work, the comeliest trees, by the deal that I might bear. Neither came I with a burthen home, for I did not wish to bring all the wood home, if I might bear it all. In every tree I saw something which I needed at home; therefore I advise every one who is able and has many wains, that he trade to the same wood where I cut the stud-shafts, there fetch more for himself, and load his wains with fair rods, that he may wind many a neat wall, and set many a comely house, and build many a fair town, of them; and thereby may dwell merrily and softly, both winter and summer, so as I now yet have not done. But he who taught me, to whom the wood was agreeable, (even) he may make me to dwell more softly in this temporary cottage; by this way, the while that I am in this world, and also in the everlasting home which he has promised us through Saint Augustine and Saint Gregory and Saint Jerome, and through many other holy fathers; as I believe also that for the merits of all those he will both make this way more convenient than it was ere this, and especially enlighten the eyes of my mind so that I may search out the right way to the everlasting home, and to the everlasting glory, and to the everlasting rest, which is promised us through those holy fathers. Be (it) so.

It is no wonder, though men "swink" in timber-working, and in the out-leading and in the building; but every man wishes, after he has built a cottage on his lord's lease, by his

help, that he may sometimes rest him therein, and hunt, and fowl, and fish, and use it in every way to the lease, both on sea and on land, until the time that he earn bookland and everlasting heritage through his lord's mercy. So do the wealthy Giver, who wields both these temporary cottages and the everlasting homes, may he who shaped both and wields both, grant me that I be meet for each, both here to be profitable, and thither to come.

Augustinus, bishop of Carthage, wrought two books about his own Mind. The books are called "Soliloquiorum," that is, of his mind's musing and doubting; how his Reason answered his Mind, when the mind doubted about anything, or wished to know anything which it could not clearly understand before. Then said he, his mind went oft asking and searching our various and rare things, and most of all, about himself, what he was; whether his mind and his soul were deadly and perishing, or it were aye-living and eternal; and again, about his good, what it was, and what good was best for him to do, and what evil to "forlet."

Augustine. — Then answered me something, I know not what, whether myself or another thing, nor know I whether it was within me or without; but of which I soothly ween, that it was my Reason, and then it said to me: "If thou have any good 'herd,' who well knows to hold that which thou gettest and committest to him, show him to me; but if thou have none so prudent, seek him till thou find him; for thou canst not both always sit over that which thou hast gotten, and also get more." Then quoth I, "To whom else will I commit what else I get, but to my memory?"

R. — Is thy memory so strong that it may hold everything which thou thinkest and commendest to it to hold?

A. — No, oh no; neither mine nor any man's memory is so strong that it may hold everything that is committed to it.

R. — Commit it then to letters, and write it; but methinks, however, that thou art too unhale, that thou canst not write it all; and though thou were altogether hale, thou wouldst need to have a retired place, and leisure from every other thing, and a few known and able men with thee, who would not hinder thee anything, but help thy ability.

A. — I have none of those, neither the leisure, nor other men's help, nor so retired a place that might suit me for such a work; therefore I know not what I shall do.

R. — I wot not, then, aught better than that thou pray. Make thy wish to God, the Savior of mind and body, that thou may thereby get health, and what thou wishest. And when thou hast prayed, write then the prayer, lest thou forget it, that thou be the worthier of thy ability. And pray in few words deeply, with full understanding.

A. — I will do as thou teachest me.

O Lord, who art the Maker of all creatures, grant me first that I may know thee rightly and distinctly, and that I may earn that I be worthy that thou for thy mercy redeem and deliver me. I call to thee, Lord, who wroughtest all that else could not be made, nor even abide without thee. I call to thee, Lord, who leavest none of thy creatures to become to naught. To him I call, who wrought all the creatures beautiful, without any matter. To thee I call, who never wroughtest any evil, but every good work wroughtest. To him I call, who teacheth to a few wise men that evil is naught. Lord, thou who hast wrought all things worthy and nothing unworthy; to thee is no creature untoward; though any one will, it cannot, for thou hast shapen them all orderly and peaceable and harmonious, and none of them can altogether "fordo" another. But always the beautiful beautifieth the unbeautiful. To thee I call, whom everything loveth that can love, both those which know what they love, and those which know not what they love. Thou who hast shapen all the creatures without any evil, very good, — thou, who wilt not altogether show thyself openly to any but them who are cleansed in their mind, — I call to thee, Lord, for thou art the Father of soothfastness, and wisdom, and true life, and of the highest life and of the highest blessedness, and of the highest brightness, and of the understanding's light. — Thou, who art Father of the Son, who has awakened and yet wakens us from the sleep of our sins, and warneth us that we come to thee, — to thee I pray, Lord, who art the highest soothfastness, and for thee is sooth all that sooth is. I pray to thee, Lord, who art the highest wisdom, and through thee are wise all they that are wise. I pray to thee, Lord, who art right life, and through thee live all they that live. Thou art the highest blessedness, and for thee are blessed all they that are blessed. Thou art the highest good (and for thee is good all that good is), and beautiful. Thou art the understanding's light; through thee man understands. I pray to thee, Lord, who wieldest all the world; whom we cannot know bodily, neither by eyes, nor by

smell, nor by ears, nor by taste, nor by touch; although such laws as we have, and such customs as we have, we took from thy kingdom, and from thy kingdom we draw the example of all the good that we do. For every one falls who flees from thee, and every one rises who turns to thee, and every one stands who abides in thee; and he dies who altogether forsakes thee, and he quickens who comes to thee; and each of them, and he lives indeed who thoroughly abides in thee. None forsakes thee that is wise, and none seeks thee but the wise, and none altogether finds thee but the cleansed. That is, that a man is lost, that a man forsakes thee. He who loves thee seeks thee; he who follows thee has thee. The truths which thou hast given us awaken us from the sleep of our sins. Our hope heaves us up to thee. Our limbs, which thou hast given us, fasten us to thee. Through thee we overcome our foes, both ghostly and bodily. Thou who art a free giver, come to me, and have mercy on me; for thou hast bestowed on us great gifts, that is that we shall never altogether perish, so that we become to naught.

O Lord, thou who warnest us that we should watch, thou hast given us reason, that we may discern and distinguish good and evil, and flee the evil. Thou hast given us the power that we should not despond in any toil nor in any inconvenience, it is no wonder, for thou very well rulest, and makest us well serve thee. Thou hast well taught us that we may understand that that was strange to us and transitory, which we look upon as our own, that is, worldly wealth, and thou hast also taught us to understand that that is our own, which we look upon as strange to us; that is, the kingdom of heaven, which we then disregarded. Thou who hast taught us that we should do naught unlawful, and hast also taught (us) that we should not be sorrowful though our substance waned to us. Thou who hast taught us that we should subject our body to our mind. Thou who didst then overcome death when thou thyself didst arise, and also wilt make all men arise. Thou who honorest us all to thee, and cleansest us from all our sins, and justifiest us, and hearest all our prayers. Thou who hast made us of thy household, and who teachest us all righteousness, and always teachest us good, and always doest us good, and leavest us not to serve an unrighteous lord, as we formerly did. Thou callest us to our way, and leadest us to the door, and openest to us, and givest us the bread of everlasting life, and the drink from

life's well. Thou who threatenest men for their sins, and teachest them to deem right dooms, and to do righteousness.

Thou hast strengthenest in, and yet strengthen our belief that the unbelieving may not mar and hinder us. Thou hast given us, and yet givest, the understanding, that we may overcome the error of those (who teach that) men's souls have no recompense, after this world, of their earnings either of good or of evil, whichsoever they here do; thou who hast loosed us from the thraldom of other creatures. Thou always preparest everlasting life for us, and preparest us also for the everlasting life.

Come now to my help, thou who art the only, eternal, and true God of Majesty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, without any jarring or change, and without any need or unmight, and without death. Thou who always dwellest in the highest brightness, and in the highest steadiness; in the highest unanimity and in the highest sufficiency; for to thee is no want of any good; but thou always abidest thus full of every good unto eternity. Thou art Father and Son and Holy Ghost.

Thee serve all the creatures which thou hast shapen; to thee is every good soul subject; by thy behest the heaven turneth and all the stars keep their run: by thy behest the sun brings light by day, and the moon (brings) light at night. By their likeness thou steerest and wieldest all this world, so that all creatures change as day and night. Thou rulest the year, and riddest the change of the four tides, that is Lent and Summer and Harvest and Winter; of which each changes with another, and turns so that each is again evenly that which it was before, and there where it was before: and so change all the stars (planets), and turn in the same wise; and again the sea and rivers. On the same wise turn all creatures; some change in another wise, so that the same come not again there where they formerly were, altogether so as they formerly were, but others come for them; as leaf on trees and apples and grass and worts and trees grow old and sear; and others come, wax green and grow and ripen; for that they again begin to wither. And so all beasts and fowls, so as is now long to reckon all to thee. Yea even men's bodies grow old as other creatures grow old; but as they formerly live more worthily than trees or beasts, so they also shall arise more worthfully

on doom's day, so that never after shall the bodies end nor wax old: and though the body was formerly rotten, yet was the soul always living since it was first shapen.

And all the creatures about which we are speaking that they seem to us unharmonious and unsteady — they have, however, some deal of steadiness, for they are bridled with the bridle — God's commandments. God gave freedom to men's souls, that they might do either good or evil, whether they would: and promised good (as a) reward to the well-doing, and evil to the evil-doers. With God is prepared the well-spring of every good to us which we have; he shields us against all evils. Nothing is above him: but all things are under him, or with, or in him. He wrought man to his likeness; and every man who knows himself, knows that this is all sooth.

To that God I call, and say, Hear me! hear me, O Lord, for thou art my God, and my Lord, my Father, and my Maker, and my Governor, and my hope, and my substance, and my worship, and my house and my birth-land, and my health, and my life. Hear, hear me, Lord, thy servant! Thee few understand. Thee alone I love over all things: thee I seek; thee I follow; thee I am ready to serve; under thy government I wish to abide, for thou alone reignest. I pray thee, that thou command me that which thou wilt. But heal my eyes, and upon (them), that I may see thy wonders; and drive from me folly and pride; and give me wisdom that I may know thee; and teach me whither I should look to thee, that I may there behold thee; then believe I that I shall gladly do that which thou commandest me.

I beseech thee, thou merciful, well-willing, and well-working Lord, that thou receive me, thy runaway; for I was formerly thine and fled I from thee to the devil, and fulfilled his will; and much misery I suffered in his service. But if it now seems to thee, as to me it seems, long enough I have suffered the pains, which I now awhile have suffered, and have longer than I ought served thy foes, whom thou hast in bonds; long enough have I been in the reproach and the shame which they brought on me. But receive me now, thy lonely servant; for I am come fleeing from them. Lo! they took me before I had fled from thee to them. Give me never again to them now (that) I have sought thee; but open thy door and teach me how I shall come to it. I have naught to bring thee but a good will; for I my-

self have naught else; nor know I aught better than that. I love the heavenly and the ghostly over this heavenly, as I also do, good Father, for I know naught better than that.

But I wot not how I shall now come to thee unless thou teach me; but teach me it and help me. If by faith they find me, who find thee, give me then faith. If by any other craft they find thee, who find thee, give me that craft. If by wisdom they find thee, who find thee, give me then wisdom; and increase in me the hope of the everlasting life, and thy love increase in me. O how wonderful is thy goodness, for it is unlike all goods. I desire to come to thee, and all that I have need of on the way I desire from thee, and chiefly that without which I cannot come to thee if thou forsake me: for through thee I . . . But I wot though that thou wilt not forsake me, unless I forsake thee; nor will I also forsake thee, for thou art the highest good. There is none who rightly seeks thee that he finds thee not. He alone seeks thee aright whom thou teachest aright, that they may seek thee, and how they shall seek thee. Well, O good Father, well deliver me from the error in which I have erred till this, and yet err in; and teach me the way in which no foe may find (me) ere I come to thee. If I love naught over thee, I beseech thee that I may find thee; and if I immoderately and unlawfully desire anything, free me of that, and make me worthy that I may see thee.

Thou best Father, and thou wisest, I commend to thee my body, that thou hold it hale. I wot not, though, what I there ask, whether I ask (what is) profitable or unprofitable to myself, or to the friends whom I love, and (who) love me. Nor wot I this, how long thou wilt hold it hale; therefore I commit and commend it, for thou knowest better than I know what I need; therefore I pray thee, that thou always teach me the while that I am in this body, and in this world; and help me that I may always search out the counsel that is likeworth to thee and best rightworth to me for this life.

And now yet, over all other things, I most earnestly pray thee, that thou altogether convert me to thee, and let nothing overcome me on this way, so that I may not come to thee; and cleanse me the while that I am in this world, and make me humble. Give me. . . . Make me discreet and righteous and forethoughtful and perfect. And, O God, make me a lover and a finder of thy wisdom. And make me worthy that I be dwelling in thy blessed kingdom. Be it so!

STILICHO AND ALARIC.

By THOMAS HODGKIN.

[THOMAS HODGKIN, one of the ablest historical writers of the century, is a banker, as Grote, Lubbock, Bagehot, Rogers, and other strong literary men have been. He was born in 1831, in Tottenham, England, of a Quaker family; educated as a lawyer, he abandoned it from ill health; founded a banking firm in Newcastle-on-Tyne, which has since branched into many other places. In 1874 he began his noble literary monument, "Italy and her Invaders," to extend from the death of Julian to the accession of Charlemagne; the last volume is still to come. He has also written valuable monographs.]

LET us pass on from Honorius to describe the character and fortunes of the real ruler of the Western world, Stilicho.

Stilicho was born probably between 350 and 360. He was the son of a Vandal chief who had entered the service of the Emperor Valens, and had apparently commanded his squadrons of barbarian auxiliaries in a creditable manner. When the young Vandal, tall and of stately presence, moved through the streets of Constantinople, the crowds on either hand deferentially made way for him. And yet he was still only a private soldier, but the instinct of the multitude foretold his future advancement. Nor was that advancement long in coming; scarcely had he attained manhood when the Emperor sent him on an embassy to the Persian court. Arrived at Babylon (continues the flattering bard) his proud deportment struck awe into the hearts of the stern nobles of Parthia, while the quiver-bearing multitude thronged eagerly to gaze on the illustrious stranger; and the Persian ladies, smitten by his goodly appearance, nourished in secret the hopeless flame of love.

Hopeless — for a higher alliance than that of any Persian dame was in store for him on his return to Constantinople. There, in the court of her uncle Theodosius, dwelt the learned and dignified Serena. She was the daughter of his brother, the elder Honorius, and was older than any of his own children. . . . Such was the bride whom the Emperor (probably about the year 385) bestowed on the young warrior. Henceforward his promotion was certain. He rose to high rank in the army, being made Magister Utriusque Militiæ some years before the death of Theodosius, he distinguished himself in many campaigns against the Visigoths, and finally, when his wife Serena had brought her little cousin Honorius to his dying

father at Milan, Stilicho received from his sovereign, whom he had no doubt accompanied in his campaign against Arbogast, the guardianship of his son and the regency of the Western Empire.

Of the great abilities of Stilicho as a general and a civil administrator there can be no doubt. As to the integrity of his character there is a conflict of testimony. Our best course will be to watch the life of the great Vandal for ourselves, and draw our own conclusion at its close.

One thing is certain, that the animosity existing between Stilicho and the successive ministers of the Eastern Emperor (an animosity which does not necessarily imply any fault on the part of the former) was one most potent cause of the downfall of the Western Empire. In part this was due to the peculiar position of military affairs at the time of the death of Theodosius. The army of the East, the backbone of which was the Gothic auxiliaries, had just conquered, at the river Frigidus, the army of the West, which similarly depended upon the Frankish and West German soldiery. The two hosts coalesced in devotion to Theodosius; they were perhaps ready to follow the standards of a rising general like Stilicho, but they were in no great haste to march off to wearisome sentinel duty on the frontiers of Persia or Scythia, nor was Stilicho anxious so to scatter them. Hence heartburnings between him and the Eastern court, and complaints, perhaps well founded, made by the latter, that he kept all the most able-bodied and warlike soldiers for himself, and sent the cripples and good-for-nothing fellows to Constantinople. Whatever the original grievance, for a period of thirteen years (from 395–408) hearty coöperation between the courts of Rome and Constantinople was unknown, and intrigues which it is impossible now to unravel were being woven by the ministers of Arcadius against Honorius, perhaps by Stilicho against them. The Roman Empire was a house divided against itself, and it is therefore no marvel if it was brought to naught.

Alaric (the all-ruler) surnamed Baltha (the bold), was the Visigothic chieftain whose genius taught him the means of turning this estrangement between the two empires to the best account. He was probably born about 360. We have already met with him crossing the Alps as a leader of auxiliaries in the army of Theodosius, when that emperor marched to encounter Eugenius and Arbogast. With the accession of the two young

princes the spell of the Theodosian name over the barbarian mind was broken. The ill-timed parsimony of Rufinus, perhaps of Stilicho also, curtailed the largesses hitherto given to the Gothic troops, and thus yet further estranged them from the empire. Then, individual grievances were not wanting to their general.

But however varied the causes might be, the effect is clear. From the day that Ala-Reiks was accepted as leader of the Gothic people their policy changed; or rather, they began to have a policy, which they had never had before. No longer now satisfied to serve as the mere auxiliary of Rome, Alaric adopted the maxim which he himself had probably heard from the lips of Priulf just before his murder by Fravitta, that the Goths had fought Rome's battles long enough, and that the time was now come for them to fight their own. Hovering on the frontiers both of Honorius and Arcadius, he, in the words of Claudian,

"Sold his alternate oaths to either throne."

But that is, of course, the hostile version of his conduct. He doubtless fought craft with craft, but no well-established charge of perfidy is brought against him.

And let not the vague and disparaging term "barbarian" mislead us as to the degree of culture and refinement of character which were to be found in such a man as the Visigothic hero. We have not now before us a mere Tartar ruffian like Attila, Zengis, or Timur, still less a savage, however stately, like a chief of the Iroquois or Algonquins. Probably one of our own Plantagenet princes, Edward I. or the Black Prince, would furnish us with a more apt resemblance. Knowing the Roman court and army well, and despising them as heartily, educated in the Christian faith, proud of the willing allegiance of a nation of warriors, fated to destroy, yet not loving the work of mere destruction, Alaric and the kings of the Visigoths who followed him are, in fact, knights errant who rear the standard of chivalry — with its errors as well as its noble thoughts — in the level waste of the Orientalized despotism and effete civilization of the Roman Empire.

Such, then, was the chief whom the Visigothic warriors, in accordance with the usages of their forefathers, raised upon the buckler and held aloft in the sight of all men as their newly chosen king. The purpose of this election is not clouded by

any doubt. As Jornandes says, "The new king taking counsel with his people, decided to carve out for themselves new kingdoms rather than, through sloth, to continue the subjects of others."

And little as they knew what they were doing, the flaxen-haired barbarians who in the Illyrian plains raised amid shouts of *Thiudans*, *Thiudans*, ("the king! the king!") the shield upon which Alaric stood erect, were in fact upheaving into reality the stately monarchy of Spain, with her Pelayos and San Fernandos, her Alonzos and Conquistadors, her Ferdinand and Isabella, with Columbus landing at Guanahani, and Vasco Nuñez wading knee-deep into the new-found ocean of the Pacific to take possession of its waves and shores for Spain. All these sights, and, alas, also her Inquisition, her autos-da-fé, her wrecked Armada, the impotence and bankruptcy of Iberia in these latter days, might have passed before the unsealed eyes of a seer, had there been such an one among those Gothic warriors; for all these things were to spring from that day's decision.

Alaric struck first at the East. In one, or more probably two, expeditions (395 and 396) he pushed south from the old outworn battlefield of Mœsia, penetrated Thessaly, passed the unguarded defile of Thermopylæ, and, according to the heathen enthusiast Zosimus, "having gathered all his troops round the sacred city of Athens, he was about to proceed to the assault. When lo! he beheld Athene Promachus, just as she is represented in her statues, clothed in full armor, going round about the walls thereof, and Achilles standing upon the battlements, with that aspect of divine rage and thirst for battle which Homer ascribes to him when he heard of the death of Patroclus. Awestruck at the sight, Alaric desisted from his warlike enterprise, signaled for truce, and concluded a treaty with the Athenians. After which he entered the city in peaceful guise with a few of his followers, was hospitably entertained by the chief inhabitants, received presents from them, and departed, leaving both Athens and Attica untouched by the ravages of war."

He did not turn homewards, however, but penetrated into Peloponnesus, where Corinth, Argos, and Sparta all fell before him.

The precise details of these campaigns are difficult to recover, and happily lie beyond our horizon. What is important

for us is their bearing on the relations between the two ministers, Stilicho and Rufinus. The latter is accused, and with too great a concurrence of testimony to allow us to reject it as a mere fabrication of his enemies, of having actually invited Alaric to invade his master's dominions, or, at any rate, of having smoothed Alaric's passage into Greece in order to remove him from his too menacing neighborhood to Constantinople. He was jealous of the overshadowing power of Stilicho, he was too conscious of his own intense unpopularity with all classes; even the dumb loyalty of his master was beginning to fail him. Surrounded by so many dangers, Rufinus seems to have conceived the desperate idea of playing off one barbarian against another, of saving himself from the Vandal Stilicho by means of Alaric the Goth.

Stilicho, who still commanded the greater part of the united force of both empires, had come up with the Goth, and was on the point of giving battle, when letters arrived from Constantinople, subscribed by the hand of Arcadius, commanding him to desist from further prosecution of the war, to withdraw the legions of Honorius within the limits of the Western Empire, and to send the other half of the army straight to Constantinople. This infatuated decree, which can only be explained by the supposition that Arcadius had really been persuaded of the disloyalty of Stilicho, and feared the rebel more than the barbarian, had been wrung from the Emperor by the cajolery and menaces of Rufinus.

Stilicho obeyed at once, notwithstanding the earnest dissuasions of the soldiers, with a promptness which must surely be allowed to count heavily in proof of his loyalty to the Theodosian line and his reluctance to weaken the commonwealth by civil war. The army of the whole Roman Empire had appeared for the last time in one common camp: the Western portion set off for Italy, the Eastern for Constantinople. With deep resentment in their hearts, the latter passed through Thessaly and Macedon, revolving silently a scheme of revenge which, if it passed from the domain of thought into that of uttered words, was faithfully kept from all outside, an army's secret.

[Rufinus was slain by them, the soldier who stabbed him saying, "With this sword Stilicho strikes thee." Gainas the Goth was the chief agent, and for some years held Rufinus's power.]

Again, in the year 396, did Stilicho, now commanding only the Western forces, volunteer to deliver Greece from the Visigoths. The outset of the campaign was successful. The greater part of Peloponnesus was cleared of the invader, who was shut up in the rugged mountain country on the confines of Elis and Arcadia. The Roman army was expecting soon to behold him forced by famine to an ignominious surrender, when they discovered that he had pierced the lines of circumvallation at an unguarded point, and marched with all his plunder northwards to Epirus. What was the cause of this unlooked-for issue of the struggle? "The disgraceful carelessness of Stilicho," says Zosimus. "He was wasting his time with harlots and buffoons when he should have been keeping close watch on the enemy." "Treason," hints Orosius. "Orders from Constantinople, where a treaty had been concluded with Alaric," half suggests Claudian, but he does not tell the story as if he himself believed it. The most probable explanation of this and of some similar passages in Stilicho's subsequent career is that Fabian caution coöperated with the instinct of the *condottiere* against pushing his foe too hard. There was always danger for Rome in driving Alaric to desperation; there was danger privately for Stilicho if the dead Alaric should render him no longer indispensable.

Whatever might be the cause, by the end of 396 Alaric was back again in his Illyrian eyrie; and thenceforward, whatever threats might be directed towards the East, the actual weight of his arms was felt only by the West. Partly, at least, this is to be accounted for by the almost sublime cowardice of the ministers of Arcadius, who rewarded his Grecian raids by clothing him with the sacred character of an officer of the Empire in their portion of Illyricum. During an interval of quiescence, which lasted apparently about four years, the Visigothic king was using the forms of Roman law, the machinery of Roman taxation, the almost unbounded authority of a Roman provincial governor, to prepare the weapon which was one day to pierce the heart of Rome herself.

In the year 400 Stilicho was raised to the consulship. The promotion seems to have come somewhat tardily to one whose power and whose services were so transcendent, but there was perhaps a reluctance to confer this peculiarly Roman office on one so recently sprung from a barbarian stock.

In the course of the year 400 Alaric descended into Italy with an army, which, as so often in the case of these barbaric campaigns, was not an army, but a nation. Determined not to return to Illyria, but to obtain, by force or persuasion, a settlement for his people on the Italian soil, he brought with him his wife and children, the families of his warriors, all the spoil which he had taken in Greece, all the treasures which he had accumulated during his rule in Eastern Illyricum. He marched from Belgrade up the valley of the Save by Laybach and the well-remembered pass of the Pear-Tree.

Because of the comparatively defenceless character of this part of the Italian frontier, the wise forethought of Senate and emperors had planted in this corner of the Venetian plain the great colony, port, and arsenal of Aquileia, whose towers were visible to the soldiers of Alaric's army as they wound round the last spurs of the Julian Alps, descending into the valley of the Isonzo. Aquileia was still the virgin fortress, the Metz of imperial Italy, and not even Alaric was to rob her of her impregnable glory. A battle took place under her walls, in which the Romans suffered a disastrous defeat; but the city — we may say with almost absolute certainty — did not surrender. Remembering, it may be, Fridigern's exclamation that "He did not make war upon stone walls," Alaric moved forward through Venetia. Across his road to Rome lay the strong city of Ravenna, guarded by a labyrinth of waters. He penetrated as far as the bridge, afterwards called the bridge of Candidianus, within three miles of the city; but he eventually retired from the untaken stronghold, and abandoning it would seem for the present his designs on Rome, marched westwards toward Milan.

These operations may perhaps have occupied Alaric from the summer of 400 to that of 401. His progress seems slow and his movements uncertain, but some of the delay may be accounted for by the fact that he was acting in concert with another invader. This was "Radagaisus the Goth," who was operating from the North, and trying to descend into Italy by the Brenner or the Splugen Pass, while Alaric was carrying on the campaign in the East, and endeavoring to reduce the fortresses of Venetia. After several months had been consumed by the Visigoth in his operations before Aquileia and Ravenna, he advanced, in the year 401, up the valley of the Po, and besieged Honorius either in Milan or possibly in the strong city of Asti (Asta in Piedmont).

Throughout the Roman world the consternation was extreme when it was known that the Goths, in overwhelming numbers, were indeed in Italy. A rumor like that of the fall of Sebastopol after the battle of the Alma, born none knew where, propagated none knew how, traveled fast over Britain, Gaul, and Spain, to the effect that the daring attempt of Alaric had already succeeded, that the city was even now his prey.

In the course of this Rhætian campaign, Stilicho seems to have effectually repelled the invading hosts. He not only pushed them back into their settlements by the Danube, but he also raised, in these trans-Alpine provinces and among these half-rebellious tribes, an army which was suited in numbers to its work, "not so great as to be burdensome to Italy or formidable to its ruler."

The clouds which have gathered round the movements of both the rival chiefs at length lift, partially, and we find them face to face with one another at Pollentia during the season of Easter, 402. About twenty miles southeast of Turin, on the left bank of the Tanaro, in the great alluvial plain which is here Piedmont, but a little farther east will be Lombardy, still stands the little village of Pollenzo. This was the place which Alaric and his Goths were now besieging. It seems certain that Alaric was taken unawares and forced into a battle which he had not foreseen; and this from a cause which illustrates the strange reactions of the barbaric and civilized influences upon one another in this commencing chaos. On the 4th of April, Good Friday occurred. Alaric, with his army, Christian though Arian, was keeping the day with the accustomed religious observances, when he was attacked and forced to fight by Stilicho's lieutenant, Saulus. This man, the same who fought under Theodosius at the battle of the Frigidus, was by birth an Alan, and was probably surrounded by many of his countrymen, that race of utter savages who once dwelt between the Volga and the Don, and arrested the progress of the Huns, but had now yielded to their uncouth conquerors and rolled on with them over Europe, as fierce and as heathenish as they. The pigmy body of Saulus was linked to a dauntless spirit; every limb was covered with the scars of battle, his face had been flattened by many a club stroke, and his little dark Tartar eyes glowed with angry fire. He knew that suspicions had been entertained of his loyalty to the Empire, and he burned to prove their falsity. Having forced Alaric and his warriors

to suspend their Paschal devotions, he dashed his cavalry with Hun-like impetuosity against their stately line of battle. At the first onset he fell, and his riderless horse, rushing through the ranks, carried dismay to the hearts of his followers.

The light cavalry on the wings were like to have fled in disastrous rout, when Stilicho moved forward the steady foot soldiers of the legions from the center, and turned, says Claudian, defeat into victory. The Gothic rout (if we may trust Claudian's story of the battle) soon became a disastrous flight. The Roman soldiers, eager for revenge, were scarce diverted from their purpose by the rich stores of plunder which were thrown in their way by the despairing fugitives. Every trophy of the barbarian but added fury to the Roman pursuit, reviving as it did the bitter memories of Roman humiliation; and this fury reached its height when, amid a store of other splendid apparel, the purple garments of the murdered Valens were drawn forth to light. Crowds of captives who had followed the chariot of the Gothic king for years now received their freedom, kissed the gory hands of their deliverers, and, revisiting their long deserted homes, looked with wonder on the changes wrought there by Time.

After the vivid and circumstantial account which Claudian gives us of the Roman victory at Pollentia, it is almost humiliating to be obliged to mention that there is some doubt whether it was a Roman victory at all. Probably it was one of those bloody but indecisive combats, like Borodino and Leipzig, in which he who is technically the victor is saved but as by a hair's breadth from defeat. That the battle was no crushing defeat for the Goths seems sufficiently proved by the events which immediately followed it. Stilicho concluded a treaty of some kind with Alaric, and the Gothic king, recrossing the Po, commenced a leisurely retreat through Lombardy. Having arrived at Verona and committed some act which was interpreted as a breach of the treaty, he there, according to Claudian, sustained another severe defeat; but this engagement is not mentioned by any other writer. As it was, however, he succeeded in repassing the Alps, with what proportion of his forces we are quite unable to determine.

Claudian, who is our only authority for this part of the history, gives us no accurate details, only pages of declamation about the crushed spirits of the Gothic host, the despair of their leader, and his deep regret at ever having allowed himself

to be cajoled away from the nearer neighborhood of Rome by his fatal treaty with Stilicho. "Reading between the lines," we can see that all this declamation is but a labored defence of Stilicho's conduct in making a bridge of gold for a retreating foe. That much and angry criticism was excited by this and some similar passages of the great minister's career is evidenced by the words of the contemporary historian Orosius (immediately following the mention of Stilicho's name), "I will not speak of King Alaric with his Goths, often defeated, often hemmed in, and always allowed to escape." Probably, however, the criticisms were unjust. Stilicho had a weapon of uncertain temper to wield: legionaries enervated and undisciplined; barbarian auxiliaries, some of whom might sympathize with their northern brethren if they saw them too hardly pressed. It was by skill of fence rather than by mad clashing of sword against sword that the game was to be won; and it would have been poor policy to have driven the Visigothic army to bay, and to have let them discover —

> "What reinforcements they might gain from hope;
> If not, what resolution from despair."

The year 405 witnessed the second consulship of Stilicho, and another great inroad of barbarians. Alaric was not the leader in this new invasion; he was at this time, according to one authority, quartered in Epirus, and concerting measures with Stilicho for a joint attack on the Eastern Empire. The new invader is a wild figure bearing the name of Radagaisus, a Goth, but not of Alaric's following, though formerly his confederate. This man, "far the most savage of all past or present enemies of Rome," was known to be fanatically devoted to the false deities of his heathen ancestors; and as the tidings came that he, with his 200,000 or some said 400,000 followers, had crossed the Alps, and was vowing to satiate his fierce gods with the blood of all who bore the Roman name, a terrible despair seized all the fair cities of Italy.

However, Rome's hour of doom had not yet come. The fierce barbarian horde, instead of marching along the Lombard plain to Rimini, and thence by the comparatively easy Flaminian Way to Rome, chose the nearer but difficult route across the Tuscan Apennines. Stilicho marched against them, and succeeded in hemming them in, in the rugged hill country, where, owing to the shortness of provisions, their very

numbers were their ruin. Without incurring any of the risks of battle, the Roman army, "eating, drinking, sporting" (says Orosius), for some days kept watch over 200,000 starving men, till at last Radagaisus gave up the game, and tried to steal away from his camp. He fell into the hands of the Roman soldiery, was kept prisoner for a little time, — perhaps with some thought of his decking the triumph of Consul Stilicho, — and then put to death. His unhappy followers were sold for an *aureus* (about twelve shillings sterling) apiece, like the poorest cattle; but owing to the privations which they had endured, they died off so fast that the purchasers (as Orosius tells us with grim satisfaction) took no gain of money, having to spend on the burial of their captives the money which they had grudged for their purchase. And thus ended the invasion of Radagaisus.

The two great invasions of Alaric and Radagaisus effected little directly against Italy; but by compelling Stilicho to weaken his line on the Rhenish frontier, they indirectly caused the empire to lose three mighty provinces in the West. While those two chieftains have been crying "check" to the king, castles and knights and bishops have been ruthlessly swept off a distant portion of the board.

Such was the state of affairs when the scene was suddenly changed by the death of Arcadius, the Emperor of the East. For some months, perhaps years, before his death, strange and unintelligible transactions had taken place between Stilicho and Alaric. Stung by the repeated insults and embittered by the persistent hostility of the Eastern court, — anxious also to repay them in kind for their attempt, by means of Gildo's treason, to separate Africa from the dominions of his master, — the Roman general appears to have actually contemplated the design of joining the Gothic king in the invasion of Epirus, and thus by barbarian aid uniting Eastern Illyricum to the Western Empire. This invasion, if ever in truth projected, was stopped by a false report of the death of Alaric, and by the too true intelligence of the revolt of the British army under Constantine.

Alaric, who had actually entered Epirus, — but whether as an invader or ally, neither he himself nor any contemporary statesman could, perhaps, have accurately explained, — appearing on the northeastern horizon of Italy, demanded pay for his unfinished enterprise.

The Emperor, the Senate, Stilicho, assembled at Rome to consider what answer should be given to the ambassadors of the Visigoth. Many senators advised war rather than peace purchased by such disgraceful concessions. The Senator Lampridius, a man of high birth and character, exclaimed indignantly, "*Non est ista pax sed pactio servitutis*" (That is no peace, but a mere selling of yourselves into slavery). Stilicho's voice, strange to say, was all for an amicable settlement. Partly persuaded that Alaric really deserved some reparation for the loss he had sustained through the fluctuation of the imperial counsels, but more unwilling to oppose a courageous "no" to the advice of the all-powerful minister, the Senate acquiesced in his decision, and ordered payment of 4000 pounds of gold (about £160,000 sterling) to the ambassadors of Alaric.

The position of Stilicho was at this time one of great apparent stability. Though his daughter, the Empress Maria, was dead, her place had been supplied by another daughter, Thermantia, who, it might reasonably be supposed, could secure her feeble husband's loyalty to her father. With Alaric for his friend, with Arcadius, who had been drilled by his ministers into hostility, dead, it might have seemed that there was no quarter from whence danger could menace the supremacy of the great minister.

This security, however, was but in appearance. Honorius was beginning to chafe under the yoke; perhaps even his brother's death made Stilicho seem less necessary to his safety. An adverse influence, too, of which the minister suspected nothing, had sprung up in the imperial court. Olympius, a native of some town on the Euxine shore, had ascended, through Stilicho's patronage, to some high position in the household. This man, who, according to Zosimus, "under the appearance of Christian piety concealed a great deal of rascality," was now whispering away the character of his benefactor. With him seem to have coöperated the clergy, who sincerely disapproved of Honorius's marriage with the sister of the late Empress; and who also had imbibed a strange notion that Eucherius, the son of Stilicho, was a pagan at heart, and meditated, should he one day succeed to power, the restoration of the ancient idolatry. Strange to say, the pagans also had their reasons for disliking the same all-powerful family. [Stilicho and Serena had despoiled heathen temples.]

Thus did the two religions, the old and the new, unite in muttered discontent against the great captain. The people also, wounded and perplexed by the strange scene in the Senate, and the consequent payment to Alaric, had perhaps lost some of their former confidence in the magic of his name. On the other hand, the army, whose demoralized condition was probably the real cause of his policy of non-resistance, and whom his stern rule had alone made in any measure efficacious against the barbarian, were some of them growing restive under the severity of his discipline. Partially, too, we can discern the workings of a spirit of jealousy among the Roman legionaries against the Teutonic comrades by whom they found themselves surrounded and often outstripped in the race for promotion. Stilicho's own Vandal origin would naturally exacerbate this feeling, and would render unpardonable in him preferences which might have been safely manifested by Theodosius. At Ticinum (the modern Pavia) the troops were thoroughly alienated from Stilicho; and at Bologna, whither Honorius had journeyed from Ravenna, the soldiers broke out into open mutiny. Stilicho, being summoned by the Emperor, suppressed the revolt, and either threatened or actually inflicted the dread punishment of decimation, the *ultima ratio* of a Roman general.

In the midst of this quicksand of suspicions and disaffections three facts were clear and solid. The usurper Constantine (Britain's contribution to the difficulties of Rome) was steadily advancing through Gaul toward the capital, and had, in fact, already established himself at Arles. Alaric, though he had received the 4000 golden libræ, hovered still nearer the frontier, and was evidently wearying for a fight with some enemy. Arcadius was dead: the guardianship of the little Theodosius was a tempting prize, and one which the dying words of his grandfather might possibly be held to confer upon the great Vandal minister. Honorius proposed to journey to the East, and assume this guardianship himself; but Stilicho drew out so formidable an account of the expenditure necessary for the journey of so majestic a being, that the august cipher, who was probably at heart afraid of the dangers of the way, abandoned his project. Stilicho's scheme, we are told, was to employ Alaric in suppressing the revolt of Constantine, while he himself went eastwards to settle the affairs of the young Emperor at Constantinople. Honorius gave his consent to both

parts of the scheme, wrote the needed letters for Alaric and Theodosius, and then set off with Olympius for Ticinum. The minister, conscious that he was beset by some dangers, but ignorant of the treachery of Olympius, neither removed the mutinous soldiery from Ticinum, nor set forth to assume the command of the armies of the East, but, with strange irresolution, lingered on still at Ravenna. That irresolution proved his ruin.

[Olympius raised a mutiny among the soldiers at Ticinum, which ended in a massacre, in which many leading officers of Stilicho's party were slain, with many citizens.]

The best defence of Stilicho's loyalty is to be found in his own conduct when he heard of the mutiny of Ticinum. The news found him at Bologna; perhaps he had escorted the Emperor so far on his westward journey. He called a council of war, composed of the generals of the barbarian auxiliaries. All felt themselves alike threatened by this murderous outbreak of bastard Roman patriotism. The first report stated that the Emperor himself was dead. "Then," said all, — and Stilicho approved the decision, — "on behalf of the violated *sacramentum*, let us march and avenge his murder on the mutineers." But when a correcter version of the events reached them, Stilicho refused to avenge the massacre of his friends only, the Emperor being unharmed, and loudly declared that to lead barbarians to an attack on the Roman army was, in his opinion, neither righteous nor expedient.

To this resolution he steadfastly adhered, though the conviction forced itself upon his mind that Honorius was now incurably alienated from him. Then the barbarian generals, one by one, separated themselves from what they felt to be a doomed cause. Sarus, the Goth, who had fought under Stilicho's orders, now turned against his old chief, made a night attack on his quarters, slaughtered his still faithful Hunnish guards, but reached the general's tent only to find that he had taken horse and ridden off with a few followers for Ravenna. Not for the hand of the ungrateful Sarus was reserved that reward which Olympius was yearning to pay for the head of his rival.

Stilicho, though a fugitive, seems still to be more anxious for the safety of the Empire than for his own. As he passes city after city, where the wives and children of the barbarian

soldiers are kept as hostages for their fidelity, he adjures the magistrates not on any pretence to allow one of the barbarians to enter. He enters Ravenna; shortly after his arrival come messengers bearing letters written by the Emperor, under the steady pressure of Olympius, commanding that Stilicho shall be arrested and kept in honorable confinement without bonds. Informed of the arrival of this mandate, he took refuge by night in a Christian church. When day dawned the soldiers entered the building; on their solemn assurance, ratified by an oath, sworn in the presence of the bishop, that the Emperor's orders extended not to his death but only to the placing him under guard, Stilicho surrendered himself. Once out of the sanctuary, and entirely in the power of the soldiers, he learned the arrival of a second letter from Honorius, to the effect that his crimes against the state were judged deserving of death. The barbarian troops, who yet surrounded him, his slaves, his friends, wished still to resist with the sword; but this he utterly forbade, and by threats, and the still lingering terror of his brow, he compelled his defenders to desist. Then, in somewhat of a martyr's spirit, and with a heart already broken by man's ingratitude, and weary of life, he offered his neck to the sword of the executioner, and in a moment "that good gray head, which all men knew," was rolling in the dust. [August 23, 408.]

"So died," says Zosimus (v. 34), "the man who was more moderate than any others who bore rule in that time."

The circumstances of Stilicho's death naturally recall to our minds "The Death of Wallenstein." The dull, suspicious Honorius is replaced by Ferdinand II., Olympius by the elder Piccolomini, Sarus by Butler, Alaric by Wrangel, Stilicho himself by the great Duke of Friedland. Only let not the parallel mislead us as to the merits of the chief actors. Wallenstein was at length disloyal to Ferdinand; Stilicho was never untrue to Honorius.

That he was a brave and hardy soldier and a skillful general is virtually confessed by all. That his right hand was free from bribes and unjust exactions, only his flatterers assert, and we need not believe. That he was intensely tenacious of power, that he imposed his will in all things on the poor puppet Honorius, is clear, and also that the necessities of the state amply justified him in doing so. The inveterate hatred which existed between him and each successive minister of Arcadius

certainly hastened the downfall of the Empire, and it is difficult to believe that there might not have been a better understanding between them had he so desired.

The accusations of secret confederacy with Alaric would seem mere calumnies if it were not for the painful scene in the Senate and Lampridius's indignant ejaculation, "*Non est ista pax sed pactio servitutis.*" Without imputing actual disloyalty to Stilicho, we may perceive in him, ever after the terrible slaughter and doubtful combat of Pollentia, a disinclination to push Alaric to extremities, a feeling which seems to have been fully reciprocated by his great antagonist. Possibly some such involuntary tribute of respectful fear would have been mutually paid by Napoleon and Wellington had Waterloo been a drawn battle. Stilicho may also have remembered too faithfully that the East had given Alaric his first vantage ground against Rome; and he may have been too ready to keep that barbaric weapon unblunted, to be used on occasion against Constantinople. Yet on a review of his whole life, when contemplating the circumstances of his death, preëminently when observing the immediate change which his removal from the chessboard produced upon the whole fortunes of the game, with confidence we feel entitled to say, "This man remained faithful to his Emperor, and was the great defence of Rome." Cruel tortures, inflicted by the command of Olympius, failed to elicit from any of Stilicho's party the least hint of his having conceived any treasonable designs.

It is plain, however, that justly or unjustly the name of the deceased minister was connected with the policy of conciliation towards the barbarians and employment of auxiliaries from among them. As soon as the death of Stilicho was announced, the purely Roman legionaries rose and took a noble revenge for the affronts which they may have received at the hands of their Teutonic fellow-soldiers. In every city where the wives and children of these auxiliaries were dwelling, the legionaries rushed in and murdered them. The inevitable result was, that the auxiliaries, a band of 30,000 men, inheriting the barbarian vigor, and adding to that whatever remained of Roman military skill, betook themselves to the camp of Alaric, and prayed him to lead them to the vengeance for which they hungered.

But it is a characteristic of the strange period upon which we are now entering (408–410) that no one of the chief person-

ages seems willing to play the part marked out for him. Alaric, who had before crossed mountains and rivers in obedience to the prophetic voice, "penetrabis ad urbem," now, when the game is clearly in his hands, hesitates and hangs back. Honorius shows a degree of firmness in his refusal to treat with the barbarians, which, had it been justified by the slightest traces of military capacity or of intelligent adaptation of means to ends, and had his own person not been safe from attack behind the ditches of Ravenna, might have been almost heroic. And both alike, the fears of the brave and the courage of the coward, have one result, to make the final catastrophe more complete and more appalling.

Alaric's Three Sieges of Rome.

A few weeks were probably spent in the fruitless negotiations between Alaric and Honorius after the murder of Stilicho. Then the Visigothic king finally decided to play the great game, and while it was still early autumn crossed the Julian Alps and descended into the plains of Italy to try once more if that voice were true which was ever sounding in his ears, "penetrabis ad urbem."

While he was proceeding by rapid marches towards Rome, laying waste all the open country, and plundering the towns and villages, none of which was strong enough to close its gates against him, a man in the garb of a monk suddenly appeared in the royal tent. The holy man warned him in solemn tones to refrain from the perpetration of such atrocities, and no longer to delight in slaughter and blood. To whom Alaric replied, "I am impelled to this course in spite of myself: for something within urges me every day irresistibly onwards, saying, Proceed to Rome and make that city desolate."

Alaric meanwhile pressed on, and soon, probably in the month of September, he stood before the walls of Rome and commenced his *First Siege of the City*.

The actual appearance of the skin-clothed barbarians within sight of the Capitol, so long the inviolate seat of Empire, found the Senate resourceless and panic-stricken. One only suggestion, the cruel thought of coward hearts, was made. Serena, the widow of Stilicho, still lived in Rome. Her husband had made a league with Alaric: might not she traitorously open to him the gates of the city? Unable, apparently, among the

million or so inhabitants of Rome to find a sufficient guard for one heartbroken widow, they decreed that Serena should be strangled.

But (as Zosimus sarcastically remarks) "not even the destruction of Serena caused Alaric to desist from the blockade." The course of the Tiber was watched so that no provisions should be brought into the city from above or from below. Day after day they looked forth towards the northeastern horizon, expecting help from Ravenna, but it came not. The daily portion of food allotted to each citizen was reduced to one half, then to one third, of its ordinary quantity. To famine was added sickness; and then, when the surrounding enemy made it impossible to bury the dead outside the walls, the city itself became one vast sepulchre, and pestilence arose from the streets and squares covered with decaying corpses.

At length, when they had tried every other loathsome means of satisfying hunger, and were not far from cannibalism, they determined to send an embassy to the enemy. The language which the ambassadors were directed to use had in it somewhat of the ring of the old world-conquering republic's voice: "The Roman people were prepared to make peace on moderate terms, but were yet more prepared for war. They had arms in their hands, and from long practice in their use had no reason to dread the result of battle." These swelling words of vanity only provoked the mirth of Alaric, who had served under the eagles, and knew what the Roman populace's "practice in the use of arms" amounted to. With a loud Teutonic laugh he exclaimed, "Thick grass is easier mowed than thin."

After much ridicule showered upon the ambassadors who had brought so magnanimous a message, business was resumed, and they contrived again to inquire as to the terms of a "moderate peace." The Goth's announcement of his conditions was, says Zosimus, "beyond even the insolence of a barbarian." "Deliver to me all the gold that your city contains, all the silver, all the movable property that I may find there, and moreover all your slaves of barbarian origin: otherwise I desist not from the siege." Said one of the ambassadors, "But if you take all these things, what do you leave to the citizens?" Alaric, still in a mood for grim jesting, replied in one gruff word *saivalos*, "your souls" [or "your lives"].

The ambassadors returned to the Senate with their message of despair. The Senate, enervated by centuries of powerless

sycophancy, found themselves compelled to look forth upon a horizon blacker than their heroic ancestors had seen after the terrible day of Cannæ.

At length, after much discussion, Alaric consented to allow the city to ransom herself by a payment of 5000 pounds' weight of gold, 30,000 of silver, 4000 silken tunics, 3000 hides dyed scarlet, and 3000 pounds of pepper. It is a strange catalogue of the things which were objects of desire to a nation emerging from barbarism. The pepper suggests the conjecture that the Gothic appetite had already lost some of its original keenness in the fervent southern lands.

And so ended the *First* Gothic siege of Rome, a siege in which no swords were crossed, no blood drawn. Famine was the only weapon used by Alaric.

After this matter of the payment was settled, the future relations between the people of Rome and the Gothic king came under discussion. No one hinted now (nor for two generations later) at making the barbarian *ruler* of any part of Italy. But to constitute him the permanent champion of Rome; to conclude a strict offensive and defensive alliance with one whose sword weighed so heavily in the scale; in fact, to revert to and carry further the policy of Stilicho, which these very Romans had probably been among the loudest in condemning, — this did seem to the Senate a wise recognition of existing facts, a chance of saving the majesty of Rome from further humiliation. And such doubtless it was, and Theodosius himself, or Constantine, seeing Alaric's unfeigned eagerness for such an alliance, would have concluded it with gladness. But all the endeavors of statesmanship were foiled by the impenetrable stolidity of Honorius, who could not make either war or peace, nor could comprehend the existence of any danger to the Empire so long as his sacred person was unharmed.

The Senate sent an embassy to the Emperor to represent to him the piteous condition of the Mistress of the World, and implore him to consent to the treaty with Alaric. Honorius tore himself away for a few hours from his poultry, heard apparently without emotion the sufferings of his people, gave a step in official rank to two of the ambassadors, and declined their request. As soon as the news of this refusal reached Alaric he recommenced the blockade of the city.

Practically all power centered in Jovius [who had supplanted Olympius]; and Jovius, as having overthrown the enemy of Stilicho, and also as having been of old "guest-friend" of Alaric in Epirus, had peculiar facilities for effecting that accommodation with the Visigothic king which the state imperatively required. With the Emperor's consent he invited Alaric to a conference, which was held at Rimini, about thirty Roman miles from Ravenna. [Terms were fixed for an accommodation.]

In transmitting these demands to his master, Jovius gave a secret hint that probably if Alaric himself were gratified with some high official position, such as that of *Magister Utriusque Militiæ* (Captain-General of Horse and Foot), he would be found willing to abate considerably from the stringency of his demands. To this Honorius replied, — and for once we do hear a man's voice, though not a wise man's, — "You have behaved hastily in this matter. Payments of gold and subsidies of corn belong to your duty as pretorian prefect, and I do not blame you for having arranged these according to your own judgment. But military command it is mine alone to bestow, and I hold it unfitting that such offices as you name should ever be held by Alaric or any of his race."

This letter arrived when Jovius and Alaric were conversing. Was it pique against the Emperor, was it despair, was it mere folly, that impelled the minister to read it from the beginning to the end in the hearing of the Visigoth? Alaric listened to all the rest of the letter patiently enough, but when he heard the scornful close he broke off the negotiations abruptly, and declared that he would revenge on Rome herself the insult offered to himself and his race.

Jovius, whose conduct is a perfect mystery of needless villainy, — who, in short, behaved exactly like an Italian statesman of the sixteenth century who had lost his Machiavel, — rushed back to Ravenna, and induced the Emperor to take an oath that he would conclude no peace with Alaric, but would wage against him perpetual war. When Honorius had taken this oath, Jovius, touching the Emperor's head, repeated the same words, and all who held high office in the state were compelled to follow his example. And yet every one of these men in his secret heart knew that a just and honorable peace with Alaric was the only chance of rescuing Rome from impending destruction.

Honorius made some feeble preparations for war, enrolled 10,000 Huns in his armies, imported cattle and sheep from Dalmatia for the provisionment of Ravenna, and sent some scouts to watch the progress of the Gothic army towards Rome.

But again Alaric, though duped and insulted, was seized by one of those strange qualms of awe or compassion which so often might have saved the Imperial City. He offered in fact to abate three provinces, Venetia, Istria, and Dalmatia, from his former demand, and to be satisfied with the two Noricums alone [Austria proper, Styria, and Corinthia], provinces already so wasted by barbarian invasions as to be of very small value to the treasury. He asked for no office or dignity, civil or military, nor even for gold, but only for such a supply of rations to his troops as the Emperor himself should consider reasonable; and in return for these slight concessions he promised friendship and military assistance against any enemy who might arise to trouble the peace of Honorius and his Romans. The moderation of Alaric excited general surprise, for in truth his demands were such as an Augustus might almost have conceded to an Arminius, or a Trajan to a Decebalus; but, for some reason hidden from us, Jovius and his creatures did not dare to advise their acceptance. The Visigoth, pale with rage at the tidings of the refusal of his request, set to work without further forbearance to commence the *Second Siege of the City*.

The second siege of Rome by Alaric is one of the surprises of history. With the remembrance of the terrible famine and pestilence which accompanied the first siege vividly before us, with the knowledge of the repeated insults since then inflicted upon the Visigothic king, we expect to see some great and doleful tragedy enacted upon the Seven Hills. Far from it: the curtain is drawn up, and we behold, instead of a tragedy, a burlesque, the title whereof is "The Ten Months' Emperor, or Attalus the Æsthetic."

The citizens of Rome saw once more the Gothic army encamped around their walls, Ostia occupied, the large stores of provisions there collected taken possession of by the barbarians. They had no desire to see the experiments of last year as to the possible articles of human diet repeated; they began to ask themselves, very naturally, "Since Honorius does nothing to protect us, and since he can neither make war nor peace with Alaric, but only shuts himself up behind the ditches of Ravenna, leaving us to bear all the burden of the war, why should we

suffer any more in his quarrel?" They explained their feelings to the king of the Goths, and speedily an arrangement was made which seemed likely to satisfy all parties. The Imperial City formally renounced her allegiance to Honorius, and bestowed the purple and the diadem on Attalus, the Prefect of the City, who as Augustus at once concluded the long-desired treaty of peace with Alaric.

[Attalus' head was turned, and he tried to act as a real—and foolish—emperor.]

The patience of Alaric gave way. He marched back to Rimini, his nearest outpost towards Ravenna, commanded Attalus to wait upon him, and there, in the plain outside the town, in sight of the Gothic army and the Roman inhabitants, he stripped him of his diadem and purple robe, and proclaimed that he was degraded to the condition of a private citizen. The unhappy Greek, so proudly self-inflated and so ignominiously collapsing, had reigned for something less than a year.

Alaric, in order to give Honorius visible tokens of the change in his policy, sent to the court of Ravenna the imperial ensigns which he had stripped from his dethroned client. The officers also who had received their commands from the usurper, restored their military belts to the legitimate Emperor, and humbly implored his forgiveness. "And now, surely," any discriminating observer might have thought "a just and honorable peace will be concluded between Alaric and Honorius, and Italy will rest from her anguish." The hindrance to the fulfillment of these hopes came this time from Sarus the Goth. With 300 chosen warriors he entered Ravenna and exerted all his influence to break off the negotiations between Honorius and the Visigoths. He succeeded: Alaric retired from the conferences and marched southwards, this time in deadly earnest, intent upon the *Third Siege of Rome*.

Of this, the crowning act of the great drama, the real end of old Rome, the real beginning of modern history, it must be confessed that we scarcely know more than we do of the fall of Babylon. Rome, which had described with such eager minuteness the death pangs of a hundred cities which she had taken, has left untold the story of her own overthrow.

Alaric was spared, this time, the necessity of reducing the city by a slow blockade. On the night of the 24th of August, it would seem almost immediately after his appearance before the walls, his troops burst in by the Salarian Gate. The splendid palace of Sallust was set on fire.

It was said in a preceding chapter that we must not think of the Visigoths as savages, scarcely even, except in the classical sense of the word, as barbarians. Now, however, that they have entered Rome, now that, after years of waiting and marching and diplomatizing, the prize is at last theirs, the accumulated treasures of the world at their feet, and few days in which to pick them up, we may have to fall back for a time upon that more popular conception of their character. Though the soldiers of Alaric were ministers of mercy when compared with those of Alva or Tilly, we cannot doubt that brutality and outrage of every kind marked their entrance into the conquered city.

The amount of injury done by the Goths to the city itself it is not easy to determine. Writers who were remote from the scene and declamatory in their style speak as if the whole city had been wrapped in flames, every building shattered, nothing left but ruins. It is easy to see from subsequent descriptions of the appearance of the city that this is a gross exaggeration; and it is *a priori* most improbable that the Goths, who only stayed a short time in Rome, and had much plundering to accomplish in that time, should have devoted so large a part of their energies to the destruction of mere buildings. Orosius, writing history as an advocate, and having to maintain the thesis that Rome had not suffered since her conversion to Christianity greater calamities than befell her in her pagan times, is not, it must be admitted, an entirely trustworthy witness on this point. But he, a contemporary writer, distinctly says that "the destruction wrought by fire at the hands of the Gothic conqueror was not to be compared with that caused by accident in the 700th year from the foundation of the city." This verdict seems a probable one, and may support a conjecture that Rome suffered less, externally, from the barbarians in 410, than Paris from the leaders of the Commune in 1871.

Alaric and his Goths pressed on still southwards into Bruttii, the modern Calabria. They collected some ships at Reggio — intending to invade Sicily, some historians say; to pass on thence into Africa, says Jornandes the Goth. There can be little doubt that he is right, that Africa was the present object of Alaric's attack. Not necessarily, however, the *ultimate* object. His military instinct showed him that there, in the great granary of Rome, must the question of dominion over the Eternal City be decided. He was going, then, to Africa, but doubtless with the intention of returning to Rome.

But whatever might be his intentions, they were frustrated. This wave of Teutonic invasion had reached its extreme limit at Reggio, and was henceforward to recede. "Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind" was perhaps the jubilant cry of the inhabitants of Messina, when they saw a great storm arise, by which Alaric's fleet was dashed to pieces, and a considerable part of his army, already embarked thereon, destroyed. The Visigothic king could not bring himself to acknowledge defeat, even by the elements. He lingered near Reggio, still perhaps dreaming of conquests beyond the seas. Suddenly, in the midst of his warlike schemes, Death surprised him. We are told nothing as to the nature of his malady, except that it was of short duration. It is probable that in his case, as in that of so many other Northern invaders of Italy, climate proved itself mightier than armies, and that Fever was the great avenger.

The well-known story of the burial of Alaric derives some additional interest from the remembrance of his birthplace. He was born, as the reader may remember, on an island at the mouth of one of the greatest rivers of Europe. The flow of the broad but sluggish Danube, the sound of the wind in the pine trees, the distant thunder of the Euxine upon its shore, — these were the sounds most familiar to the ear of the young Visigoth. Now that he had swept with resistless force from the Black Sea to the Straits of Messina, a river must flow over his grave as it had encircled his cradle. Forth from the high pine woods of the Calabrian mountain range of Sila leaps the stream of the Busento, which, meeting the larger river Crati coming from the Apennines, encircles the town of Cosenza, where the great Visigoth met his death. To provide their leader with a tomb which no Italian hand should desecrate, the barbarians compelled a number of their captives to labor at diverting the Busento from its ordinary channel. In the dry bed of the river they dug the grave, in which, amid many of the chosen spoils of Rome, the body of Alaric was laid. The captives were then ordered to turn the river back into its ancient course, and their faithful guardianship of the grim secret was secured by the inviolable seal of death printed upon their lips. So, under the health-bringing waters of the rapid Busento, sleeps Ala-Reiks the Visigoth, equaled, may it not be said, by only three men in succeeding times as a changer of the course of history. And these three are Mohammed, Columbus, Napoleon.

UPON THE RUINS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS.

THE RUINS OF ROME.

BY LORD BYRON.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

[LORD GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON: A famous English poet; born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are: "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa."]

O ROME, my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferings? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and empires, Ye
Whose agonies are creatures of a day!
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! There she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago:
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "Here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All around us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap:
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections: now we clap
Our hands, and cry, "Eureka! it is clear —"
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas, the lofty city! and alas,
The trebly hundred triumphs, and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page! but these shall be
Her resurrection: all beside, decay.
Alas for earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free! . . .

Cypress and ivy, weed and wall flower grown.
Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped
On what were chambers, arch crushed, column strown
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes steeped
In subterranean damps, where the owl peeped,
Deeming it midnight: — Temples, baths, or halls?
Pronounce who can; for all that Learning reaped
From her research hath been, that these are walls —
Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the mighty falls.

There is the moral of all human tales;
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past.
First Freedom and then Glory — when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption, — barbarism at last.
And History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but *one* page, — 'tis better written here,
Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amassed
All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,
Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask — Away with words! draw near,

Admire, exult — despise — laugh, weep — for here
There is such matter for all feeling: — Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
Ages and realms are crowded in this span,

This mountain, whose obliterated plan
The pyramid of empires pinnacled,
Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van
Till the sun's rays with added flame were filled!
Where are its golden roofs! where those who dared to build?

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried base!
What are the laurels of the Cæsars' brow?
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling place.
Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,
Titus' or Trajan's? No — 'tis that of Time:
Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace
Scoffing; and apostolic statues climb
To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime,

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,
And looking to the stars: they had contained
A spirit which with these would find a home,
The last of those who o'er the whole earth reigned,
The Roman globe, for after none sustained,
But yielded back his conquests: — he was more
Than a mere Alexander, and, unstained
With household blood and wine, serenely wore
His sovereign virtues — still we Trajan's name adore.

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep
Tarpeian? fittest goal of Treason's race,
The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap
Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap
Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field below,
A thousand years of silenced factions sleep —
The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes — burns with Cicero!

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood:
Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,
From the first hour of empire in the bud
To that when further worlds to conquer failed;
But long before had Freedom's face been veiled,
And Anarchy assumed her attributes;
Till every lawless soldier who assailed
Trod on the trembling Senate's slavish mutes,
Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes. . . .

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here, to illume
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wonderous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower. . . .

A ruin — yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is neared:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man have reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night breeze waves along the air.
The garland forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
Heroes have trod this spot — 'tis on their dust ye tread.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls — the World." From our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call

Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations, and unaltered all;
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
The World, the same wide den — of thieves, or what ye will.

THE PASSING OF HUMANITY.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

(From "Adonais.")

[PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, English poet, was born in Sussex, August 4, 1792, and educated at Eton and at University College, Oxford, whence he was expelled for a tract on the "Necessity of Atheism." His first notable poem, "Queen Mab," was privately printed in 1813. He succeeded to his father's estate in 1815. "Alastor" was completed in 1816; "The Revolt of Islam," "Rosalind and Helen," and "Julian and Maddalo," in 1818; "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," "The Coliseum," "Peter Bell the Third," and the "Mask of Anarchy," in 1819; "Œdipus Tyrannus" and the "Witch of Atlas," in 1820; "Epipsychidion," "The Defense of Poetry," "Adonais," and "Hellas," in 1822. He was drowned at sea July 8, 1822.]

Go THOU to Rome, — at once the paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And gray walls molder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce-extinguished breath.

Here pause. These graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned

Its charge to each; and, if the seal is set
Here on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments. — Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled! — Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?
Thy hopes are gone before; from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart.
A light is past from the revolving year
And man and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles, the low wind whispers near:
'Tis Adonais calls! Oh, hasten thither!
No more let life divide what death can join together.

That light whose smile kindles the universe,
That beauty in which all things work and move,
That benediction which the eclipsing curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which, through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given.
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar!
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

POEMS OF PRUDENTIUS.

[MARCUS AURELIUS CLEMENS PRUDENTIUS, the chief of Christian Roman poets, was born in northern Spain, A.D. 348. He was a lawyer, then a civil and criminal judge, finally in high office at the imperial court. The date of his death is unknown. In his later years he became deeply religious, and devoted his remaining years to composing religious poetry.]

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. EULALIA.

(Translated by Thomas Dale.)

FIRMLY she spoke, unshrinking still,
Nor sigh nor tear gave sign of pain,
While from each wound a trickling rill
Soiled her pure limbs with crimson stain.

At last the closing torture came; —
Untrembling yet from many a wound,
Strongly she met the cruel flame,
And felt it wrap her round and round.

'Tis sad to see her scented hair,
Its last dark glossy ringlets show;
And leave that ivory shoulder bare,
And o'er her modest bosom flow.

The flame is feeding on her charms —
See o'er her head the waving pyre; —
Oh! see, she clasps it in her arms,
And drinks, with dying lips, the fire.

'Tis past — she sinks — she moves no more —
Why sudden turn surrounding eyes;
Whence came that dove that flutters o'er,
Then seeks on milk-white wing the skies?

Eulalia — loved one — they who watched
Thy body turn to dust again,
Beheld thine innocent spirit snatched
To realms beyond the reach of pain.

In vain the flames' red spires may brighten,
The tyrant may his rage increase,
Thine ashes round the stake may whiten,
But thou, sweet maiden, art at peace.

— The Tyrant heard the pinion's beat,
And when that hovering dove he saw,
He started from his guilty seat,
And shrunk away in sudden awe.

— And now the tearful scene is over —
Of friend or funeral bereft,
The pure, cold snows have fall'n to cover
All that is of Eulalia left.

Beneath the weeping heavens she lies,
Sepultured in a whiter shroud
Than falls to those whose obsequies
Are followed by a gorgeous crowd.

* * * * *

Years have gone o'er — around her grave
A goodly city now hath grown;
Behold her tomb, where Ana's wave
Still strives to kiss the sacred stone.

There is the virgin's marble bust,
Encircled oft by dewy eyes;
Snatched from that spot, the holy dust
In many a pilgrim bosom lies.

There, chased in gold, is many a wreath,
Engemmed is many a flow'ret fair;
They sparkle still, and incense breathe,
As summer had her palace there.

But 'twas in winter when she died,
And winter hath his flow'ret too, —
Oh! pluck the crocus in his pride,
And on her tomb the vi'lets strew.

And virgins weave the bard a wreath
Of simple flowers — for such are meet —
And he a choral strain shall breathe,
Fearful, and soft, and low — yet sweet.

Then thou, Eulalia, shalt look down,
Haply from yon blue heaven the while,
And see the early chaplets strewn,
And smile a more angelic smile.

On a Baptismal Font.

On this sad spot — here, where the conscious ground,
  Foul with the blood of martyrs oft hath been,
A never-failing stream shall still be found,
  Whose stainless wave can cleanse from every sin.

Let him, whose heavy soul yet yearns to mount,
  Whose hot breast burns for heaven, still seek this spot, —
Let him but wash in this eternal font,
  His hands are pure, and all their crimes forgot.

Here, where the lightened sinners' thanks are breathed,
  Of olden time were fearless martyrs crowned, —
Yea, where the holy warrior's head was wreathed
  By trembling hearts, is kindly pardon found.

The joyful waters sparkle o'er the brim,
  Where martyrs' wounds once poured a crimson flood,
And blest are both — and sacred still to Him,
  Who shed for us that water and that blood!

Ye who have had, when here, asked-for grace,
  And found this hallowed spot a heaven afford,
What boots it whether to your resting-place,
  The way was oped by water or the sword?

THE GREEK SLAVE.

By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

They say Ideal beauty cannot enter
  The house of anguish. On the threshold stands
  An alien Image with enshackled hands,
Called the Greek Slave! as if the artist meant her
(That passionless perfection which he lent her,
  Shadowed, not darkened, where the sill expands)
  To so confront man's crimes in different lands
With man's ideal sense. Pierce to the centre,
Art's fiery finger, and break up ere long
  The serfdom of this world; Appeal, fair stone,
From God's pure heights of beauty against man's wrong!
  Catch up in thy divine face, not alone
East griefs but west, and strike and shame the strong,
  By thunders of white silence, overthrown.

POEMS OF CLAUDIAN.

[Claudius Claudianus, the last Roman poet of any eminence, was not a Roman, but an Egyptian, probably of Alexandria, and did not write in Latin till he went to Rome in 395, probably between thirty and forty years old. He then adopted the profession of court poet, and glorified his inglorious trade by his poetic fertility and variety, his fine taste, and his splendid rhetorical force and glow. He had also the fortune of a subject worthy his panegyrics from first to last, — Stilicho, the great Vandal minister and general of the emperor Honorius, in whose fall and death in 408 he may have been involved, though there is no trace of him after 404; indirectly, however, it is arguable that he withdrew from the public gaze when Stilicho's power began to wane, and wrote no more for several years. He was certainly dead by 425.]

The Old Man of Verona.

(Translated by Cowley.)

Happy the man who his whole time doth bound
Within th' inclosure of his little ground:
Happy the man whom the same humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension to that earth
Which both preserved his life and gave him birth;
Him no false distant lights, by Fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wand'rings get;
He never dangers either saw or feared;
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard:
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyer's bar:
No change of Consuls marks to him the year;
The change of seasons in his calendar:
The cold and heat winter and summer shows,
Autumn by fruits, and spring by flow'rs, he knows:
He measures time by landmarks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground:
A neighb'ring wood, born with himself, he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees:
He's only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame:
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red Sea and of Benacus' lake:
Thus health and strength he t' a third age enjoys,
And sees a long posterity of boys.
About the spacious world let others roam,
The voyage life is longest made at home.

Fescennine Verses on the Nuptials of Honorius.

(Translated by Thomas Dale.)

I.

O Prince! — more fair than Venus' star
  Amid the dimmer orbs of night,
Who, deadlier than the Parthian far,
  Canst draw the bow with guileful might,
Canst wind the fiery steed at will,
With more than a Gelonian skill,
How shall the poet praises find
To paint thy body and thy mind?

Leda had rather suckled thee
Than Castor, star of chivalry;
Thetis in thee had found more joy
Than in her own unconquered boy;
Delos, when thee she once hath seen,
Shall worship less her Phœbus' mien,
And Lydia deem thee more divine
Than e'en her rosy god of wine:
For when in exercise' full pride,
Fearless thou thread'st the forest wide,
And the wind wantons in thy hair,
And the awed lion leaves his lair,
Yet seems a dying pride to feel
When he hath sunk beneath thy steel,
Venus, enslaved, forgets her truth,
Pledged to the hapless hunter youth,
And Cynthia feels redoubled pain,
More pale than for her Virbius slain.

When, the day's heat and labor o'er,
  Thy languid limbs at rest are laid,
Beneath the arching sycamore,
  Or some sequestered cavern's shade;
And thou hast not forbid to creep
Upon thy lids th' officious sleep, —
How many a watching nymph shall pine,
And wish her glance were met by thine;
How many a Naiad steal the bliss
That's hidden in a secret kiss!

What though, in Scythian realms, afar,
  The overawed barbarian bow

And drop his implements of war
  At sight of that commanding brow, —
And, on his undefended plains,
Resignedly receive thy chains; —
Go — if thy unslaked courage wills,
'Mid wintry Caucasus' hoar hills, —
Go, — where the frozen plains obey
The Amazon — more cold than they;
And, careless of her Sire and Name,
At length the haughty virgin dame,
The proud Hyppolite, shall yield
To thee her yet unconquered shield,
And, sighing — though the trumpet sound —
Chop her keen ax upon the ground —
What violence could never move,
Shall melt before the touch of Love;
— Happy, beyond the tongue of verse,
  Could she but match in such a line;
For blest is she, who calls thee hers, —
  Thrice blest, when thou shalt call her thine.

II.

Oh! let the Spring, that was in haste to go,
  Fly to return, and gild this happy day;
In liquid music let the waters flow,
  And sweeter cadence ring from every spray:

Smile, ye Ligurian plains — smile, festive Rome;
  Ye hills, let sunny wreaths your brows inclose,
Amid your Alpine peaks, let roses bloom,
  And lend their blushes to the virgin snows.

O'er Adige' wave the coral message floats,
  And Mincius, as his winding stream he leads,
Is listening to the joy-rebounding notes,
  And scarcely whispers to his trembling reed.

It echoes down the alder-fringèd Po;
  Old Tiber dances at the joyous sound;
And at her lordly master's nuptials, lo!
  Rome's stately towers with smiling chaplets crowned!

Let the far land, from whence our hero sprung —
  The fervid skies of wild and distant Spain —
Let that famed hall, with early laurels hung,
  Hear and reëcho the triumphant strain.

Thence came thy sire — thy sire, when thou hast plighted
Thy troth, sweet Bride — thence, Prince, thy mother came;
Now, like two streams that meet, long disunited,
Your race shall flow in one continued fame.

Ye groves of Bœtis, smile a brighter green;
Thou, Tagus, roll in all thy pride of gold;
King of your line — beneath the blue serene,
Let Ocean his paternal orgies hold.

Realms of the West and East — your toils forget;
Let wine and mirth your every hour employ;
Let Phœbus, from his rising till he set,
Laugh to see nothing on his way but joy.

And thou, rude North wind, wither not one wreath,
Be still thou East — nor thou, O South, arise,
But let young Zephyr, only, dare to breathe,
In breath as gentle as the lover's sighs.

III.

Yea, Stilicho, thy whitening hair
Is wont the shining casque to wear;
But lay thy frowning helmet down,
And put thee on a festive crown;
No longer with the trumpets' sound
Thy palace' blazing arches ring;
The torch that Hymen loves to bring
Hath sprinkled its bland light around;
Those charms, which erst thou took'st away,
Again thou giv'st, this happy day,
— Let malice rage — but vainly still —
Let envy take what hue she will.
What erst Serena was to thee,
Shall Mary to Honorius be.

IV.

Lo! Hesper, how, to Venus dear
His silvery-shining lamp he rears;
He marks the blushing virgin's fear,
And smiles to see her maiden tears.

Yes; soothe her, bridegroom. — Well he knows,
Though smiles for such an hour were meeter,
These tears, like dewdrops to the rose,
Shall make her morning lip the sweeter.

He, of the thorn must take no heed,
Who would not let the bud go free;
And he, who would on honey feed,
Must never mark the angry bee.

As, when the rain clouds make retreat,
The sudden day seems doubly clear,
So, there can be no kiss so sweet
As one that's ushered by a tear. —

— "War, I have known thee," shalt thou cry,
"The humbled foe — the victor's bliss;
But never flashed young warrior's eye
For conquest half so blest as this." —

Love, on thy couch, himself enthrones;
Reveal him — for he made ye one —
And hear her tongue respond, in tones
That silence' self might dote upon.

Speak him — in many a broken sigh;
Breathe all affection's holiest balm; —
Oh! clasp, with more of constancy
Than e'er the ivy clasped the palm.

And when her languid lids shall close,
And in oblivious bliss she lies,
Thy breath — like sleep's — shall shed repose
Upon her silken-fringèd eyes, —

— At the first peep of blushing morn,
The joyous strain shall be renewed,
And gladness on each brow be worn,
And mirth unlaced, and garlands strewed.

Nymphs — grant the smile, extend the hand;
Swains — warriors — put on all your pride;
Winds waft the voice, from land to land;
"Honorius hath brought home his bride."

ROMAN AND PROVINCIAL LIFE IN THE FIFTH CENTURY.

(From the Letters of Apollinaris Sidonius: translated by Thomas Hodgkin, in "Italy and her Invaders," with his comments.)

CAIUS SOLLIUS SIDONIUS APOLLINARIS, poet, ecclesiastic, courtier, and letter-writer, was born at Lyons about 430. His father-in-law Avitus having become one of Count Ricimer's puppet emperors, he went to Rome in his train, was made governor, patrician, and senator, and by suppleness, effusive panegyrics, and real ability kept high office under Majorian and Anthemius. In 472 he was made bishop of Clermont in Auvergne, and renounced all his civil dignities to devote himself to this charge. He died between 480 and 490. His literary immortality is based on his letters, and most on those he cared least about — those which give tantalizing glimpses, all too few, of the beginnings of fusion among the barbarian invaders and the Roman provincials into the Burgundian French.]

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

IN the early days of the episcopate of Sidonius, a certain Amantius asked him for letters of introduction to Marseilles. With his usual good nature, Sidonius gave him a letter to Græcus, bishop of that city, describing him as a poor but honest man, who transacted what we should call a commission business in the purchase of cargoes arriving at the seaports of Gaul. He had been lately appointed a reader in the church, — a post which was not incompatible with his transactions in business, — and this gave him an additional claim on the good offices of the two bishops. The letter concluded with the expression of a hope that Amantius might meet with splendid success as a merchant, and might not regret exchanging the cold springs of Auvergne for the fountain of wealth flowing at Marseilles.

Not long after, Sidonius discovered that he had been imposed upon by a swindler; that the modest young man who desired an introduction to Marseilles was in fact too well known at Marseilles already, and that the honest broker was an impudent and mendacious fortune hunter. Having occasion to write again to Græcus, who had asked him for "one of his long and amusing letters," he thought that he could not do better than send him the history of Amantius, though the bishop of Marseilles must have been already in good part acquainted with it, and the bishop of Arverni must have been conscious that the part which he had played did not reflect great credit on his

shrewdness. After a complimentary preface, the letter proceeds thus : —

"His native country is Auvergne ; his parents are persons in a somewhat humble position in life, but free and unencumbered with debt ; their duties have been in connection with the service of the church rather than of the state. The father is a man of extreme frugality, more intent on saving up money for his children than on pleasing them. This lad accordingly left his home and came to your city with a very slender equipment in all respects. Notwithstanding this hindrance to his ambitious projects, he made a fairly successful start among you. St. Eustachius, your predecessor, welcomed him with deeds and words of kindness, and put him in the way of quickly obtaining comfortable quarters. He at once began to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of his neighbors, and his civilities were well received. He adapted himself with great tact to their different ages, showing deference to the old, making himself useful to his coevals, and always exhibiting a modesty and sobriety in his moral conduct which are as praiseworthy as they are rare in young men. At length, by well-timed and frequent calls, he became known to and familiar with the leading personages of your city, and finally even with the count himself. Thus the assiduous court which he paid to greatness was rewarded with ever-increasing success ; worthy men vied in helping him with their advice and good wishes ; he received presents from the wealthy, favors of one kind or another from all, and thus his fortune and his hopes advanced 'by leaps and bounds.'

"It happened by chance that near the inn where he was lodging there dwelt a lady of some fortune and high character, whose daughter had passed the years of childhood, yet had scarcely reached the marriageable age. He showed himself very kind to this girl, and made, as her youth allowed him to do, trifling presents to her of toys and trash that would divert a girl ; and thus, at a very trifling expense, obtained a firm hold on her affections. Years passed on ; she became old enough to be a bride. To make a long story short, you have on the one side a young man, alone, poorly off, a stranger, a son who had skulked away from home not only without the consent, but even without the knowledge, of his father ; on the other, a girl not inferior to him in birth, and superior to him in fortune ; and this fellow, through the introduction of

the bishop because he was a reader, by favor of the count because he had danced attendance in his hall, without any investigation as to his circumstances by the mother-in-law because his person was not displeasing to her daughter, woos and wins and marries that young lady. The marriage articles are signed, and in them some beggarly little plot of ground which he happened to possess near our borough is set forth with truly comic pomposity. When the solemn swindle was accomplished, the poor beloved one carried off his wealthy spouse, after diligently hunting up all the possessions of his late father-in-law and converting them into money, besides adding to them a handsome gratuity drawn from the easy generosity of his credulous mother-in-law, and then, unrivaled humbug that he was, he beat a retreat to his own native place.

"Some time after he had gone, the girl's mother discovered the fraud, and had to mourn over the dwindling proportions of the estates comprised in her daughter's settlement, at the very time when she should have been rejoicing over the augmented number of her grandchildren. She wanted to institute a suit for recovery of her money, on the ground that he had fraudulently overstated his property; and it was in fact in order to soothe her wrath that our new Hippolytus set forth for Marseilles, when he first brought you my letter of introduction.

"Now, then, you have the whole story of this excellent young man; a story, I think, worthy of the Milesian Fables or an Attic comedy. It remains for you to show yourself a worthy successor of Bishop Eustachius by discharging the duties of patronage to the dear youth whom he took under his protection. You asked me for a lengthy letter, and therefore if it is rather wordy than eloquent you must not take it amiss. Condescend to keep me in your remembrance, my Lord Pope."

What was the issue of the quarrel between the amatory Amantius and his mother-in-law we are not informed; but as he acted twice after this as letter carrier between Sidonius and Græcus, we may conjecture that the affair of the settlement took some time to arrange.

Debtor and Creditor; the Courtier Turned Devout.

Sidonius wishes health to his friend Turnus.

Well indeed with your name, and with your present business, harmonizes that passage of the Mantuan poet—

> Turnus! what never god would dare
> To promise to his suppliant's prayer,
> Lo, here, the lapse of time has brought
> E'en to your hands, unasked, unsought.

Long ago, if you remember, your (late) father Turpio, a man of tribunician rank, obtained a loan of money from an officer of the palace named Maximus. He deposited no security either in plate or in mortgage on land; but as appears by the written instrument prepared at the time, he covenanted to pay twelve per cent to the lender, by which interest, as the loan has lasted for ten years, the debt is more than doubled. But your father fell sick, and was at the point of death: in his feeble state of health the law came down upon him harshly to compel him to refund the debt: he could not bear the annoyance caused by the collectors, and therefore, as I was about to travel to Toulouse, he, being now past hope of recovery, wrote asking me to obtain from the creditor at least some moderate delay. I gladly acceded to his request, as Maximus was not only an acquaintance of mine, but bound to me by old ties of hospitality. I therefore willingly went out of my way to my friend's villa, though it was situated several miles from the highroad. As soon as I arrived he himself came to meet me. When I had known him in times past he was erect in his bearing, quick in his gait, with cheery voice and open countenance. Now how greatly was he changed from his old self! His dress, his step, his bashfulness, his color, his speech, all had a religious cast: besides, his hair was short, his beard flowing: the furniture of his room consisted of three-legged stools, curtains of goat's-hair canvas hung before his doors: his couch had no feathers, his table no ornament; even his hospitality, though kind, was frugal, and there was pulse rather than meat upon his board. Certainly, if any delicacies were admitted, they were not by way of indulgence to himself, but to his guests. When he rose from table I privily inquired of his attendants what manner of life was this that he was leading,—a monk's, a clergyman's, or a penitent's. They said that he was filling the office of priest, which had been lately laid upon him by the good will of his fellow-citizens, notwithstanding his protests.

When day returned, while our slaves and followers were occupied in catching our beasts of burden, I asked for an opportunity for a secret conversation with our host. He afforded

it: I gave him an unexpected embrace, and congratulated him on his new dignity: then with my congratulations I blended entreaties. I set forth the petition of my friend Turpio, I urged his necessitous condition, I deplored the extremities to which he was reduced, — extremities which seemed all the harder to his sorrowing friends because the chain of usury was tightening, while the hold of the body upon the soul was loosening. Then I begged him to remember his new profession and our old friendship, to moderate at least by a short respite the barbarous insistence of the bailiffs barking round the sick man's bed: if he died, to give his heirs one year in which to indulge their grief without molestation; but if, as I hoped, Turpio should recover his former health, to allow him to restore his exhausted energies by a period of repose.

I was still pleading, when suddenly the kind-hearted man burst into a flood of tears, caused not by the delay in recovering his debt, but by the peril of his debtor. Then suppressing his sobs, "God forbid," said he, "that I, as a clergyman, should claim that from a sick man which I should scarcely have insisted upon as a soldier from a man in robust health. For his children's sake, too, who are also objects of my pity, if anything should happen to our friend, I will not ask anything more from them than the character of my sacred calling allows. Write them to allay their anxiety; and that your letters may obtain the more credit, add a letter from me, in which I will engage that whatever be the result of this illness (which we will still hope may turn out favorably for our brother), I will grant a year's delay for the payment of the money, and will forego all that moiety which has accrued by right of interest, being satisfied with the simple repayment of the principal."

Hereupon I poured out my chief thanks to God, but great thanks also to my host, who showed such care for his own conscience and good name: and I assured my friend that whatsoever he relinquished to you he was sending on before him into heaven, and that by refraining from selling up your father's farms, he was buying for himself a kingdom above.

Now, for what remains, do you bestir yourself to repay forthwith the principal at least of the loan, and thus take the best means of expressing the gratitude of those who, linked to you by the tie of brotherhood, haply by reason of their tender years, scarcely yet understand what a boon has been granted them. Do not begin to say, "I have joint heirs in the estate: the divi-

sion is not yet accomplished: all the world knows that I have been more shabbily treated than they: my brother and sister are still under age: she has not yet a husband, nor he a curator, nor is a surety found for the acts and defaults of that curator." All these pretexts are alleged to all creditors, and to unreasonable creditors they are not alleged amiss. But when you have to deal with a person of this kind, who foregoes the half when he might press for the whole, if you practice any of these delays you give him a right to redemand as an injured man the concessions which he made as a good-natured one. Farewell.

Barbarian Life.

Sidonius wishes health to (his brother-in-law) Agricola.

You have many times asked me to write to you a letter describing the bodily appearance and manner of life of Theodoric, king of the Goths, whose love for our civilization is justly reported by common fame. I willingly accede to your request, so far as the limits of my paper will allow, and I praise the noble and delicate anxiety for information which you have thus exhibited.

Theodoric is "a noticeable man," one who would at once attract attention even from those who casually beheld him, so richly have the will of God and the plan of nature endowed his person with gifts corresponding to his completed prosperity. His character is such that not even the detraction which waits on kings can lessen the praises bestowed upon it. If you inquire as to his bodily shape, he has a well-knit frame, shorter than the very tallest, but rising above men of middle stature. His head is round and domelike, his curling hair retreats a little from the forehead towards the top. He is not bull-necked. A shaggy arch of eyebrows crowns his eyes; but if he droops his eyelids, the lashes seem to fall well-nigh to the middle of his cheeks. The lobes of his ears, after the fashion of his nation, are covered by wisps of overlying hair. His nose is most beautifully curved; his lips are thin, and are not enlarged when the angles of his mouth are dilated; if by chance they open and show a regular, but rather prominent set of teeth, they at once remind you of the color of milk. He cuts every day the hairs which grow at the bottom of his nostrils. At his temples, which are somewhat hollowed

Interior of a Roman's House

Photogravure from an etching

out, begins a shaggy beard, which in the lower part of his face is plucked out by the roots by the assiduous care of his barber. His chin, his throat, his neck, all fleshy without obesity, are covered with a milk-white skin, which, when more closely inspected, is covered with a youthful glow. For it is modesty, not anger, which so often brings this color into his face.

His shoulders are well turned, his arms powerful, his forearms hard, his hands widespread: he is a well set-up man, with chest prominent and stomach drawn in. You can trace on the surface of his back the points where the ribs terminate in the deeply recessed spine. His sides are swollen out with prominent muscles. Strength reigns in his well-girded loins. His thigh is hard as horn; the leg joints have a very masculine appearance; his knee, which shows but few wrinkles, is especially comely. The legs rest upon full round calves, and two feet of very moderate size support these mighty limbs.

You will ask, perhaps, what is the manner of his daily life in public. It is this. Before dawn he attends the celebration of divine service by his (Arian) priests, attended by a very small retinue. He shows great assiduity in this practice, though, if you are admitted to his confidence, you may perceive that it is with him rather a matter of habit than of religious feeling. The rest of the morning is devoted to the care of the administration of his kingdom. Armed nobles stand round his chair; the crowd of skin-clothed guards are admitted to the palace, in order to insure their being on duty; they are kept aloof from the royal presence that their noise may not disturb him, and so their growling talk goes on before the doors, shut out as they are by the curtain, though shut in by the railings. Within the inclosure are admitted the ambassadors of foreign powers: he hears them at great length, he answers in few words. In negotiation his tendency is to delay, in action to promptitude.

It is now the second hour after sunrise: he rises from his throne and spends his leisure in inspecting his treasury or his stables. If a hunting day is announced, he rides forth, not carrying his bow by his side — that would be beneath his kingly dignity — but if in the chase, or on the road, you point out to him beast or bird within shooting distance, his hand is at once stretched out behind him, and the slave puts into it the bow with its string floating in the air; for he deems it a womanish

thing to have your bow strung for you by another, and a childish thing to carry it in a case. When he has received it, sometimes he bends the two ends towards one another in his hand, sometimes he lets the unknotted end drop to his heel, and then with quickly moving finger tightens the loose knot of the wandering string. Then he takes the arrows, fits them in, sends them forth, first desiring you to tell him what mark you wish him to aim at. You choose what he has to hit, and he hits it. If there is a mistake made by either party, it is more often the sight of the chooser than the aim of the archer that is at fault.

If you are asked to join him in the banquet (which, however, on non-festal days, is like the entertainment of a private person), you will not see there the panting servants laying on the groaning table a tasteless heap of discolored silver. The weight, then, is to be found in the conversation rather than in the plate, since all the guests, if they talk of anything at all, talk of serious matters. The tapestry and curtains are sometimes of purple (cloth), sometimes of cotton. The meats on the table please you, not by their high price, but by the skill with which they are cooked; the silver by its brightness, not by its weight. The cups and goblets are so seldom replenished that you are more likely to complain of thirst than to be accused of drunkenness. In short, you may see there Greek elegance, Gallic abundance, Italian quickness, the pomp of a public personage, the assiduity of a private citizen, the discipline of a king's household. Of the luxury which is displayed on high days and holidays I need not give you any account, because it cannot be unknown even to the most unknown persons. Let me return to my task.

The noontide slumber, when the meal is ended, is never long, and is frequently omitted altogether. Often at this time he takes a fancy to play at backgammon: then he collects the counters quickly, views them anxiously, decides on his moves skillfully, makes them promptly, talks to the counters jocularly, waits his turn patiently. At a good throw he says nothing, at a bad one he laughs; neither good nor bad makes him lose his temper or his philosophical equanimity. He does not like a speculative game either on the part of his adversary or himself, dislikes a lucky chance offered to himself, and will not reckon on its being offered to his opponent. You get your men out of his table without unnecessary trouble, he gets his out of yours

without collusion. You would fancy that even in moving his counters he was planning a campaign. His sole anxiety is to conquer.

When a game is on hand, he drops for a little time the severity of royal etiquette, and invites his companions in play to free and social intercourse. To tell you what I think, he fears to be feared. At the end he is delighted to see the vexation of a conquered rival, and takes credit to himself for having really won the game, when his opponent's ill temper shows that he has not yielded out of courtesy. And here notice a strange thing: often that very complacency of his, arising from such a trifling cause, insures the successful carriage of serious business. Then petitions, which have well-nigh been shipwrecked by the injudiciousness of those who favored them, suddenly find a harbor of safety. In this way, I myself, when I have had somewhat to ask of him, have been fortunate enough to be beaten, and have seen my table ruined with a light heart, because I knew that my cause would triumph.

About the ninth hour (three o'clock) comes back again all that weary turmoil of kingship. The suitors return, the guards return whose business it is to remove them. Everywhere you hear the hum of claimants; and this is protracted till nightfall, and only ceases when it is cut short by the royal supper. Then the petitioners, following their various patrons, are dispersed throughout the palace, where they keep watch till bedtime arrives. At the supper sometimes, though rarely, comic actors are introduced who utter their satiric pleasantries: in such fashion, however, that none of the guests shall be wounded by their biting tongues. At these repasts no hydraulic organs blow, no band of vocalists under the guidance of a singing master intone together their premeditated harmony. No harpist, no flute player, no choir master, no female player on the tambourine or the cithara, makes melody. The king is charmed only by those instruments under whose influence virtue soothes the soul as much as sweet sounds soothe the ear. When he rises from table the royal treasury receives its sentinels for the night, and armed men stand at all the entrances to the palace, by whom the hours of his first sleep will be watched over.

But what has all this to do with my promise, which was to tell you a little about the king, not a great deal about his manner of reigning? I really must bid my pen to stop, for you did not ask to be made acquainted with anything more

than the personal appearance and favorite pursuits of Theodoric: and I sat down to write a letter, not a history. Farewell.

The Burgundians.

While our poet was residing at Lyons (apparently) he was asked by one of his friends, an ex-consul named Catulinus, to compose an epithalamium, perhaps for his daughter's marriage.

In a short humorous poem of apology, Sidonius incidentally touches off some of the physical characteristics of the Burgundians by whom he was surrounded; and who, it is important to observe, troubled him not by their hostility, but by their too hearty and demonstrative friendship.

Ah me! my friend, why bid me, e'en if I had the power,
To write the light Fescennine verse, fit for the nuptial bower?
Do you forget that I am set among the long-haired hordes,
That daily I am bound to bear the stream of German words,
That I must hear, and then must praise with sorrowful grimace
(Disgust and approbation both contending in my face),
Whate'er the gormandizing sons of Burgundy may sing,
While they upon their yellow hair the rancid butter fling?

Now let me tell you what it is that makes my lyre be dumb:
It cannot sound when all around barbarian lyres do hum.
The sight of all those patrons tall (each one is seven feet high),
From my poor Muse makes every thought of six-foot meters fly.
Oh! happy are thine eyes, my friend; thine ears, how happy those!
And oh! thrice happy I would call thine undisgusted nose.
'Tis not round thee that every morn ten talkative machines
Exhale the smell of onions, leeks, and all their vulgar greens.
There do not seek thy house, as mine, before the dawn of day,
So many giants and so tall, so fond of trencher play
That scarce Alcinous himself, that hospitable king,
Would find his kitchen large enough for the desires they bring.
They do not, those effusive souls, declare they look on thee
As father's friend or foster sire — but, alas! they do on me.

But stop, my Muse! pull up! be still! or else some fool will say
"Sidonius writes lampoons again." Don't you believe them, pray!

HERO AND LEANDER.

By MUSÆUS.

(Translated by Christopher Marlowe.)

[Musæus lived probably about the fifth century A.D. The following poem, 340 lines in the original, is all we have or know of him.]

On Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoined by Neptune's might;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.
At Sestos Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit, for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn,
The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;
Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath:
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives:
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When 'twas the odor which her breath forth cast:
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
Which, lightened by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silvered, usèd she,
And branched with blushing coral to the knee:
Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which as she went would cherup through their bills.